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WINNING THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER I.

A FINANCIAL CRASH.

"IN writing a novel, you should always begin at the beginning," said Wilkie Collins to a neophyte in the art of writing fiction. I will follow his advice, because it agrees with my own judgment. I remember my sufferings but too well in reading up to the starting point, after my hero or heroine had been launched upon a sea of troubles—in those days when I found in fiction the realization of my ideas of life—not to accept without demurrer the rule which the distinguished writer regards as of paramount importance.

In pursuance thereof I must ask the reader to accompany me to Baltimore in the spring of 18—. In Monument Square, then considered the best portion of the city, there stood a large mansion, plain without, but within giving evidence of taste and refinement. This was the home of Clinton Bradshaw.

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On entering the large hall, your attention was arrested by the bust of Pitt on your right, and by that of Fox on the left, boldly facing each other as in life; the brackets that supported them fitly represented lions' heads.

On one side of the entrance hall was the drawing-room. It was furnished with elegance and taste; the walls were decorated with rare paintings, portfolios of engravings stood in the corners, and in the winter the deep window-sills were filled with blooming plants. The apartment had that cheerful, homelike look, so seldom seen in "best rooms"—a look that cannot be given by arranging chairs and scattering books here and there, nor even by that feminine artifice of placing a pretty work-basket on the table, with a neat piece of sewing thrown carelessly over it. The visitor knows it was placed there for effect. Inanimate things don't deceive.

This room told no untruth. Having a southern exposure, it was healthy for plants, and, therefore, Mrs. Bradshaw argued that it was healthy for human beings also. In the winter the family always adjourned to the drawing-room, after their two o'clock dinner; the open fire-place and the blazing wood fire were so comfortable and cheerful, that Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw agreed that it would be a sin not to enjoy them. Is it not as great an error not to enjoy the good things of life as to murmur at the evil?

Many a merry game the children played on that rich

Turkey carpet; they were easily kept in check by the threat of being sent to bed, a threat which they knew would be fulfilled.

But now, in the beautiful month of May, the family naturally resorted to the library. Its oak floor and wainscoting rendered it preferable to the drawing-room with its warm carpet and heavy curtains. "Everything in its season" is the axiom of good taste, as well as of order.

In a library there is a peculiar charm. There the family assemble after breakfast, to enjoy a brief pause before taking up the business or pleasure of the day; father luxuriates in dressing-gown and slippers, as he reads the morning paper, and mother listens—sometimes a little impatiently—waiting for an opportunity to consult him on some domestic matter, before her attention is claimed by the servants, now leisurely enjoying their morning meal. There letters are written and lessons studied. This particular library was especially attractive. It had a north window, and two facing the west. A glass door led into the old-fashioned garden, where two stately Lombardy poplars kept guard over a weeping-willow. Altheas and hollyhocks lined the wall. There too were the marigold for jealousy, the larkspur for fickleness and the pansy for thought, while the lilac and honeysuckle wooed the humming-birds and bees.

In this last month of springtime, when Nature wore her brightest aspect, and leaf and bud were bursting

with anxiety to anticipate the summer, when the birds had returned from their winter absence and, like good housewives, were hastening to put their houses in order for the little ones which were coming—at this season when all would be joy and gladness, if man accorded with nature, there came a financial panic, which shattered many homes.

It reduced to absolute want some who had been reared in affluence and knew not how to earn their bread, while others, tottering on the verge of ruin, were struggling to keep off the evil day, straining heart and brain to the uttermost in the endeavor to find a foothold somewhere.

You have looked into the home of Clinton Bradshaw; owing to his large wealth, his failure was the most conspicuous of all.

He came of good old Puritan stock. His father, induced by the climate, emigrated to Baltimore when in middle life, leaving two daughters at school in New England. Clinton was born in Baltimore, and was reared according to Puritan principles, so far as they could be grafted upon such a mercurial temperament as his. He was educated for the bar, and had been in the legislature and in Congress, where a brilliant career opened before him. But after his marriage he wearied of politics, and, to the surprise and disappointment of his friends, retired from public life and became a thoroughly domestic man, devoted to his wife and children, and occasionally making contributions to

literature. His reputation as a man of ability and fine literary taste kept him prominent.

Though opposed to his inclinations, pecuniary considerations induced him to accept a very advantageous offer to take charge of a commercial house in Charleston, S. C. He was soon taken into partnership, and amassed a large fortune. The failing health of Mrs. Bradshaw, for whom the physicians recommended her native air, obliged Mr. Bradshaw to return to Baltimore, where his ample means enabled him to indulge in that profuse hospitality to which he had been accustomed in his southern home, and for which his fine social qualities so eminently fitted him. Having extensive commercial interests abroad, Mr. Bradshaw suddenly found it necessary to visit London.

In those days a trip to Europe, together with business arrangements, could not be completed in a month, as is so often done now, for I am writing of a period before steam had revolutionized the world, or Puck's promise to "put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes" had been fulfilled. Mr. Bradshaw was twenty days crossing the ocean in the good ship Alice, Capt. Ogden, from Boston; a remarkably quick voyage, too, it was considered at that period. Now, we make a trip "around the world in eighty days."

And do not our lives rush on at the same rapid pace? No pause for rest or enjoyment. The good time is always to come, when, having reached the goal

of our desires, "we will live as we always intended to live." Meanwhile, to be ahead of our compeers is our object. What matters it if we fall by the way? We are but a drop in the great ocean of life; the wave closes over us, and we are forgotten; fortunate are we if we remain a cherished memory in one loving heart.

During Mr. Bradshaw's absence occurred the financial panic to which I have alluded. His agent hastily disposed of valuable property, at a great sacrifice, to meet payments which might have been easily postponed until Mr. Bradshaw's return. Like most southern women, Mrs. Bradshaw knew nothing of business, and she did not interfere with the agent, in whom she knew her husband had entire confidence. It was not until he reached home, after an absence of three months, that he first became aware of his financial ruin.

The quiet, loving welcome of his wife, together with the eager, joyous greeting of his children, was hardly over, and the flush upon Mrs. Bradshaw's cheek had not subsided, when he felt, rather than saw, that something was amiss. What was it? Whence came it? Was it in the atmosphere? He only knew it was there, and it so impressed him that he turned to his wife, with vague alarm, and asked eagerly for the absent one:

"Is Edward well?"

His wife's answer took a load from his heart—he could bear anything now.

"What is it? Tell me!" he said, quietly.

At this juncture Aunt Chloie announced that the carriage was ready "fur the chilen." Mrs. Bradshaw had accepted Mrs. Howard's invitation to send them into the country to her, as soon as they had seen their father; this would leave her at liberty to give all her attention to her husband.

With a warm embrace from their father, and a promise from their mother that they should soon return home, the children started off. Mr. Bradshaw had hardly time to speculate as to the cause of their abrupt departure, when his wife returned to her seat by his side. His hand dropped on hers as he asked:

"Well?"

In reply, she briefly and clearly told him all. Astonished, shocked, not knowing what might be before him, he still retained his self-possession, and was about ordering the carriage—forgetting it had been sent with the children—that he might go in search of his agent, when that person was announced.

Mrs. Bradshaw left them together. An hour later, her husband found her in the library, with the afternoon paper before her, in which she had read the announcement of his arrival and a full account of his failure. Placing his arm around her, he raised her face to his as he said, with an effort at cheerfulness:

"I must leave you for awhile, dear, to meet my creditors. Keep up a brave spirit. Things are never half as bad as they seem."

The bright, happy smile that broke over her face, and the love that spoke more in the tone than the words, "I have you safe at home again," carried the stricken man, undaunted and serene, through that afternoon of trial. Surprised at his equanimity, his creditors thought he must have resources they knew not of. They were right. True to his motto, "Nec electus, nec dejectus," ("Neither elated nor dejected"), with cheerful courage Mr. Bradshaw accepted the situation, as with unwonted energy he set to work to settle up his affairs.

The coming and going, the loud, strange voices, the stir of many feet and the quick opening and shutting of doors—all so unusual in that refined home—struck discordantly on the sensibilities of Mrs. Bradshaw, who, notwithstanding her outward calm, was in a state of mental tension. Yet she quietly performed her part. Shielding her husband from interruption, she received with cheerful greeting the many friends who called in sympathy and welcome. Mr. Bradshaw understood and appreciated her. Often would he leave his lawyer and friends in council, to say some cheering word to his wife, such as "We are coming out better than I expected," or, "Things look brighter."

Mr. Bradshaw's investigation of his affairs was keen and searching. It was no easy matter to unwind the web in which his agent had entangled him. As he proceeded in a thorough examination of every deed

and conveyance, through which his property had passed into other hands, the fact was brought to light that Mrs. Bradshaw had not signed away her right of dower in some of his most valuable real estate.

On the last day of their business consultations, Mrs. Bradshaw was in her chamber, trying to sew, but with all her senses on the *qui vive*, when she was struck with the unusually loud and excited voices which reached her from the next room. She heard her husband exclaim, "Thank God!" as he pushed back his chair; the next moment he was beside her, laying his hands upon her shoulders; with flushed face and quivering lip, he looked into her eyes, as he said

"Wife, you have saved us!"

"Why! How? What is it?" she exclaimed, rising.

"You did not sign away your right of dower in Spring Park, or the Howard street property. It will amount to two thousand dollars a year."

"Oh! I am so thankful. Then I was right. I told Mr. Woodruff I would not sign another paper until you came home. He urged me again and again, and almost threatened me with your displeasure."

"Why did you not consult Mr. Meredith, the lawyer?"

"He was not in the city, and I knew there was no one else acquainted with your affairs."

"But, my dear, why did you not tell me this before?"

"Remember, husband, how little I have seen of you,

and we have had so much to talk about; but, indeed, I never thought of it. I did not know the importance of my refusal. It was an instinct."

"Say rather a providence," replied Mr. Bradshaw, gravely, in this hour of deep thankfulness true to his Puritan training. Two thousand dollars a year meant shelter and bread for those so dear to him. To the millionaire, who so recently would have given that sum for a picture, it now seemed a fortune.

At last all was settled. The consultations were over. With a warm pressure of the hand, and earnest thanks for the faithful service he had rendered him, Mr. Bradshaw parted with Mr. Meredith, and sought his wife, who stood within the open door of the library, watching and waiting for the lawyer's departure. As her husband folded her in his arms, he said, in an unsteady voice:

"Thank God, it is over! We owe no man a cent!"

And the strong man gave way. His pent up feelings found relief in tears. His wife led him to the sofa, and, resting his head on her shoulder, she murmured loving words and stroked his hair, soothing and petting him as though he were a boy. His agitation subsided, and soon he was very quiet. At length his regular breathing told that he slept. The tired, worn-out man, who for ten days had stared ruin in the face, and with terrible energy had fought his way through all his difficulties, had found the rest of sleep.

His wife sat motionless, fearing to stir lest she might

disturb the sleeper. How sweet the stillness! No hurrying of strange footsteps, no loud voices; but through the open window came the soft sighing of the wind among the trees, bearing on its refreshing wings the perfume of the lilac and the honeysuckle. The canaries, answering to the last rays of the sun, piped forth their merry notes, and he slept on. What to the wife were library and pictures, houses and lands, silver and gold, while he rested there, so loving and beloved? An hour had passed, when Yellow Joe cautiously peeped in, and, in eloquent pantomime, announced dinner. He received a frown and a negative shake of the head in reply. Returning to the kitchen, he gave his opinion of the situation:

"Massa, he jes sleep like a top, barrin all hisself on missus; she 'pears like she gwyne to faint."

Startled by this information, Aunt Chloie hastily left the ironing-board and went to the drawing-room; she soon reappeared with two large sofa cushions.

"What is you arter now, Aunt Clo? Missus don't 'low dem fine pillars to come out de best room," said Yellow Joe, reprovingly.

"I reckon I knows what I'se 'bout. Dey aint nuffin in dis house missus tinks too good for massa," replied Aunt Chloie, as she made her exit and proceeded to the library. Leaving her shoes at the door, she carefully entered on tip-toe, and aroused her mistress by raising Mr. Bradshaw's head from her shoulder. Mrs. Bradshaw motioned her away, but

Aunt Chloie took no heed; on the contrary, she gently but firmly pushed her mistress aside and arranged the cushions to do duty in her place, meanwhile shaking her turban and making the most dreadful faces, by way of protest. Mrs. Bradshaw was forced to submit; a feeling of faintness and a dimness of vision incapacitated her for resistance.

Having arranged "massa" to her satisfaction, Chloie turned her attention to her mistress. One look was enough. Taking a key from the top of the clock, she left the room, and quickly returned with a glass of wine, which she held to her mistress' lips. Mrs. Bradshaw swallowed a part, but, with vehement gesticulations, Aunt Chloie insisted that she should take the whole. Then, making another trip to the drawing-room, she returned with two more cushions, placed them on the other end of the large sofa, and taking possession of her mistress, laid her gently back. Not a word was spoken. Aunt Chloie paused to see that all was right, and was closing the door when she heard a movement. Turning, she saw that her mistress had reversed her position, and, discarding the cushions, had rested her head upon her husband's knee, while she clasped his hand in hers. As Aunt Chloie looked, Mrs. Bradshaw's eyes closed in sleep, overcome by fatigue, or, as the servant said, "Dat wine did de bisnis." Returning to the kitchen, she expressed her sentiments as follows:

"Jenny, dar aint no chance for dinner dis long wile.

Massa and missus is bof 'sleep, jes like de babes in de woods. Missus, she look too lubly for anyting — dat frock massa like so make her look so pinky, and her har so curly, jes 'bout her face. Ef she warn't so dreful tired, she 'pears like she jes' got married. Massa pears like he dreful ole; I see de gray hars 'bout his yars."

"No such a ting," interrupted Yellow Joe. "Massa aint got no gray hars. I stampole him fore he go away."

"Here Jenny insisted upon being heard:

"How is I gwyne to keep dis dinna hot? Missus mity ticlar dat massa hab good dinna. De cambak duck and de devilish crabs 'il be dun spilt."

"Don't you boffer 'bout dat; dem chilen warnt sleep more dan crabs an ducks," said Aunt Chloie.

"I'se glad dey is dun wid de lawin an all de folks a cumin an a gwyne on de nice carpet. Now tings 'il get to rights, an massa 'il hab dinner at two clock," said Jenny.

"Tings wone git to rights in dis house," said Aunt Chloie, sadly. "Dun you knowed, Jenny, dey has got to sell dis ere house?"

"Lord lub us, Clo? You dun mean it, dat we mus git out dis house?"

"Ob course. Dun you knowed massa poor man now?"

"He's a gemmin and mus lib like a gemmin," said Yellow Joe, authoritatively; "dey mus make it up sumhow. Ole massa no lib in mean house."

"You ole massa," retorted Aunt Chloie, contemptuously. "Dun I har Massa Bradshaw say he oughtn be in de tensherry, and dat it wus his lawin dat get all Mr. Smith's money."

"A gemmin mus lib like a gemmin," insisted Yellow Joe.

"You jes stop you foolishness, an go to de front door, an sot dar, an stop de fokes makin such a fus wid dat knocker."

"Yes," chimed in Jenny; "dat's de bes ting you can do, nigger."

"What mus I tell em?" inquired Yellow Joe, as he arranged his toilet at the glass behind the kitchen door.

"Jes tell em de truf: dat massa and missus is dun wid the lawin, an is dun gwyne to sleep," replied Aunt Chloie.

Two hours had passed. The moon was flooding the room with her soft light, when a movement of Mr. Bradshaw's disturbed the cushions and they fell. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw awoke simultaneously.

"Why, wife, we have both been asleep, I declare! What time is it?"

Wonderfully refreshed, Mrs. Bradshaw arose and looked at the clock.

"It is eight o'clock and we have not as yet had dinner."

"But we have had a splendid sleep," replied her husband. "I feel like a new man!" (stretching him-

self.) From his face all weariness had vanished. "Now for dinner! I am hungry," he said.

We must leave this couple for awhile; they have many things to talk over, and we will not intrude. His trip to London Mr. Bradshaw had scarcely mentioned, except in its business aspect. And now that they are to make a fresh start in life, there are new interests to be discussed.

CHAPTER II.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

IF, as I hope, you are interested in my friends, it will not be amiss to introduce you more particularly to their household, which consisted, besides those you have met, of four children. Edward, the eldest, was fourteen; he was at the Bellair Academy. He was a handsome lad, and possessed the social qualities of his father; he was not fond of study, and would have been decidedly indolent but for the spur of pride, which would not allow him to be excelled by his schoolmates.

Already Edward had caused his parents considerable anxiety by running in debt, which he had easily been able to do, as his father had been known to be one of the richest men in Maryland. His winning manners, together with his frank, generous disposition, won for him many friends.

Mary was thirteen, and a well-grown, handsome girl of the southern type, save that she had rosy cheeks. Her brown hair fell in beautiful curls over her shoulders. She resembled her mother in person and character.

Louise, the second daughter, had auburn hair and bluish-gray eyes. She was fastidious and aristocratic in

her tastes, wanting everything of the choicest and best. Impetuous and self-willed, she was a troublesome child; but, if she received more reprimands than the other children, she won quite as many kisses, for she was affectionate and impulsive. Her greatest grief at this time — she was in her eleventh year — was that her hair would not curl like Mary's. And Edward was wont to aggravate this trouble by saying: "Auburn hair should always curl; it was made for that especial purpose."

The youngest person in the family was Emily Rutledge, a bright girl of ten years. Her mother was Mr. Bradshaw's favorite sister. While on a visit to her brother in Charleston, she captivated Charles Rutledge, and they were married just before Mr. Bradshaw left South Carolina. When Emily was three years old, her parents died of yellow fever, and, in accordance with her mother's dying request, the child was sent to her uncle, under the care of Aunt Chloie. Concerning the latter there had been quite an extensive correspondence between Mr. Bradshaw and "Old Massa," which resulted in the former becoming the possessor of Aunt Chloie for a consideration of nine hundred dollars. Thus, for Baby Emily's sake, Mr. Bradshaw grew to be a slave-owner. Nor did he stop here, for soon Yellow Joe and Jenny were added to his possessions. Mr. Bradshaw had hired them for several years, when the failure of their master, one of the largest slave-owners in Maryland, put them under the

hammer; at their urgent request, their employer purchased them, to the surprise of his friends.

The sad scenes he witnessed at the vendue of the separation of families determined Mr. Bradshaw to give his "property" their freedom at once. This was done the day after he bought them, and their free papers were placed in bank, subject to their order, which order Mr. Bradshaw gave to each of them. Aunt Chloie received hers with supreme indifference, and handed it to "missus." Yellow Joe and Jenny took a more practical view, and, while "dey spected allus to work for massa and missus, dey was glad dey was free." Aunt Chloie impressed upon them that it was their "bounden duty to work out the money massa had paid for them," adding: "Den ef you wants to take your free papers and work for de poor white trash, nobody ain't gwyne to hinder."

Several of Mr. Bradshaw's friends were disposed to remonstrate rather warmly, but his quiet, decided answer that he "should follow his convictions, without regard to any man," checked remark and comment; they knew that while Mr. Bradshaw never obtruded his views, he would bear no interference with them. He was too wise a man not to know that the poorest way to overcome an evil is to submit to it.

With this brief sketch of the Bradshaw family—leaving the character of each member to be developed as my story progresses—I will return to my narrative.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw enjoyed their dinner. If

the canvas-back ducks and the deviled crabs were rather dry, it was the first time the husband and wife had dined without interruption since Mr. Bradshaw's return home.

They returned to the library, and Mr. Bradshaw told his wife that Mr. Van Buren, a wealthy New Yorker, had made him an offer for the house as it stood, furniture, library, everything, except the pictures, and those Mrs. Howard would purchase, he added.

"It is an excellent offer," said he, "and I will accept it. The pictures will pay Mrs. Van Ness, who comes in as the last creditor. We will have the house on Market Street left, and five thousand dollars. You see, wife, we are not destitute by any means."

"Destitute! No, indeed; and to think we will be able to pay everybody!"

"Yes, in that fact there is intense satisfaction, even if we were left penniless. But, my dear, it will be a great change to you, accustomed, as you have been, to all the luxuries, as well as the refinements and elegance of wealth."

"Why, husband, I do not consider wealth necessary to refinement and elegance; it certainly is to luxury, however. I intend, Mr. Bradshaw," she continued, with mock gravity, "to have an elegant and refined home. But what of the children?"

"Edward must remain at the academy, and next year enter college; as for the girls, well, I suppose, we

will have to give up the idea of sending them to boarding-school."

"Of course," replied the wife, smiling; "it is the girls who must bear the brunt of every trouble. Boys always have the best time."

"I know it, wife."

"You forget my two thousand dollars. I will take care of the girls. They shall have an education which will enable them to earn a genteel support, and save them from the degradation of marrying for a home."

"You are right. I look forward to the time when a girl will as soon think of stealing as of selling herself."

"Amen. I have no doubt, husband, that you will have a good offer before the week is out."

"That reminds me. I met Jameson to-day, and he asked if I could recommend any one to him for book-keeper? I replied I could recommend myself. He seemed surprised, and said he would have offered the position to me, had he thought I would accept it. I go on duty next week."

"So soon. What is the salary?"

"Two thousand dollars a year. Rather a coming down, is it not?"

His face clouded.

"I am glad you took it. I hate to see a man hanging around, waiting for 'something to turn up,'" replied his wife, with spirit. She continued, and a bright glow came into her cheek as she spoke: "You never stood higher than you do now!"

He smiled. The cloud had vanished.

Having been summoned by Mrs. Bradshaw, early the next morning the girls returned from their country visit, glad to be at home again. They surrounded Mr. Bradshaw and overpowered him with embraces and kisses. Emily, the pet, took possession of his lap; Mary and Louise stood beside him, each with an arm around his neck, while the mother looked on, well pleased, and feeling that they had the exclusive right to her husband for the time being. After awhile, as their excitement subsided, Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"We must tell them, husband."

"You can do it best, wife," he replied (a man always slips out of a disagreeable duty when he can), as each of his daughters took a seat beside him and Emily retained her place. Quiet fell upon the group. The girls knew something of importance had happened, but then "nobody was dead," as they said to each other, and they were not alarmed.

Drawing a chair in front of the group, Mrs. Bradshaw told them of her husband's failure, that all his property had been sold, that he was forced to move into a small house, and that they could not now go to boarding-school. She presented a cheerful picture of their future home, while impressing upon them the change in their circumstances.

Louise was the first to speak. She said:

"Then we are real poor people, mother?"

"No, my dear, not poor by any means; we will have a comfortable support."

"But we won't have a carriage," rejoined Louise, with difficulty keeping back her tears.

"Louise, when your father was on the ocean, you said if he only came safely home again you would not mind any trouble. I told you at the time that I might have to remind you of those words," said Mrs. Bradshaw, gravely.

Mortified, Louise kissed her father's hand.

"Louise won't care about the carriage after awhile, mother," said Mary. "I wish I was grown up," she continued, "that I might teach or do something."

"There is no necessity for that, my child; all we want of our children is that they shall improve their opportunities to acquire a thorough education," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"Yes," replied Mary, but she spoke in an absent manner; evidently there was something upon her mind to which she hesitated to give utterance; her mother noticed this, and asked:

"What is it, dear?"

"When people fail they can't pay their debts, and that makes other people poor, doesn't it?"

Her mother divined her thoughts and clasped her hand closer as she replied, almost with exultation:

"Yes; but that is not the case with your father; he has paid every cent. No man is made poorer by his failure."

A glad smile broke over the girl's face as she said:

"Then I don't care what anybody says. We shall have a nice, pretty home, shall we not, mother?"

Little Emily, as she was called, for she was a wee, little thing, now spoke. She said:

"I don't want any more new frocks." Then, standing on her uncle's knees, she clasped his neck with both hands, as she exclaimed: "I love you! I love you!"

There seemed to be a particular tie between this child and her uncle. Mrs. Bradshaw had noticed it and had often wondered that the girls did not perceive it. Emily had always been the pet; she came to them such a frail, delicate little thing that each had striven to do all that was possible for her; to this was, perhaps, due the fact that she appeared more childish than her years, few as they were, warranted.

The family now dropped into earnest talk about moving. Mrs. Bradshaw suggested that they should take a small house in their present neighborhood.

"That house of Mr. Munroe's will soon be vacant," she said; "he will move into his new one next month. It will cost two hundred dollars a year more than the Market street house rents for, but the situation is so much better for the girls, socially, as well as being nearer their school and nearer your office, also, and—"

"Oh! mother," interrupted Louise, "that Munroe house is so small!"

"It is small compared with this, but, my dear, we must put this house quite out of our minds. The Munroe dwelling is large in comparison with the one on Market street."

"I agree with you, wife; so we will consider the house business settled. I will see Mr. Munroe to-day. No time like the present. I may catch him before he goes down town. Down with you, little one. What a wee thing you are; no bigger than 'Hop o'my Thumb!'"

And, after giving a kiss all around, Mr. Bradshaw departed on his errand.

Mrs. Bradshaw had many things to plan and arrange, and was often interrupted by visitors. Among them was Mrs. Meredith, who entered with a doleful expression of countenance, as though she had come to a funeral. She was totally unprepared for the cheerful welcome she received. She thus reported her visit to Mrs. Howard:

"I went to condole with Mrs. Bradshaw, but, really, she was so cheerful and agreeable that I did not know what to say until I thought of the pictures, and then I said how sorry she must be to part with them. And what do you suppose she replied?"

"I am sure I cannot tell," answered Mrs. Howard.

"Well," continued Mrs. Meredith, "she spoke up just as bright as could be: 'Yes, we will miss them more than anything, but I am so thankful we had them to sell; they will just pay off Mrs. Van Ness, and she comes in as the last creditor.' It is no use to feel for such people. Why, my girls felt so much for Mary and Louise that they could not go to see them; and, as for selling the pictures. Mr. Meredith says that Mr.

Bradshaw's first duty is to his family, and that he should have said the pictures belonged to his wife."

"But, Mrs. Meredith," said Mrs. Howard, "Mrs. Van Ness invested her seventy-five thousand dollars with Mr. Bradshaw because she had such confidence in him, and it is all she has for the support of her family."

"What has he left for his family?" asked Mrs. Meredith.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

MR. BRADSHAW and Mr. Munroe soon came to an agreement. Mr. Bradshaw rented the house and purchased the furniture.

Three months must elapse before any income would be available; meanwhile they must live, and there would be considerable outlay. Household bills, which had accumulated during Mr. Bradshaw's absence, were pressing for payment, and, for the first time in her life, Mrs. Bradshaw felt the want of money. They had determined not to anticipate Mr. Bradshaw's salary, which would have been advanced had his friend any idea that he needed it. Nor were the five thousand dollars, which he had invested for his family, to be touched. In making this disposal of his funds, Mr. Bradshaw had not realized what his need might be.

In this strait, Mrs. Bradshaw remembered two dresses that had been her mother's. One was a gold Lama, the other a silver Lama. They had been brought from Italy half a century before, when her mother was a girl. They had been the admiration of all, and the envy of some of her young acquaintances. In the gold Lama she had danced with Jerome Bonaparte, and with Louis Philippe in the silver Lama.

Mrs. Bradshaw had kept them for these associations, but suddenly they assumed fresh importance. Why not take the gold from the one and the silver from the other and sell them? For this Lama was simply silk rendered stiff by the closely woven threads of gold and silver, which, being strong, could be easily drawn from it.

The weather was growing warm, and the children missed Spring Park, where they were in the habit of going early in the season. And when Mrs. Howard called to take them to the country, Mary and Louise gladly accompanied her. Mrs. Bradshaw kept Emily at home.

The girls were no sooner off than, calling Emily, Mrs. Bradshaw went to the "cuddy-hole," a small room under the roof, lighted by the sky-light at the head of the third-story stairs. To enter it one had either to get the movable steps or climb in from the balusters; the children preferred the latter mode of entrance. There, in an old square "hair trunk," as the children called it, were carefully put away the Lama dresses.

That square trunk contained many valuables. Within it were all Mrs. Radcliff's novels. Often had Mary scared the other children and herself, too, half out of their wits by reading from the "Mysteries of Udolpho." There, too, were Richardson's novels, including "Clarissa Harlowe" in eight volumes, with marble paper covers, and Miss Burney's also. Had

not Mary grieved with Evelina, and fallen in love with Lord Orville, talking of him with enthusiastic admiration to Louise and declaring that she never would marry anybody but a lord?

Time had done its work on the Lama dresses. As Mrs. Bradshaw shook them, they fell to pieces. It was so stifling in the "cuddy-hole" that they were glad to leave it. Mrs. Bradshaw and Emily worked industriously all day. Taking pins, they started the threads, which easily came out. They had a long, uninterrupted day all to themselves, as Mr. Bradshaw dined out. "Such a pleasant day, aunt told so many nice stories," Emily said. In these, as in many other stories, there was more of truth than fiction.

About dark, Mrs. Bradshaw, dressed in her plainest attire, and accompanied by Emily, went to a Jew on Howard street with her gold and silver threads.

"Dish ish goot gold and goot silver," said the Jew. "It ish very nice. You tooked it from one of your nice dresses dat come from the Jew's country. It cost much monish. Where did you get it?"

"It is sufficient that I wish to sell it. Be quick, please. I have a long way to go," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, with dignity.

"Aha! you ish a ladee, and you must sell your nice tings, and you come to the Jew," said the man, eying his customer keenly.

"I came to you because I heard you were honest."

"You tinks all Jews ish not honest?"

"Neither all Jews nor all Christians are honest. Friend, do you wish to buy it?" said Mrs. Bradshaw, impatiently.

"I likes you, and will give you goot price."

He weighed it, and handed the money to Mrs. Bradshaw. It was much more than she expected.

"If you wants to sell more tings," said he, "come to Jacobs. He give you much monish."

"I believe you will be just. Good-night," said Mrs. Bradshaw, glad her errand was accomplished.

Turning to a small boy behind the counter, Mr. Jacobs said:

"Abram, you go after that ladee and see where she lives. She ish one of them big ones."

Greatly relieved in mind, Mrs. Bradshaw proceeded home. Tightly clasping her aunt's hand, in silence Emily walked by her side.

Mr. Bradshaw stood at the door, anxiously awaiting his wife.

"My dear, where have you been? It is too late for you to be out. I have been very uneasy about you," said he, as they went to the library.

She told him of the day's occupation and the evening's experience. Her husband looked very grave as he said:

"I came near meeting you at Jacobs'."

"How was that?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw, surprised.

"I find bills I had no idea of. Fifty dollars at the coachmaker's, a large account at the blacksmith's

and another at Simmons'. All want their money. I should not have disposed of all my available funds. I did not know we were so short."

"While you were absent I drew from the bank, as you directed. John said you left orders at Townsend's for any repairs the carriage might need," rejoined his wife, anxiously.

"Yes; no one is to blame. I could not foresee such a reverse. They should have sent in the bills before the estate was settled. Due notice was given. However, the trouble before us now is to devise means to pay them."

"There are my diamonds. We can raise enough on them to pay everything."

An hour was spent in earnest consultation, when they were interrupted by Yellow Joe, who ushered in a gentleman of striking appearance, in evening dress. He was of medium height, with an aquiline nose, keen, black eyes and a gray beard. Mrs. Bradshaw thought he was some distinguished foreigner whom her husband had met abroad. Mr. Bradshaw recognized him instantly, and, without evincing any surprise, greeted him cordially, saying:

"If we were not speaking of you, I am sure we were thinking of you. My wife, Mr. Jacobs."

Mr. Jacobs made a courtly bow, without showing any sign of recognition.

"I have been telling my husband of my visit to you," said Mrs. Bradshaw, with difficulty concealing

her surprise on learning that the elegant gentleman before her was the dealer in old clothes.

A pleased smile lighted up the Jew's face with an expression of kindness and benevolence.

"People are not apt to think of me, unless they are in trouble," said he. "I am sorry to hear that you are so situated, Mr. Bradshaw. I came to see if I could be of any service to you."

Now fairly astonished, for he had supposed the Jew had come to correct some mistake in his transaction with Mrs. Bradshaw, in his frank way, Mr. Bradshaw asked:

"Mr. Jacobs, why should you take any interest in me?"

"Because you have taken interest in my people. Is it strange that a Jew should feel gratitude? The words you spoke for us in the legislature ten years ago merit some return. I am here as a friend to render you any service in my power."

"You can render us valuable service. For that speech, however, I deserve no thanks. I only followed my own convictions."

"Aha! But did it not take a man of thought, heart and brain to have such convictions, and did it not require courage to express them? Now to business. I have heard, since your wife was in my shop, that you have paid all your creditors. But you must live, and your children must be educated."

Mr. Bradshaw told his visitor everything.

"You are right to take care of your family," said Mr. Jacobs, who had listened with great interest to Mr. Bradshaw's clear and concise statement of his affairs. "That sum must not be touched, and you have the insurance premium to pay; besides, as you have shown, you will not have any income until the close of the quarter."

"That is the case exactly."

"What sum do you need to set you at ease, and to provide for your family for the next three months?"

"I think two thousand dollars will do it."

"Are you sure that is enough? You had better say three thousand." And, taking a check-book from his pocket, he filled out a check for that amount and passed it to Mr. Bradshaw.

"But, my dear sir, you have no security!"

"Your word is sufficient."

"Why, Mr. Jacobs, I thought you were more of a business man," said Mr. Bradshaw, with his brightest smile.

"This is not a business hour," replied Mr. Jacobs, with an answering smile.

Mrs. Bradshaw had been waiting to slip in a word. She now said:

"Husband, you have forgotten the diamonds."

"Oh! yes; the diamonds!" exclaimed Mr. Bradshaw.

After locking the door and closing the shutters, he opened a drawer in the book-case which was filled with

pamphlets. Putting his hand far back, he touched a spring and suddenly there appeared a shallow drawer having, when closed, the appearance of a moulding. There lay a magnificent set of diamonds on a bed of black velvet.

The Jew's eyes sparkled as he exclaimed:

"Beautiful! You cannot call yourself poor with such gems as these!"

"They belong to my wife. The necklace was her mother's."

"Mr. Jacobs, I want you to take what will be sufficient to cover the money you have advanced my husband. It may so happen that we will never be able to pay you," said Mrs. Bradshaw, eagerly.

"And what if you do not!" replied Mr. Jacobs, looking in evident admiration at the flushed, earnest visage upraised to his.

A troubled expression passed over Mrs. Bradshaw's face, as she replied, with decision:

"But you must take this ring, or you will leave us with a feeling of debt, and that is what we wish to avoid." In her excitement, she placed her delicate hand on his arm. He glanced at it, as, taking the ring from the drawer, he said:

"To set your mind at rest, I will take this; but I would rather see it here," touching her finger as he spoke.

Blushing like a girl, she removed her hand from his arm.

"As it is plain that you are a cautious woman," said he, "I must give you a receipt."

And he wrote one and handed it to her.

Mr. Jacobs now took a survey of his surroundings. He examined the books and the engravings. His running comments showed a thorough knowledge of French and German, as well as of English literature. As he expressed a desire to see the pictures, they went to the drawing-room. He could tell them the history of the original of every painting in their collection, having been a dealer in works of art. The piano attracted his attention. As he ran his fingers over the keys with the touch of a master, Mrs. Bradshaw asked him to play something, and he immediately struck up a Jewish chant, accompanying himself with his voice in a low recitative melody which charmed the lady. Mr. Jacobs inquired if the instrument had been sold, and, on receiving an affirmative response, expressed regret, as it was of such fine tone.

"You have not told me where you are to live," he said to Mrs. Bradshaw, as they returned to the library.

Mrs. Bradshaw informed him, adding:

"We will always be glad to see you there."

She was wonderfully pleased with Mr. Jacobs.

"Thank you, Madam, I will come."

Mr. Jacobs now made his adieux. His host and hostess accompanied him to the door, where his carriage was in waiting. As they returned to the library, Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"I can scarcely believe that he is the bent, slovenly man who could not speak plain English this afternoon. Why, he is a polished gentleman!"

"And a man of vast erudition and experience," said Mr. Bradshaw. "He has a beautiful home a few miles from the city."

"How did you come to know him?"

"He was one of the delegation of Hebrews who called to thank me for my speech in the legislature."

"Husband, I want to read that speech again. I have forgotten it."

"I will get it and you can read it aloud. They say a man never wearies of his own speeches."

Mr. Bradshaw took from the book-shelves a volume containing the proceedings of the Maryland legislature in 1818, and found the speech. He handed the book to his wife, and then settled himself comfortably on the sofa to enjoy the reading. Mrs. Bradshaw read as follows:

* "Mr. Speaker: I congratulate the House on having, after so many postponements, at last got the bill for the relief of our Hebrew friends fairly before it. The disabilities imposed by our Constitution upon the remnant of that chosen people of God have too long been a blot upon that instrument, in which nothing but justice, pure and undefiled, should ever have had a place. But I trust the time is now near at hand for

* See Thomas' "Reminiscences."

wiping it out, and rendering that justice which constitutes the first duty of a Christian: to do as he would be done by.

"From the first dawning of Christianity to the present day, the Jews have been driven by persecution in some shape or other from country to country, throughout all Christendom, without a resting-place or a home they could call their own, until they found the latter in some of the States of this highly favored land. But not in this. Here they cannot hold office, civil or military. And why? Because the Constitution withholds from them the right. It is to amend that part of the Constitution that I now address the House.

"Sir, there is one fact attending the persecution of the Jews which strikes me as worthy of particular notice; it is this: that however much Christian sects differ from each other upon all other points, they unite in oppressing the Jews. From the frozen regions of Northern Europe to the burning sands of Southern Africa, from the plains of Palestine in the east to the wilds of America far, far in the west, superstition, bigotry, and, above all, prejudice have followed the miserable Jews. Yet, notwithstanding the prejudices against them, by habits of economy, and a tact for trade surpassing that of any other people, they have frequently acquired wealth, which they have not dared to display for fear of being robbed of it by their Christian enemies.

"Nor has genius failed to cast her stone at the despised Jew, though, in doing so, she falsified history. Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Christendom words of opprobrium and reproach that will be hurled against the Hebrews as long as our language endures, though it was the Christian who acted the part of the Jew, and the Jew that of the Christian. For the truth of this statement, Miss Edgeworth refers to the life of Sextus the Fifth and Malone's Shakspeare.

"The Jews are grateful for the privileges they do enjoy, and are not given to complaining. Wherever their lot has been cast, through all ages and in all climes, long-suffering and forbearance have marked their character, as has also their adherence to the religion of their forefathers."

Mrs. Bradshaw paused.

"That speech created quite a sensation," said Mr. Bradshaw, as he arose. Pacing the floor, he continued: "And it was a pretty good speech at the time, but how tame and cowardly it seems in comparison with what I would say now; truly,

'The thoughts of men are widened
By the process of the suns!'"

"I must say, husband, it disappoints me. You were not up to the occasion."

Mr. Bradshaw laid his hand on her shoulder, as he said, with a smile:

"Ah! wife, those days were not these days!"

CHAPTER IV.

EMILY'S TRIALS.

THE night, during which a severe rain-storm had raged, had given place to a clear, cold morning, so cold that Aunt Chloie considered a fire indispensable in the nursery. As she was kneeling on the hearth, puffing away with all her might at a few embers, Emily slipped quietly from the side of her sleeping cousins, and began to dress. But she soon had to ask Aunt Chloie's assistance, which was rendered reluctantly.

"Why dun you keep still and wait till de fire burns? You is in an oncommon hurry dis mornin'," said the woman.

Fearing she would awaken her cousins, Emily obtained her silence by throwing her arms around her neck and kissing her, an argument Aunt Chloie never could resist.

"I 'spose you'se got summin in your head. Cum, honey."

And the negro turned her back to Emily, a movement the latter well understood. Springing upon it, she clasped Aunt Chloie's neck with both arms, and they stole from the nursery. Thus Emily rode into the breakfast-room, where Aunt Chloie deposited her on the deep window-sill. She then stood regarding

her for a moment, anxious to see what "de chile" would do next. As Emily ensconsed herself behind the curtain and opened a book, a pleased smile broke over Aunt Chloie's face.

"Ef you ain't a smart little un!" she ejaculated, as she left the apartment.

Emily was deeply interested in her story, when her uncle entered. Not wishing to be seen, she drew herself back a little further, and, turning the leaves very quietly, continued reading, while Mr. Bradshaw paced a strip of carpet as was his wont when troubled in mind. Absorbed in the trials of her heroine, Emily was barely conscious of the entrance of her aunt. Passing his arm around his wife, Mr. Bradshaw said:

"I hope we have decided for the best."

"I hope so, indeed; she is a dear little thing, and needs gentle treatment."

"And such she will receive from my sister," was his reply, rather gravely spoken.

"But Rebecca has never had children."

"She can return at any time," rejoined Mr. Bradshaw.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the other children; not with noise and merriment as usual, but quietly they came in.

"Where is Emily? Have you told her, mother?" asked Mary.

"No, dear; I went to the nursery, but she was not there."

"I hope she is going to nice people," said Louise; "I know I would not like to go among strangers."

Emily had not understood the drift of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw's conversation, though she had eagerly listened to it. But, fully aroused by the last words, she sprang from her hiding-place, and, running to her aunt, she clung to her, crying:

"Don't send me away. I will be so good!"

"You are good, dear."

"Then don't send me away!" cried Emily, passionately.

With their arms around their father's neck, the girls begged:

"Do let her stay, father!"

Mr. Bradshaw was sorely troubled.

"Come here, little one," he said, gently taking Emily from his wife. "My children, when Chloie brought Emily here — a wee, little thing she was then — I intended to bring her up with you, to give her the same education and provide for her as for you; but times have changed. I am now a poor man, and it will be as much as I can do to take care of you. Your Aunt Lincoln is well off. She has no children. She will give Emily a thorough education, and treat her as a daughter. Is it not best, therefore, that I accept your aunt's offer to take Emily and care for her as if she were her own child? Your mother and I are of that opinion."

The grave, earnest tone of the father impressed his

children, and they felt, as they had not felt before, the change in their circumstances. Emily nestled in his arms, quiet and subdued, putting up her face to be kissed as he finished speaking. There was silence for a moment. Patting the child's cheek, Mr. Bradshaw continued:

"You know, pet, that uncle and aunt would not part with you for all the world, if they did not know that your Aunt Lincoln would love you as much as they do. If you want to come back after you have been there a little while, you can come. You will soon learn to write, and then you can write us about everything. Aunt Lincoln will give you a good education, and when you are big you can be a teacher. I expect you will know more than Mary and Louise."

Taking the cue from their father's remark, the children also spoke hopefully. The entrance of Yellow Joe with the breakfast tray put an end to the conversation.

Mrs. Bradshaw placed Emily beside her at table, but the child could not eat; even the muffins failed to tempt her appetite. This distressed Yellow Joe, who whispered words of consolation whenever his duties brought him near her.

"Now, missy," said he, "do eat sumpin. Lord lub you! tain't no use grievin. Dat New England am a great country; ice dun grow dar all summer."

When breakfast was over, Mrs. Bradshaw took Emily to her room, followed by the other children.

She placed her on her lap, while Mary kept tight hold of her hand and Louise, kneeling, tied her shoes which Aunt Chloie had neglected in her hurried morning toilet. Mrs. Bradshaw then read to them the letter which Mr. Bradshaw had received the previous day from Mrs. Lincoln, in reply to his informing her of his failure. She offered to take Emily and bring her up as her own daughter; she considered it her duty, in view of her brother's change of fortune, although the delicacy of her health would render the charge of a child a severe responsibility. She kept but one help, Hannah, a most excellent girl. Mrs. Lincoln congratulated her brother earnestly and with evident feeling on being able to meet all his liabilities. She should have regarded it as a "stain upon their name, had any man lost a dollar by his failure;" all else could be borne. She had no doubt that his loss of fortune would be of advantage to his children, who would all soon be able to earn their own living.

Mary gave thoughtful attention to the reading of the letter. Louise pouted, as she said, discontentedly:

"I know I wish father did not have to sell this house; then Emily would not have to go away among strangers."

"Emily is not going among strangers, but to relatives as near as ourselves," replied her mother, reprovingly.

"I know, mother. Aunt Lincoln is more her aunt than you are; still, it seems different, somehow."

"There is no reason she should feel differently towards Emily than I do," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, now as ready to defend her sister-in-law from any unkind imputation as her husband had been.

Mrs. Bradshaw told Emily what a kind, good woman Aunt Lincoln was; that she must study hard, and that, if she did not like to stay there, she was to come home, adding: "Your mother gave you to your Uncle Bradshaw, and he has the first claim upon you."

Much comforted, Emily was soon taking interest in the preparations for her departure, which were commenced immediately, as she was to leave in a fortnight. But little money was laid out. Her cousins were well grown girls of their age, and their dresses were easily made over for her. Many a dress, which had been her admiration the summer before, now came into her possession. She felt very rich as she looked at the dresses, and thought how surprised her Aunt Lincoln would be. Louise's blue muslin and Mary's pink berege, they said, she must keep for dancing-school; in great glee, Emily held them up before her, and capered around the room.

What long talks the three girls had together. The impending change in their home and Mr Bradshaw's reverse were for a time forgotten. All interests centered in Emily. While her aunt was busy with her wardrobe, the three girls were at liberty. Mr. Van Buren had requested Mr. Bradshaw to use the horses, and every day they took a long drive in company with

some young friend, entrusted to the care of John, the coachman, and Yellow Joe. The girls exchanged locks of hair. Louise charged Emily not to forget to make Hannah put her hair up in curl papers every night.

"You don't look pretty without your curls," said she.

"Don't I?" said Emily, surprised.

Emily was to leave on the 25th of May, with Mr. Newton, an old friend of Mr. Bradshaw's. Her aunt shed many a tear as she packed her trunk, for the child was very dear to her.

That evening, in the nursery, having put Emily to bed, she sat beside her and spoke of her mother, of her coming to them when a very little girl, and of how they all loved her, adding:

"And I fear we have spoiled you, too; but you will be a good little girl, I know."

Then Mr. Bradshaw came in to say good-night, and, with loving words and many kisses, they left her with her cousins. They would all sleep together that last night, Emily in the middle. How squeezed she was by loving arms; and Mary said that she must study very hard, so that she could come home and be a school-teacher. Louise charged her, with great vehemence, if she did not like Aunt Lincoln, "to come right straight home, if she had to climb out of the window, like the girl in the book!"—all of which she promised faithfully to do.

Aunt Chloie then came up, and she, too, talked to

the child about her departure. After kissing good-night, Mary and Louise fell asleep. Aunt Chloie also paid tribute to Morpheus, but with wide-open eyes. Emily lay quiet, while her imagination pictured the father and mother memory could not recall. At last she too found forgetfulness.

There rested side by side those three young heads, the black, the blonde and the brown; three faces, on which, as yet, time had made no impress. Life, with its struggles and its trials, was before them. Would it be defeat or victory? Who could foretell?

Early the next morning, Emily was aroused by her aunt, who gently lifted her from between her cousins and whispered: "Don't make any noise, dear!" With half-open eyes, she accompanied Mrs. Bradshaw to her room, where her uncle was finishing his toilet and Aunt Chloie was putting the last things in her trunk. Realizing the situation, on the instant she was wide awake and with tearful eyes she returned her uncle's good-morning kiss.

Soon all was ready and they descended to the breakfast-room. Emily could not eat, and her aunt did not urge her, but filled her lunch-basket with all sorts of tempting things, while her uncle told her of all the new places she would see, recurring again to the fact that she was to come home just as soon as she wished.

"But you will love your Aunt and Uncle Lincoln so much that I am afraid you won't want to come back to

us," concluded he, as the stage rattled up to the door, and the driver blew a shrill blast on his horn.

Emily started for the nursery.

"Oh! where are Mary and Louise?" she cried.

Her aunt gently held her back, saying:

"It will only make them unhappy, dear, to say good-bye. I will tell them everything."

With a long embrace and tearful eyes, Mrs. Bradshaw motioned her husband to take the child. Lifting Emily in his arms, he passed her into the stage, where Mr. Newton received her. It was no easy thing to unclasp those clinging arms.

"God bless you, darling! Take good care of her, Newton!" said Mr. Bradshaw, in an unsteady voice, as the stage drove off.

Emily sprang from Mr. Newton's arms and put her head out of the window. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw were on the door-step. Near by stood Chloie with her apron to her eyes, and Yellow Joe waving his napkin, while Jenny looked from the half-open alley gate. Emily kept her head out of the window until the stage turned the corner and the group could no longer be seen.

Never say that childhood's tears are trifling, that they are but the "dew upon the rose." Oh! no; the dew is only an outward thing sent by our Heavenly Father to beautify and refresh nature; but tears, such tears as Emily shed then, do not refresh, do not beautify. True, they relieve for the moment, but they leave their impression, and in after years, memory will

often recall the sufferings of the hour when they were shed.

The affectionate kindness of Mr. Newton soon won the confidence of our young traveller. Encircled by his arm, she rested against him, and, while seeming to sleep, she thought of all she had left, unobservant of the scenes through which she was passing; nor did her own situation, new as it was, win her notice.

The stage was filled with gentlemen, who discussed matters of public interest, and Emily felt alone, all alone. This feeling was deepened by hearing one of the gentlemen remark, as a half-suppressed sob escaped her: "Let her alone; she will soon get over it!" She felt that she was not understood, that her sorrow was not appreciated, and, forcing back the tears, she looked from the window, but saw nothing. Do you say such feelings are unnatural in a child? How apt we are to call unnatural that which we have never experienced!

That journey, which is now made in twenty-four hours, then occupied three weeks. During that time Emily became much attached to Mr. Newton, and she dreaded arriving at F——, as it would separate them. But she would receive no kindness or attention from the gentleman who had wounded her feelings.

It was a dull, gloomy afternoon when the stage drove up to Mr. Lincoln's door, in the quiet village of F——. The large, white house looked cold and dismal. The snow lay in the corners of the fence and around the

roots of the trees. The arrival of the coach brought to the door a gentleman of fine appearance, who, after a cordial greeting to Mr. Newton, said:

"This is Mrs. Lincoln's niece, I suppose." As he lifted Emily from the stage and placed her on the pavement, he continued: "What a long journey you have had. You had better stop with us for a few days."

"Thank you. I long to reach my own fireside. Kiss me, little one."

Mr. Lincoln raised Emily. Throwing her arms around Mr. Newton's neck, she kissed him.

"Oh! take me with you!" she cried.

Mr. Newton's eyes grew moist as he replied: "You shall come to see me very soon." Then he said to Mr. Lincoln: "She is an affectionate little thing."

The driver cracked his whip and they were gone.

No word of welcome, and the child felt ill at ease. Taking her hand, Mr. Lincoln led her into the house, where she was received by her aunt, a fine looking woman wearing a white turban. The latter was all Emily saw, for the room was shaded from the light, and the turban brought Aunt Chloie to mind, although the difference between the two women was so great. Mrs. Lincoln drew her kindly towards her, asking:

"Are you cold, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," replied Emily, though shivering.

"Take off her wrappings, Hannah," said Mrs. Lincoln to a stout Yankee girl.

When Hannah had complied with this order, Mrs. Lincoln again drew Emily to her, remarking to her husband, who stood with his back to the fire, silently regarding her:

"I do not see any resemblance to her mother."

"No," replied Mr. Lincoln, with decision; "not the slightest."

Though feeling tired and awkward, the child knew she was undergoing a thorough examination. She did not present an interesting picture to those critical eyes. Her uncombed hair hung around her neck and face, her dress was rumpled and untidy, and her shoes were untied; her complexion looked sallow and her eyes dull. Was this the bright, curly-headed little sprite whom Uncle Bradshaw called his bird, his pet, his pretty one? Her dull travelling dress and her disordered appearance made her look decidedly homely. She felt that she did not make a favorable impression, and was relieved when Hannah said:

"Tea is ready, Mrs. Lincoln."

Although the ride had sharpened her appetite, it quite failed her when she found herself alone on one side of the table. Her aunt, dressed in a black canton crape, white kerchief and large, black apron, and wearing that famous turban, sat at the head of the board, while Mr. Lincoln, looking very grave and dignified, filled the seat opposite. The dough-nuts and pie were alike untasted by Emily, who could with difficulty keep her seat and restrain her tears. She was

learning her second lesson in self-control. Her battle had begun early.

Oh! if her aunt had taken her to her heart, spoken words of affection and welcome, and let her shed on her bosom those tears for the dear home she had left which were blinding her eyes and choking her voice, how dearly would she have loved her! But, no; Mrs. Lincoln's reception of her orphan niece was as cold as duty and charity could well make it. Thank God! that principle of which we have heard so much is giving way to the higher principle of love!

"You had better eat something, Emily. I am afraid you will be sick," said Mrs. Lincoln, kindly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Emily, as she tried a doughnut; but the tide was too strong; it would force its way out. Suddenly rising, and upsetting a small pitcher of milk, which, in her agitation, she had not noticed, she turned to the door with the one thought to escape, to be alone where she could weep, for weep she must! As she put her hand on the door-knob, Hannah's strong arm stopped her, while her uncle, rising from the table to save himself from the milk which was making its way to him, pointing to it, said, solemnly:

"See what you have done!"

Never did pint of milk create such a sensation! How guilty the poor child felt as she returned to her seat, and as Hannah removed the cloth, giving her many black looks the while. Very quietly supper proceeded and impatiently Emily awaited its conclusion. At last it was finished.

"You must be tired after your long journey," said Mrs. Lincoln, taking Emily's hand, and bidding her say good-night to her uncle, when she received a cold good-night in return.

In a small room near by Emily found her trunk and Hannah; in silence she undressed while Hannah took out her night-clothes.

"Will you pull this off, please?" said Emily, in a subdued tone, extending her foot with the stocking pulled over from the top.

"Cannot you take it off yourself?" asked her aunt, surprised.

"Aunt Chloie always took them off at home," replied Emily, sadly.

"Aunt Chloie? Is she your Aunt Bradshaw's sister?" inquired Mrs. Lincoln.

"No, ma'am; Aunt Chloie is black; she is the nurse."

As directed by her aunt, Emily folded her clothes neatly and placed them on the chair, putting her shoes beneath, with her stockings folded together on top of them. Her aunt told her she must so place them every night that, in case of fire or sickness, she would be able to put her hands on them in the dark.

Emily was ready for bed; weary and sad, she knelt and said her prayers. As she arose from her knees, her aunt asked:

"Have you said your prayers already?"

"Yes, ma'am; I said them fast, because I am so cold."

"Do you not know that it is wrong to hurry through your prayers. Kneel, and say them again."

Shivering, Emily obeyed. Solemnly, slowly, and with religious fervor, Mrs. Lincoln repeated the simple petition. With no feeling, save that of cold, Emily followed her.

"Now remember that you must never hurry through your prayers. God won't love you if you do," said her aunt, carefully tucking in the bed-clothes as she spoke. "Are you warm enough, my dear?"

Emily answered in the affirmative.

"Good-night."

Mrs. Lincoln, followed by Hannah, left the room.

At last Emily was alone, and alone she did, indeed, feel in that cold room. How different it was from the nursery at Aunt Bradshaw's, with its two large beds, blazing fire and Aunt Chloie's shining visage. Oh! the fun at bed-time, when Aunt Chloie would be elephant, and the children would climb on her back and ride around the room! How she would snort and snarl, without any regard to the characteristics of the beast, and throw them off, scrambling and laughing! Then the stories she would tell of giants and ghosts, and, when she had frightened them half out of their wits, she would leave them, telling them to go to sleep "right off!" How afraid they were, and how they would nestle under the bed-clothes, covering their heads and hugging each other so tightly! Mary was very brave, but even she was glad, sometimes,

to leave the large bed—which, being the eldest, she occupied alone—and slip in with Louise and Emily, with the excuse that "it was so cold!" And when Aunt Bradshaw's friends came from the Eastern shore at Christmas, with their three children, they would all have their supper in the nursery, and bake their own cakes, toast cheese and roast chestnuts and apples. Somehow, the apples would fall off the andirons into the ashes; but Mary said "ashes were clean dirt," so they did not mind it! And the night before Christmas they would hang up their stockings, and declare they would keep awake until St. Nicholas came; but, somehow, they never could see him, though in the morning they knew he had been there, when they looked in their stockings and found the very things they had wished for! Oh! the merry Christmas-time!

As all these scenes passed before Emily's mental vision, the tears burst forth, and she wept until exhausted with emotion and fatigue. Sleep, humanity's best friend, then took possession of her.

It was late when she awoke the next morning. How cold it was! She could not manage her strings and buttons, nor would her hair obey comb and brush! As she could not reach the high looking-glass, she was ignorant of her appearance. Her toilet finished, she stood at the window, thoroughly disheartened—for what is so disheartening as cold in any form—saying, half aloud: "I wish I was home! I wish I was home!"

"This is your home," said Hannah, who had entered unnoticed. "You are going to live here, and I guess Mrs. Lincoln will have trouble enough to make anything of you! You must make your own bed, as you haven't got any ignorant nigger to wait on you here."

"Aunt Chloie isn't a nigger and she isn't ignorant!" exclaimed Emily, excitedly. "She can make all sorts of nice things: puff paste, mince pies and plum cake, and——"

"Take off stockings, too!" interrupted Hannah.

Emily was silent for a moment from excess of feeling; then she asked, calmly:

"Do you live here always?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I don't like you."

"That don't make a bit of difference," rejoined Hannah, carelessly. "You had better go to your breakfast," she added; "I guess it has been waiting long enough."

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER TRIALS.

ENTERING the "keeping-room," Emily found her aunt, with a basket of stockings beside her and one upon her hand which she was darning. The room was in perfect order; every chair was in its place against the wall. Breakfast had been removed, but the leaf of the table was up, and upon it was a bowl of milk together with a plate containing brown and white bread.

Emily's "Good-morning, aunt," was kindly returned.

"I hope you have had a good night's rest and feel very smart this morning. Do you know what time it is?"

"No, ma'am."

"Look at the kitchen clock."

Emily did so, and reported that it was half-past eight.

"You see it is very late. As you were tired I would not call you this morning; hereafter, though, you must get up at sunrise. There is nothing like early rising for health."

Emily did not reply; in truth she was somewhat startled. At home Aunt Chloie had taken particular pains to keep them in bed as late as possible, regarding them as safe and out of mischief when there. She did

not take into account the pillow fights, in which she was generally the sufferer, as often the pillows were aimed at her, and usually with effect, in which case she was not slow to retaliate.

Emily had not eaten anything since she arrived; it was, therefore, with a very good appetite that she sat down to her breakfast. The brown bread did not please her taste, and, after disposing of the white, she asked:

"Can Hannah get me some more bread?"

"You have bread, and you must not call upon Hannah," said Mrs. Lincoln, reprovingly.

"I don't like this ugly brown bread."

"Children must not say they 'don't like' anything. Break it up in your milk."

"Aunt Bradshaw said we must always tell the truth, and I don't like it. I did put some in my milk, and it spoilt it. I can't eat it."

"Then you cannot be hungry."

"Yes, I am very hungry."

"If you were very hungry, you could eat nice bread and milk."

This was a new mode of reasoning to Emily, accustomed to the waffles, muffins, etc. at Aunt Bradshaw's table. She saw there was no appeal, for, though the tone was gentle, there was something in her aunt's face that told her she would always be conqueror in any difficulty between them. With a feeling of temper, such as she had seldom experienced at Aunt Brad-

shaw's—and which an affectionate word of chiding would at once have overcome—Emily arose from the table, pushing the half-finished breakfast aside.

Without further comment, Mrs. Lincoln continued her work.

Emily sat sideways on a chair by the window, and with a sad and rebellious heart looked out on the dreary landscape. It was raining, and not a creature was to be seen; only the leafless trees and the stone fence opposite were visible. Seeing her position, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"That is not the way to sit; bring that stool here," and she pointed to a high three-legged stool that stood in a corner. "Sit up straight!" and she motioned to her to occupy it.

That stool! What a purgatory it was to Emily. Her feet barely touched the floor. There was nothing to lean upon or against; her half breakfast had not strengthened her, and she came near falling off several times; but, if she inclined in the least, her aunt would bid her sit up. About an hour, which seemed to her like a day, she retained her seat, while Mrs. Lincoln questioned her in regard to her Aunt Bradshaw's household. Intuitively she felt that Aunt Lincoln would not approve of many of the doings there; consequently she kept them to herself. Her aunt then examined her on her acquirements. Alas! they were very limited for a girl of ten. She could hem a towel, dust the parlor, make doll clothes and beat up eggs.

She had read the "Arabian Nights," "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe," besides "many beautiful" story books. She could repeat "Edwin and Emma," "John Gilpin," "Madam Blaize" and several of Watts' hymns. But she did not know the capitals of the States, and could not tell what the equator was; worse than all, she could not recite the ten commandments, or a chapter in the Bible. She did not know how long the children of Israel were in the Wilderness; in fact, she did not know there was a Wilderness, and had never seen a catechism. She told Mrs. Lincoln that there was a picture of Abraham and Isaac in the big Bible, and that Uncle Bradshaw said that "Abraham was a selfish, wicked man, and, if he had not happened to see that goat, he would have killed his own son to save himself."

"Do you think he would, aunt?" asked Emily, to whom this had always been an interesting question.

"God did not intend that Abraham should kill his son. Abraham had faith and knew that."

"Oh! then Abraham was playing 'supposings,'" said Emily, innocently.

The expression of Mrs. Lincoln's face would have been a study for a physiognomist. Evidently, the child's careless, but natural remark had awakened a new train of ideas in her mind. A woman of strong sense, but accustomed to taking the Bible literally and holding every word of it as sacred, she was not prepared, as she at once felt, to give an answer that would

satisfy Emily, and she wisely let the question pass, saying:

"You must study very hard to catch up with the girls of your age; Sarah Burbank is only eight, yet she is in multiplication and has been through the geography. She has worked the ten commandments on her sampler, and she can recite the whole book of John."

Astonished at such an amount of learning, Emily was silent, wondering that Uncle Bradshaw had ever called her "a smart little thing."

Putting up her work, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"Now, we will unpack your trunk."

With a cheerful countenance, Emily followed her aunt up-stairs, feeling sure her wardrobe would surprise and please her.

As Emily took the articles from the trunk, she handed them to her aunt, who, after examining them, placed them in the drawer. Emily's spirits fell; her aunt did not approve of her wardrobe, that was plain; at length, the child took out the pink barege.

"What is that for?" asked Mrs. Lincoln.

"It is made out of Cousin Mary's dress. Isn't it beautiful? They said I could wear it to dancing-school."

"Dancing-school! What does the child mean?" said Mrs. Lincoln, turning to Hannah, who came in at that moment.

Hannah rolled up her eyes as much as to say "total depravity," "a brand from the burning," etc.

At first Emily was dismayed by the very decided expression of disapproval, but, knowing she had said nothing wrong, she spoke out:

"Aunt Bradshaw said you would teach me everything. Won't I learn dancing?"

"I will have you taught everything useful. Did your cousins learn dancing?"

"They did last winter, but aunt said they must practise at home now."

Having reached the bottom of the trunk, Emily glanced at her aunt's face; the expression there was contemptuous, as she turned to Hannah and said:

"Go over to the store and buy me some stout stockings, her size; also see if they have any good homespun gingham."

Indignant that the wardrobe, which Aunt Bradshaw had prepared with so much care, was unappreciated, nay, contemned, Emily awaited Hannah's return in silence. The servant soon reappeared, bringing a large bundle. The stockings were just Emily's size.

"Take those things off and put these on," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"I will not wear those coarse stockings! They are just like those the black children wear!" cried Emily, passionately.

"Emily," said her aunt, in a tone that told of mastery, as the far-off thunder tells of the coming tempest, "put them on instantly!"

Choking with suppressed anger, Emily obeyed.

What could she do, with that iron will against her? How harsh they were, but she did not say so; no, she would bear their harshness, for she realized her own feebleness and the uselessness of opposition. Hannah should not see her sufferings! Now her shoes were found to be too small, and Hannah was sent for a pair of brogans. Emily put them on. How awkward and clumsy she felt! As Mrs. Lincoln took in her hand the shoes which Uncle Bradshaw had said "were just as big as Cinderella's," she remarked:

"What things to put on a child's feet!"

Emily accompanied her aunt into the next room, where she was to sleep henceforth. It was an unfinished attic over the back-building, but on a level with the second-story apartment they had just left. The low, sloping roof admitted of standing upright only in the centre of the room. There was one small window with six panes of glass. Two cot beds and two chairs constituted all the furniture. A stairway led to the sink-room below. Noticing the dissatisfied expression on Emily's face, her aunt said:

"I wish you to sleep here that you may not be entirely alone. That is Hannah's bed (pointing to the one opposite to them) and this is yours (touching the cot by which they stood). If you are a good girl, when it is cold Hannah will let you fasten your clothes by the kitchen fire."

Oh! the nursery at Aunt Bradshaw's!

Leaving Emily to her own reflections, Mrs. Lincoln

descended to the "keeping-room," where she found her husband.

"Well, Rebecca," said he, anxiously, "what do you think of the charge you have undertaken?"

"I hardly know what judgment to form of her as yet. She is not an average child, that is plain."

"How so? What do you mean?"

"She has a strong, original mind, with great strength of character. Ordinary measures will not avail with her."

"Then you must be careful to begin right. Never give way to her. Insist upon obedience from the start."

"She already knows that she must obey. But she is one who will question."

"Don't allow her to question you. Stop her at once," said Mr. Lincoln, with decision.

"It is very easy to stop her from asking questions, but I cannot arrest her thoughts. She will weigh my words and acts just the same."

"That is of no consequence, provided she understands that she must obey, and that you are the judge of what is right for her."

"It is my desire and purpose, as it is my duty," said Mrs. Lincoln, with earnestness, "to act towards Emily as I would were she my own child, and she must recognize that I do so act. I cannot win her respect by merely enforcing obedience. Already I see that she will yield at once, when she finds that resistance is useless."

"Then the main point is gained."

"Moses, that child has not one useful article of wearing apparel."

"Her trunk appeared heavy."

"But such trifles: fine linen chemises, embroidered petticoats and barege dresses! What could Clinton's wife have been thinking about?" After a moment's thought, Mrs. Lincoln continued: "Emily possesses very warm affections. She is devoted to her Uncle Bradshaw's family. The way they let that child form her opinions is absurd. In fact, they allowed her to think for herself."

She then repeated Emily's remarks about Abraham.

"Very absurd, indeed, I should say, for a child," said Mr. Lincoln, with supreme contempt.

Hannah entered with dinner, and Emily was summoned. As she was taking her seat, her aunt said:

"Do you not see your uncle?"

Not knowing what to say, at a venture the child said: "Good-morning, sir."

She received an inclination of the head in return.

Emily was very hungry, exhausted almost. Forgetful of all except her inward cravings, she eagerly extended her plate. Her uncle suspended knife and fork as they were descending into the pork, and looked at his wife, who said, gravely:

"Put down your plate; children must wait until their elders are served."

"I'm afraid she has not had much discipline," said Mr. Lincoln.

Thinking "discipline" was something to eat, Emily said:

"No, sir; I have not had anything to eat all day, and I am so hungry."

"Be quiet. 'Children must be seen and not heard,'" said her uncle.

Quiet she was, while Mr. Lincoln helped his wife and himself. As he was putting a slice of fat pork on another plate, Emily said:

"I don't like fat."

"You must not say what you like, but eat what is given you," replied Mr. Lincoln.

"You said this morning that you did not like those red things!" (tomatoes).

"Rebecca, you must not allow such impertinence," said Mr. Lincoln, looking severely at his wife.

Having been helped to pork and beans, Emily was too busy to notice anything. The crisp pieces of pork she found very palatable. Then came pie, cheese and dough-nuts. She was feeling like a much better girl, morally and physically, when Hannah appeared with the unfinished breakfast.

"You should have brought that before; however, put it aside for her supper," said Mrs. Lincoln.

Knowing that her dinner was secure, Emily gave no thought to supper.

She learned her Scripture lesson, and went with

Hannah to take some tea to old Mrs. Peters. Her aunt wished her to know where her poor lived, as she would frequently have occasion to send her on errands to them. Mrs. Lincoln was charitable to the extent of her means; indeed, she often denied herself articles of comfort, which the delicate state of her health rendered necessary, that she might give to the poor.

When Emily returned they had supper, and the bowl of milk was brought in; but, though her walk had given her an appetite, she could not swallow it. The brown bread floating on top was not inviting. She therefore went supperless to bed. She was tired, however, and soon fell asleep, to dream of omelets and waffles.

The next morning she made her appearance early, for the thought of breakfast was very pleasant. What was her consternation on seeing the bowl of milk and bread, presenting a worse appearance than on the previous night.

"Must I eat this?" she cried, in a tone of indignation and disgust.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Lincoln, with great seriousness; "and you must not speak in that manner."

"It isn't fit for anybody to eat. Aunt Bradshaw would not give it to a beggar!"

Mr. Lincoln laid back in his chair in speechless astonishment.

"You are not at your Aunt Bradshaw's. You will eat that bread and milk," said Mrs. Lincoln, quietly and firmly.

"I won't eat it! I will starve first!" replied Emily, rising from the table and pushing the bowl from her, as with flushed face and flashing eyes she hurried from the room. She was followed by Hannah, according to Mrs. Lincoln's orders, who pushed her into the room in which she had slept the first night, saying:

"What an imp you are!"

"You are an ugly, mean, bad woman!" retorted Emily, in a rage; and pushing Hannah out of the room, she placed herself against the door. But only for a moment did she maintain this position, for, weak and exhausted, she fell upon the floor and sobbed as if her heart would break.

In a few moments Mrs. Lincoln entered.

"Get up and come to me, child," she said, in a sad tone.

Emily arose and was approaching her aunt, when, seeing a bundle of small switches in her hand, she asked, excitedly:

"What are you going to do?"

"Come here." Her voice was gentle; and, reassured, Emily approached her. Taking the child's hands in hers, Mrs. Lincoln continued: "I promised to rear you as my own daughter. I would not allow a child of mine to grow up with such a temper! It is my duty to punish you for your bad conduct. It grieves me to do it, but I must."

She raised the switches. Now Emily had never been whipped; even the slipper, which on rare occasions

Aunt Bradshaw used in a gentle fashion upon the others, had never fallen on Emily. She was so young, Aunt Bradshaw said; the others should set her a better example. And was she now to be whipped with those switches, just such as Aunt Chloie used on Philip? No! indeed! Giving her hands a sudden wrench, she sprang towards the window. In attempting to jump through it, she missed it and fell on the floor in a swoon.

When she came to herself, she was lying on the sofa in the "keeping-room." Hannah was supporting her head, while her aunt held a glass of water to her lips. A gentleman was standing by the fire-place, talking to her uncle. As she looked around, he approached her and asked:

"How are you now, my dear?"

His kind face and affectionate tone won her heart at once. Bursting into tears and clasping her hands, she cried:

"Oh! take me home!" Then, seeing Hannah, she said, angrily: "Go away!"

Dr. Merton took her hand to feel her pulse, when, suddenly starting up, she said:

"Did I get hurt when I jumped out of the window? You shan't whip me!" (pushing her aunt aside). "Uncle Bradshaw said that you would love me, but you don't. I want to go home to him."

Surprised, the doctor said:

"I thought she fainted, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"Is it possible! Did you intend to jump from the window, Emily? It would have killed you," said Mrs. Lincoln, pale and trembling.

"I wanted it to kill me! I will never be whipped! never! You're a wicked woman!" the child fairly shrieked, her face deathly pale and her eyes flashing.

With a quick stride, Mr. Lincoln reached her, and, catching her by the arm, he said, sternly:

"How dare you speak so to your aunt?"

Sitting erect on the sofa, Emily said, fiercely, looking him steadily in the face:

"You are no Christian! Uncle Bradshaw 's a Christian!"

Ashamed that he should have lost his self-possession, Mr. Lincoln retreated, leaving a distressed group behind him. The doctor and Mrs. Lincoln were standing beside the sofa. Hannah, with eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment, could not withdraw her gaze from Emily, who, exhausted, had sunk back on the sofa.

Dr. Merton and Mrs. Lincoln walked to the fireplace and conversed in a low tone. Mrs. Lincoln told the physician, with grave earnestness, of the trouble she had had with Emily in regard to her breakfast. He listened with evident disapproval. It was a new experience to Mrs. Lincoln to have her conduct called in question.

"Then the child has really eaten but one meal since she came here?" said the doctor.

This Mrs. Lincoln disputed.

"It is evident she is faint for want of food. Everybody cannot eat brown bread, not even yours, Mrs. Lincoln."

The doctor walked over to the sofa and took a seat beside Emily.

"You look weak. Could you not eat something, my dear?"

"Oh! yes! I am so hungry!"

"Give her a good, wholesome meal," said Dr. Merton, addressing Hannah.

"It isn't far from dinner-time now," replied the servant.

"She cannot wait for dinner. Get her something at once," replied the doctor.

While Emily was satisfying her appetite with the tempting things Hannah brought in, Mrs. Lincoln and the physician were in earnest consultation at the other end of the room.

Emily knew they were talking about her, and she thought: "He too will think I am a bad girl!"

As the doctor arose to leave, he said:

"I, too, believe in discipline, but I think we Yankees carry it a little too far, sometimes. She is homesick. Let her play around awhile and amuse herself. She will get used to us after a time. Will you not?"

And he turned with a pleasant smile to Emily, taking her hand to say good-bye.

"Kiss me!" said the child, springing on a chair.

He kissed her affectionately. Just then Mr. Lincoln reappeared and accompanied Dr. Merton to the door. He returned to the room, and as his eye rested upon the chair Emily had just left, he said, in a severe tone: "Look there!"

Sure enough the child's new brogans had cut a hole in the hair-cloth.

For some time after the doctor left there was silence. Mr. Lincoln was reading the paper, and Mrs. Lincoln sat gazing thoughtfully out of the window, while Emily looked at the pictures in her geography. At length, Mr. Lincoln spoke.

"She is very homely, Rebecca!" he said.

"Yes. How strange it is when her mother was so handsome!"

Looking up, Emily saw that they were regarding her earnestly. "Homely!" "Discipline!" What did those words mean? She would look in the dictionary, the very first chance she could get, and see!

The remainder of the day passed quietly. Mrs. Lincoln was kind and Mr. Lincoln unobservant. Emily had felt from the first that the latter did not like her. The feeling that she had been taken only as an object of charity was gradually coming to her. While at her Uncle Bradshaw's, she had not felt the want of father and mother, so lovingly had Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw filled those relations. In the children's quarrels she had always been exempt from blame, because, as her cousins said, "she hadn't any father or mother!"

Night came and Emily went to the attic; her aunt accompanied her. Sitting beside the bed, Mrs. Lincoln endeavored to impress upon her the enormity of her conduct.

"Do you repent of your wickedness, and will you promise never to behave so again?" said she, solemnly.

"How can I repent?" replied Emily.

"Are you not sorry?" asked her aunt.

Now, Aunt Bradshaw had inculcated a strict regard for truth; it was only for any deviation therefrom that the slipper had been called into requisition. Emily had not told a story, and she answered:

"I don't know anything to be sorry for, only that I can't go home."

"Are you not sorry for being such a bad girl, for getting into a passion, for being disrespectful and disobedient, and for trying to jump from the window? If you had killed yourself, where would you have gone?"

"God knows everything. He knows how badly you treat me, and He is sorry for me. I am glad I didn't kill myself, because Uncle Bradshaw would have been so sorry, and you would have felt badly, too, when you had to write him all about it."

"Emily," said she, severely, "what do you mean by treating you badly?"

"You don't give me enough to eat, and you wanted to whip me." And at that thought, the child faced her aunt defiantly.

"God will not love you, or take care of you, if you do not repent of such wicked feelings and such bad conduct," replied Mrs. Lincoln, sorely troubled.

"Why don't you repent?" inquired Emily.

"I try not to do wrong, and when I do, I ask His forgiveness," replied Mrs. Lincoln, with humility. Only to the Almighty was she humble. "Child," she continued, with great solemnity, "God loves you, and He wants you to be good and love Him."

"I don't know! I don't know!" cried Emily, as all that miserable day passed before her. "I don't believe I'll love Him any more!"

"You wicked child!" said her aunt, in a severe tone. "Say your prayers, and ask Him to give you a new heart."

Emily knelt at her aunt's feet and repeated "Our Father," adding, after Mrs. Lincoln, a prayer "suited to the occasion." But it was with a hardness of heart she had never before experienced that she arose from her knees, and sought her pillow.

Again that nursery came before her, and she saw Aunt Chloie's loving face, as reverently she held her clasped hands in hers and there said "Our Father." Surrounded by such human love, did not the child's heart naturally turn to Him who bestowed it all?

Exhausted by the trial through which she had passed, and pining for "the loved ones at home," Emily's health gave way, and she was prostrated by a nervous fever. Mrs. Lincoln was greatly alarmed, and

gave all her time and attention to the sick child. One morning she left Emily asleep, and went below to meet the doctor, whose gig had stopped at the door. The child was aroused by the closing of the door, and, feeling very weak, she thought she was dying. In fact, her appetite was coming back, and the desire for food made her feel her weakness, giving her that sensation of sinking which accompanies nature's reaction after an illness. She drew the New Testament from beneath her pillow, and finding the 13th Chapter of Luke, she placed her finger on the 16th verse. Convinced that she was dying, she lay perfectly still, with her finger steadily on the verse and her eyes closed, and tried to stop breathing. The doctor's cheery voice startled her.

"You are much better," said he, as he felt her pulse.

"Am I?" replied Emily, regretfully.

Struck with her tone, he asked:

"Don't you want to get well?"

"Yes; if I am going to; but if I am going to die, I want to die now, because I am ready."

"Ready? How ready?" he asked, in puzzled surprise. Then, observing that she kept her finger on one spot on the page, he said: "What have you there?"

"Ain't it a pretty verse? I wanted to die like the girl in the Sunday-school book. But this ain't her verse!"

"You darling little simpleton!" cried the doctor; and he gave way to such a burst of laughter as he had not indulged in for many a day.

"Are you laughing at me?" asked Emily, in a feeble, hurt tone.

"You are a dear little girl," he replied, checking his merriment.

"I don't like to be laughed at. Don't tell anybody. I thought aunt would like to write about it to Uncle Bradshaw; that was the reason I wanted to die with my finger on that verse," said Emily, with tearful eyes.

"I won't tell any one, my dear; you chose a beautiful verse. But Uncle Bradshaw would be very sorry not to see his little pet again. Now, you must get well."

"Yes, I will. If I ain't going to die, I would like to get well."

Emily kept her word and improved daily, but very slowly; her languor and depression troubled her aunt, who was anxious that she should recover her buoyancy and cheerfulness. The child sat quietly beside Mrs. Lincoln, "learning to sew," for an hour in the morning and again in the afternoon. Her aunt told her of Judith Pollock, who was but ten years of age and had made a shirt for her father, keeping account of the number of stitches she put in it by sticking a pin in a cushion for every ten of them. To this Emily replied:

"Oh! how I would like to make a shirt for Uncle Bradshaw!"

Every morning, before breakfast, Emily committed to memory five verses of Scripture, to be repeated without missing a word. The hearing of this lesson

was a severe trial to Mrs. Lincoln. Emily would ask so many questions. Her aunt took refuge in the safe reply:

"You will understand it better, my dear, when you are older."

"Then you understand it, aunt. You are old."

Certainly this child had not been properly trained! Mrs. Lincoln was greatly exercised concerning her, for she was a high-minded, conscientious woman, anxious to do her whole duty, and was accustomed to being treated with respect and consideration. If, like some of our Methodist friends, she did not profess "sanctification," she was yet sure she was always right, from the fact that knowingly she would not do wrong, which, after all that can be said, is the highest encomium we can bestow upon any one. She was a true descendant of that Puritan flock who came over the ocean to seek a home in the wilderness, where they might "worship God according to their own conscience." And while we regret that they brought with them the prejudices then so active in the mother country, we must still grant that upon those prejudices were grafted such fidelity to conscience and such high ideas of human rights as have deservedly obtained for them a prominent place in history as the advance-guard of true republican government.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG TRAMP.

THUS thrown together, the aunt and niece had many long talks. To find herself conversing with a child was something strange to Mrs. Lincoln. She asked Emily what she most wished to learn. The latter replied, eagerly: "Writing. Then I can write home."

I am afraid my readers will think that Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw had neglected Emily's education. When she first came to them, she was so frail and delicate that, for several years, all their efforts were concentrated upon building up her constitution.

While at Spring Park, most of her time was passed out of doors, roaming at will, climbing after birds' nests, hunting chestnuts, feeding the poultry, etc. Often was Aunt Chloie scandalized by seeing Mr. Bradshaw, on horseback, catch her up and ride off with her in front of him, regardless of torn frock and sun bonnet. What splendid rides those were! Many a time did Emily lie in wait for her uncle, sure that should he see her she would get "a nice ride!" When weary of out-door sports, she was so clamorous for her cousins to "read a story" to her that, at length, they insisted that she should learn to read for herself, and

she progressed with such rapidity that she was soon independent of them. She read the books her cousins had laid aside, which books had been carefully selected. Religious tracts Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw had kept from the children. They were too truly catholic to inculcate any sectarian views. Mr. Bradshaw's creed was very simple. It may be summed up in these words: "Belief in God, the Father; to speak the truth; to respect all men; and to avoid wrong-doing, for though no man should know it, you will know it yourself, and from yourself there is no escape."

Emily had a hard struggle with her attic. In the morning it was so cold to go to the sink to wash; the fire never was burning in the kitchen when she dressed, and Hannah would call her a "poor, delicate little thing!" This woman first taught Emily the feeling of dislike.

Sunday came. At an early hour all were astir in Mrs. Lincoln's house. Emily's Bible lesson, consisting of the five verses she had learned each morning during the week, and ten for the Sabbath, was quite a tax upon her memory. She was to recite it to her uncle before going to church. Intent upon accomplishing her task to the satisfaction of her aunt, Emily walked to and fro in the long passage leading to the wood-house, and conned her lesson.

She was sure she knew it perfectly. Her Aunt Bradshaw had often praised her quickness in memorizing, and she wanted her uncle to see how smart she

could be. Eager and happy, she entered the "keeping-room" and handed the Testament to him, saying: "I know it, uncle."

Mr. Lincoln took the book, and said: "Well, begin."

But, alas! she could not recall the first word. It had gone from her.

"Just tell me the first word, please," said the child, pleadingly.

Her uncle returned the book in silence. There was no time to look the lesson over, as the church bells were ringing. Mortified and disappointed, Emily walked by his side.

On the way to church, Mr. Lincoln told her how grateful she should feel to her aunt, who had paid her expenses there, and was doing so much for her. She did not see cause for gratitude.

Emily had a pleasant time at church. The children peeped at her over their hymn-books, and she peeped back again. She was very anxious to see Judith Pollock, but would as soon have asked her uncle to put her on top of the organ as to point her out.

The walk home was dull. Aunt Lincoln's headache was better. She asked what was the text. Emily could not remember, at which Mrs. Lincoln looked very grave. Nor could she recollect the hymns, except one about flowers. Mr. Lincoln, however, made up for all her deficiencies on those points. When it came to the sermon, Emily could tell more about it than her

uncle, and her aunt was so much pleased that she said if Emily could write, she should make a synopsis of it and show it to Mr. Burbank, the minister. At two o'clock in the afternoon, they went again to church, but Emily did not pay much attention to the service. She was tired, and amused herself by counting the big noses. Mr. Lincoln went to sleep.

After dinner, Hannah and Emily read the Testament for an hour, turn about; then Emily learned a hymn, and recited her unfortunate morning lesson.

Dark found her in her little cot-bed. She was still awake when Hannah came up, bringing a candle, which was contrary to Mrs. Lincoln's orders, for she was nervously afraid of fire. As Emily lay quiet, Hannah thought she was asleep, and, going back among the low rafters, she took from some nook a black bottle and put it to her lips, taking a long drink. Replacing the bottle, she went to bed without removing her clothes. Frightened, for the odor of whiskey was very strong, Emily in vain tried to sleep. Hannah was soon breathing hard. Hours passed, but Emily lay with eyes wide open. Hannah at length arose and groped her way to the bottle again. As she tottered back to her bed, nearly falling upon Emily in passing, the child with difficulty restrained a scream. There was no sleep for her that night. She lay watching the woman's figure, which the late rising moon made visible, expecting every moment that Hannah would get up and murder her, for she felt that the servant did

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not like her, and was sure she knew she was awake watching her. All the dreadful stories that Aunt Chloie had told her came back to her mind. If daylight would only come! Morning dawned at last, and Hannah, who awoke at the first streak of light, arose and went down-stairs. Then the weary child fell asleep. It was late when she appeared at breakfast; her dejected and tired look attracted the attention of her aunt, who asked if she was sick.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered. "Won't I get a letter to-day?"

This reply caused Mrs. Lincoln to think she was homesick, and, as the expected letter came, all Emily's troubles vanished. Hannah was forgotten as she listened to the loving words from her old home. She looked over her aunt's shoulder, while the latter read the letter, noticing every word that she might read it herself, which she could easily do, as her Uncle Bradshaw had taken pains to write plainly. He wrote that they were settled in their new home, that it looked very nice and pretty, that they were just as happy as they had been in the big house, except for the absence of "Pet," and that they all looked forward to her coming back to them. Mary had given up her music lessons, and was teaching Louise. There was some good advice. Aunt Bradshaw added a few lines, saying that, as she would have no opportunity during the summer, she would send Emily's country dresses, which her uncle said she would need in that climate. When

she had read her letter over and over again, the child asked:

"Please, aunt, won't you set me a copy? Not strokes, but real words."

Accordingly Mrs. Lincoln wrote, in a clear, bold hand, "Children must be obedient to their superiors." It looked hard. But Emily attacked it with determination, sitting quiet, for an hour. During that time she mastered her first writing lesson pretty well; so well, in fact, that Mrs. Lincoln asked if she had not written before.

"No, ma'am," was the reply. "Uncle Bradshaw taught me to hold my pen and to make strokes; I did not get as far as pot-hooks and hangers."

"You will soon learn to write," said her aunt, "and in the autumn I will send you to school. But you are very backward, and must try to improve in the meantime."

Emily retired early. She wanted to think, she said. Her uncle's letter had brought home vividly before her. She had frequently been in the new house, and, as her uncle had written how the rooms were appointed, in her mind's eye she pictured her cousins in their apartment as plainly as though they were in their old home. To learn to write now was her engrossing idea. Absorbed in her own thoughts, she forgot the previous night's experience until Hannah came up and went to bed. There was, however, no recurrence of the scene of the night before, and Emily was almost persuaded that she had dreamed it.

The next day her aunt gave her lessons in grammar and geography to study; she was to recite them to Mr. Burbank, a young man who was studying law in Mr. Lincoln's office. The office was just across the yard. With a light heart, Emily knocked at the door. It was opened by Mr. Burbank, who was quite a handsome youth of twenty.

"And this is my little Southerner," he said, smiling and stooping to kiss her; but Emily dextrously dodged the salute, and, dropping him a courtesy, handed him her aunt's note, at which he carelessly glanced. Placing her in a chair beside him, he asked her many questions which she freely answered, for she did not feel the least in awe of him. But as to learn to write was the desire of her heart, and as he was to set her a copy when she had said her lessons, she became impatient to begin, and forthwith opened her book, which she handed to him. Then she stood with her hands crossed and with an expression of earnest attention upon her face.

"So I am to be schoolmaster, and you are the scholar?" said he, amused at her demure attitude.

"Yes," replied Emily, nodding her head gravely. "Aunt Lincoln says you must be very strict."

"That means that I am to use the ruler on you if you don't know your lessons!"

"Does it?" said Emily, rather dubiously.

"Well, to begin: Where did you get those big, black eyes of yours, and those tiny ears?"

"That isn't my lesson, and I won't answer any such questions!" replied Emily, with dignity.

"If you won't answer my questions, what am I to do?" said Mr. Burbank, as if in great distress.

"You must look on the book and be teacher," replied Emily, with much gravity.

Finding that she was bent on learning, he gave his attention to her lessons which she knew perfectly; she asked more questions about them than he could readily answer.

"Now set me a copy, please," said she, handing him her copy-book.

"What shall I write?"

"Dear Uncle Bradshaw, I love you dearly and I am very glad to get your letter."

"That is a strange copy."

Mr. Burbank was much interested by the earnestness with which Emily copied it. She had been writing some time, when a bell was rung from the house. This was the signal for her to return.

"You will come again to-morrow," said Mr. Burbank, and he tried to give her a good-bye kiss, but failed in the attempt.

On entering the house Emily found several young visitors, among them Judith Pollock. They looked at her with considerable curiosity, which she was not slow to return. She felt shy and awkward, knowing that she was in the presence of a great deal of learning. The girls asked if Emily might take a walk, to which Mrs. Lincoln replied in the affirmative.

Judith led the way to a beautifully shaded lane, where they found wild flowers in abundance, such as the trailing arbutus, the anemone, the violet, and others common to that vicinity.

The sudden budding of summer with the advent of June had delighted Emily. Every morning she had some new discovery in nature's laboratory to announce to her aunt, as the "living garment of God" covered up the waste places, giving foliage to the trees, moss to the stones, and joy and gladness to the brook.

By degrees Emily's shyness wore off, and she chatted merrily with her companions; they asked her many questions.

"You live down there, where they buy and sell people, don't you?" asked Judith.

"Yes—black people."

"Aren't you glad to get away from such a bad place, and such wicked people?" questioned Sarah Burbank.

"They are not wicked," replied Emily, indignantly. "Uncle Bradshaw is the best man there ever was in the world!"

"Does he sell colored people?" asked Judith.

"No. He bought Jennie and Yellow Joe because they wanted him to do so, and he had to buy Aunt Chloie because she was my nurse; but he gave them their papers; he wouldn't own slaves; he says it's wicked."

Evidently this was a relief to the young abolitionists, and Emily rose in their estimation.

After gathering flowers until they were tired and hungry, they sat down to luncheon, talking of the approaching holidays and what they were going to do. It saddened Emily to hear them speak of visiting aunts and cousins.

Mrs. Lincoln had told them that Emily was going to school after the vacation. Hence they thought it was only fair to enlighten her as to the character and disposition of the teacher, whom they represented as "awful strict," saying that she had eyes all around her head they believed, for she could see everywhere at once. But, most important of all, they wished to know if Emily would go with them to a picnic the coming Wednesday. Of course, she would be delighted to go, she replied; but they must first ask Aunt Lincoln. Just then, some one noticed that the sun was getting low and said they must return. They took Emily home and requested permission for her to go to the picnic. After asking many questions as to who was going, etc., Mrs. Lincoln gave her consent and the young people departed.

The days passed pleasantly. Emily enjoyed her studies; she was anxious to enter school on a par with her new friends. Her progress in writing surprised her aunt; already she had begun a letter to her Uncle Bradshaw, which she thought she would have ready to send to him in a week.

Wednesday came at last. Aunt Lincoln had found one "useful article" in Emily's wardrobe, namely, a pink gingham. This Emily put on for the picnic, and she was much pleased at the admiration it called forth. It was made with Mrs. Bradshaw's usual good taste, and was trimmed with white braid. Mrs. Lincoln had a basket filled with provisions of the best description, and at nine o'clock in the morning the big wagon stopped for Emily; in high glee she joined the party. What a jolly, merry drive they had!

The day passed only too quickly. Various games were played, in which improvement and amusement were combined. Games in geography and history, in which Emily was too wise to take part; but when they came to charades, she was wide-awake and showed such quickness in guessing as gained her much applause. But she shocked Judith by taking off her shoes and stockings and wading in the brook to catch tadpoles. While thus engaged, she slipped and wet her dress, and had to sit in the sunshine, with it spread out to dry, while the girls gathered around her to listen to her stories.

They were to walk home, and started somewhat early, rather weary, but well satisfied with the day's enjoyment. As they drew near the main street of F——, the little procession gradually diminished, with many pleasant good-byes, until Emily was left alone. Judith and Sarah wished to go home with her, but she insisted that she knew the way, and, promising to see

each other soon, they parted. When alone, Emily found her basket quite heavy; she walked slowly along, enjoying the beauty of the closing day.

As she was turning into a lane, which, by a short cut, would bring her out at the rear of Mr. Lincoln's house, she saw a lad approaching, who looked as if he did not belong to that neighborhood. He was tall and had a florid complexion, with thick brown hair and bluish-gray eyes. He had outgrown his pantaloons, the legs of which came above his ankles; the sleeves of his jacket were likewise too short for him, and he looked dusty and tired. His face wore such a kind, good-natured expression that it at once attracted Emily. She dropped him a courtesy, which Aunt Lincoln had told her was a token of respect which she must always pay to those older than herself. The boy smiled, evidently amused; he was not accustomed to such notice. Emily smiled, too, and said:

"Isn't it a pleasant evening?"

"Very pleasant. Hadn't you better let me carry your basket? Isn't it too heavy for you?"

"But you are going the wrong way," said Emily.

"It's no matter which way I go!"

This answer puzzled Emily, who said:

"Let us sit down and rest. I've been to a picnic. Where have you been?"

"I've walked a long way, trying to get work."

"Have you had any dinner?"

She knew he was hungry.

"No. But that's no matter," he said, cheerfully.

"I wish you would eat some of these sandwiches; then the basket won't be so heavy. I'm hungry, too."

She handed him a large sandwich and took a small one herself.

The lad thanked her, and was about putting his sandwich to his lips when he paused and asked:

"Are these yours to give away? Oughtn't you to take them home?"

"No, indeed. Aunt told me to give what was left to any poor person I met, but I had not met any."

"Until you met me," he said, smiling.

"Are you real poor?"

"Yes. And I can't find any work."

"I am poor, too; and, when I get big, I am going to be a teacher."

They were silent for awhile, both being too busy to talk. Emily pushed the basket towards her companion, saying:

"Hard boiled eggs are good when you're hungry."

He took one much to her satisfaction. The evident enjoyment with which he partook of her lunch gave her great pleasure, and she was thinking how glad she was that she had met him, when he said:

"This is the first I have eaten since last night."

"Didn't you have any breakfast?" asked Emily.

"No; there was only enough for mother. Now if we only had a drink!" (Taking a cup from her basket).

"Climb over the fence; there is a brook in the hollow," said Emily; "you can take a good drink and bring me one."

The lad obeyed instructions and quickly returned with a cup of water. Emily had been thinking.

"Can you make a fence, a paling fence?" she asked.

"Yes; if I have tools."

"Uncle Lincoln wants a garden fence; the man who was to build it didn't come, and he said he wouldn't have him now, because he didn't keep his word. Have you got a character? Uncle Lincoln is very strict."

"Yes," replied the lad, his face bright with hope. "I can give him a first-rate character."

"Then come in the morning early. Get up on the fence and you can see the house; it has two big chimneys."

"If it's Squire Lincoln's, I know the place. I'll walk to the end of the lane with you; it's getting late."

"Have you anywhere to sleep?" questioned Emily, as she carefully spread a piece of white paper, taken from the basket, on the grass, and placed upon it the remains of the lunch, consisting of some eggs and sandwiches.

"No. I have no money to pay for a night's lodging," he replied; "but I'll get along."

Mr. Peters lives over yonder at the end of the lane behind the church; he will let you sleep in his loft, I

think. This will make your breakfast," said Emily, handing him the parcel she had carefully put up.

"What a little woman you are!" the boy said, admiringly. "I've a right to it, for I'm poor!" he continued, merrily, as they walked on.

They soon reached the rear of Mr. Lincoln's house; after helping Emily over the fence, the lad stood watching her until she entered the kitchen door. Then he went in search of Mr. Peters' house, which he easily found; there he earned a night's lodging by bringing from the woods an armful of brush and chips and getting two pails of water. No millionaire with all "appliances and means to boot" ever enjoyed a sweeter sleep than did our young tramp on his straw bed, with the stars twinkling at him through the skylight. He tried to keep awake to think of the bright little girl he had met, but he had walked sixteen miles, "asking leave to toil," and nature was too strong for him.

Emily gave her aunt a full account of the day's proceedings, even to taking off her shoes and stockings and wading in the brook, for which Mrs. Lincoln reproved her severely. "You must never do that again. It was very improper," said she. Mrs. Lincoln was much interested in Emily's description of the boy; his inquiring if the child had a right to give away her lunch made a favorable impression upon her, and she said to her husband:

"I hope you will find work for him, Moses."

"If he comes, I will; but it is scarcely probable he will do so."

Emily knew he would come, but, of course, she was silent.

The next morning, as soon as Mr. Lincoln appeared, Hannah told him that a boy had been sitting on the steps since dawn, waiting to see him.

Pleased with his promptness, Mr. Lincoln addressed him kindly.

"My lad, you want work, do you?" he said.

"Yes, Squire; the little girl said you wanted a fence made."

"Have you ever built a paling fence?"

"No, sir; but I can try."

"If you have never built one, you cannot expect me to pay you the same that I would one who thoroughly understood his work."

"I am willing to take whatever you think I earn, Squire."

"But I do not know anything about you; for whom have you worked?"

Taking a paper from his pocket, the lad handed it to Mr. Lincoln, who, after reading it attentively, appeared well satisfied, and, turning to the boy, he said:

"Henry Weston, I will engage you to make a paling fence for the back of my garden. I will give you your board and lodging. What I shall pay you for your work will depend upon the way in which it is done. Are you willing to make the fence on those terms?"

"Yes, Squire."

"Then you can begin at once by tearing down the old one."

"Hadn't I better wait until the new one is ready to put up?"

"Why, yes. That was well thought of. When I am through breakfast, I will show you the workshop."

Leaving Henry, Mr. Lincoln went to the "keeping-room" where Mrs. Lincoln awaited him; he told her the boy had come, and announced the arrangement he had made.

"He must have breakfast," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"Emily said she gave him enough for his breakfast," replied her husband.

"But, no doubt, he was hungry and ate that last night," replied Mrs. Lincoln.

"I will ask him." And, stepping to the door, he said: "Henry, have you had your breakfast?"

"No, sir."

"Emily said last evening that she gave you enough for your breakfast."

"Yes, sir, she did. But Mrs. Peters had nothing and I gave it to her; I don't want any breakfast until I have earned it."

Emily felt her face tingle at her uncle's question, and she was infinitely relieved by the lad's unembarrassed reply.

"You shall have your breakfast; you have a right to it," replied Mr. Lincoln, while thinking in his heart

that the boy might be telling him a falsehood, and he mentally resolved that, as he would be near Mr. Peters', he would stop and inquire as to the truth of the story.

Mrs. Lincoln determined that Henry should have a substantial breakfast. She knew, however, that Hannah would not like the idea of any additional trouble. With all her force of character and indomitable will, Mrs. Lincoln stood considerably in awe of her servant. She knew that Hannah had not approved of sending for Emily, and now, if she should take a dislike to this lad, all would go wrong. Not that Hannah, or any other human being, could prevent Mrs. Lincoln from doing what she regarded as a duty, but she might render the performance of it very unpleasant.

Mrs. Lincoln was, therefore, greatly relieved, on entering the kitchen to see that Henry had proper attention, to find Hannah in an uncommonly good humor; she had been completely won by Henry's asking:

"Can't I help you? I might as well be doing something, while I'm waiting."

As it was baking day, she had said he could bring some wood and light the fire in the oven; this was soon done; then he pumped the water into the trough which conducted it to the milk-room. Afterwards he cut up the pumpkin preparatory to making pies, and Hannah felt that she had gotten an excellent start for the busiest day of the week. Hence it was with un-

usual alacrity that she obeyed Mrs. Lincoln's order to set out the cold pork and beans.

Henry accompanied Mr. Lincoln to the workshop adjoining the stable, where he found tools and lumber. Mr. Lincoln said: "I want a fence like the present one." Then he quitted him.

Henry had been apprenticed to a carpenter, with whom he had worked three months, when his master caught the California fever and went to seek his fortune. The knowledge he gained then was of great help to him now, as with measure, saw and chisel he began his work. If he could fashion one paling he could fashion many, he reasoned. As he worked he thought of Carlyle, for this boy of seventeen was a reader. Shakspeare, Milton, Carlyle, Emerson, Gibbon and Hume were familiar to him, and he looked forward to the time when, "with his three fingers to hold a pen withal," that "wonder-working" tool should accomplish something in his hand.

Emily had not forgotten him. On her way to the office to say her lesson to Mr. Burbank, she ran around by the workshop; climbing upon a stone, she looked in at the back window, calling:

"How do you do, Henry Weston?"

"Very well, I thank you, Miss Emily Rutledge."

"I ain't 'Miss Emily.' I'm so glad you came. Now I must go to my lessons."

And she hastened away.

CHAPTER VII.

EDWARD'S DEBTS.

EMILY was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and, now that she had the approval of her aunt and uncle, she was contented. The companionship of her young acquaintances had relieved her of that feeling of loneliness which had weighed so heavily upon her.

She had written a long letter home, in which she related all her pleasant experiences, and left untold the unpleasant ones, knowing that the latter would only grieve her loving relatives; thus she unconsciously exhibited that strength of character and consideration for others which marked her after life.

Is not that craving for sympathy, which some persons sentimentalize over, only selfishness? Are there not many who find satisfaction in being miserable? Paradoxical as it may seem, to be thought happy, or, even moderately comfortable, would be painful to them. They are good people in the main, but every trouble they encounter during the day must be recounted, talked over and sympathized with, or they retire into a silence expressive of martyrdom. They regard the cheerfulness of others as a want of appreciation of their trials.

How rare it is to find persons strong to endure, shrinking, as do all refined, deep natures, from parading their sorrows and disappointments, and lightening their own burden by sympathy with others. What is it to them if they are misjudged by the world in general? Those of a kindred nature will read them aright.

When the veil is lifted, will it not be found that it is those who have borne the burden of life most bravely, and have met its trials with cheerful courage, who have been the real sufferers?

Emily's letters from home were her greatest pleasure. Her aunt and uncle wrote, and each of her cousins added a postscript. In this way she was informed of all that was passing. Louise was "surprised at Emily's capital writing, and was sorry that her hair did not curl." Aunt Chloie and Jenny sent loving messages, and Joe wanted to know "if there was any 'possums in New England!"

Mrs. Lincoln was so well pleased with Henry Weston that she allowed Emily to be his companion after he had finished his work. They often took long walks together. Henry always carried his book with him—"a very difficult book," as Emily told her aunt.

The lad was interested in Emily's original remarks and questions, and was often surprised at her appreciation of a volume which would have been regarded as beyond her years. She took great delight in Carlyle's "Philosophy of Clothes." That author's quaint con-

ceits set her imagination in motion, and her quick sense of humor led her into all sorts of fantastic ideas, until Henry and herself were overcome with laughter.

Frequently they would sit beneath the elm tree in the garden, and Emily would tell her companion of her home and relatives in Baltimore. But he was most interested in her colored friends. One day there nearly came a break in their friendship. Henry said:

"If your uncle owns slaves, he is not a good man."

"Don't say that, or I won't like you!" exclaimed Emily, indignantly. "Uncle Bradshaw don't own slaves. He gave them their papers, and aunt said that the gentlemen were very angry with him for doing so."

"He did right," said Henry, with glowing eyes.

The fence was getting on finely. Mrs. Lincoln had taken great interest in Henry, and enjoyed conversing with him. He often surprised her by the independence of his judgment and his criticism of persons whom she had always regarded with respect.

Weeks had lengthened into months and all had been well; even Hannah had been kind after her fashion. Emily's letters home were full of pleasant anticipations of going to school. Mrs. Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Bradshaw that Emily was studying diligently, and that her knowledge of history and geography was really quite astonishing; but for the latter she thought the child was indebted to Henry Weston, with whom she talked over her lessons. The account Mrs. Lincoln gave of Henry interested Mr. Bradshaw very much. "He is

a genuine New England lad," he remarked to his wife, with considerable pride. Of Emily Mrs. Lincoln wrote further: "She possesses great strength of character and very warm affections. I tremble for her, when I think of what the future may bring. Whatever comes to her, I know she will meet it with fortitude. What troubles me the most is that I cannot give her any fixed religious faith; she will put her own construction upon the Scriptures, and will even question the views of our minister, Mr. Burbank. He says her questions proceed from an original and inquiring mind, and that I need have no fears for her. But I must say, Clinton, I think you have committed a grievous error in not giving her settled religious views.

"I have had plans for Emily, which I regret I shall not be able to carry out. My health is such that I cannot count upon the future. For years I have suffered with a serious trouble, which is now reaching its culmination, and will eventually necessitate a surgical operation. When I sent for Emily, I had reason to hope for a cure; but that hope I now no longer indulge in. The physician tells me the operation must not be performed for a year. The result is very doubtful. In any event, it will be a relief from suffering. I am in the hands of our Heavenly Father, and cheerfully submit to His will. I have carefully kept the knowledge of my malady from my husband. Why should I sadden him? He cannot relieve a single pain I endure. He will know of it in our Lord's good time, and He

will give him strength to meet it, for hath He not said: 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be!'

"It has been needful that I should have a reliable friend, one whom I could trust entirely, and such a friend have I found in Hannah, who is a devoted, honest and truly pious girl. I frequently send her to Boston to report my condition to the physician. Before the operation is performed, I will send Emily to you. Should it result in producing such a state of health as will enable me to do my duty by her, she can return to me; but if, in the providence of God, a greater change awaits me, it will be a relief in my last hours to know she is with you."

"My brave, noble sister," said Mr. Bradshaw, as he read this letter, "surely there *is* a heaven for such as you!"

There was trouble in Mr. Bradshaw's household. Edward had come home, and was greatly chagrined at the change in his prospects. His handsome face and fine form, together with much of his father's wit and humor, and, perhaps, the fact that he was the heir to a large fortune, had combined to make him the pet of his set at the academy. The liberal sum his father allowed him had been regarded by his friends as entirely too small for a young man of his expectations, and as every one had been willing to trust him, (his father's high character being considered a sufficient guarantee that his debts would be paid), he had heedlessly borrowed money, and it was not until he found himself in his

father's sanctum, with a large number of bills and the knowledge that he had given many notes for money received, that he realized his extravagance. His father's pleasant voice aroused him.

"My son," said he, "I must go to the bank, (on the first of June, Mr. Bradshaw had entered upon his duties as cashier,) and I wish you to thoroughly examine these bills. You will find them arranged in order; insert in their proper places those you have brought with you. Make out a list on a sheet of paper and don't omit one item; then copy it carefully in my private account-book, and sum up the whole. At the close, make a memorandum of any you expect to come in. My object is to have a complete and clear statement of your debts."

"Yes, sir," replied Edward, completely subdued.

Edward and his mother had had a long conversation the previous night. Mrs. Bradshaw had told her son everything, and had impressed upon him that he should give his father a correct statement of his debts. "You know," she had said, "your father will overlook anything but falsehood."

Edward knew that. He had not forgotten the whipping his father once gave him for saying that it was Joe who had set the chicken-house on fire, when he had done it himself. It was a whole day and night before his father punished him. Mr. Bradshaw said: "I wanted to be sure that I did not punish him upon the impulse of the moment." Edward had been

forced to beg Joe's pardon, and even his mother would not intercede for him. It was weeks before his father restored him to his confidence. This was intended to be a life-long lesson, and such it proved. Edward did not hesitate; he decided to tell the whole truth.

He was left to himself and his work. No more severe punishment could have been inflicted upon him than thus to be brought face to face with his own folly. As he proceeded, adding to the bills his father had received those in his possession, and remembering that others were to come in, he was sorely troubled in spirit.

Edward examined the account, and surprised at the amount, was going over it again, when his father entered; looking over his son's shoulder, Mr. Bradshaw said:

"Very well done, my son. Are you sure you have not omitted anything?"

"Yes, sir," replied Edward, meeting his father's eye with that clear, open expression indicative of certainty.

"That is right. Now to dinner. We will go over it together this evening, and see what can be done."

It was a pleasant family party at dinner. The girls admired their big, handsome brother, and asked many questions concerning his friends at the academy, about whom his father thought he was disposed to be rather reticent, as he often changed the subject by making

inquiries in regard to his young lady acquaintances. After dinner, taking a cigar, Edward asked:

"Father, do you smoke?"

"No; but when you have finished smoking we will take a walk."

They retired to the back piazza. With his feet upon the railing, Edward was comfortably enjoying his cigar, when his mother joined them.

"What! are you smoking, Edward?" exclaimed Mrs. Bradshaw, with surprise and considerable contempt in her tone.

He made the usual reply:

"Why, mother, all the boys smoke!"

"You were making rather severe remarks, just now, about some of the young girls. Do you think their conduct would be an excuse for your sisters doing the same as they?" said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"But a boy is different from a girl!"

"Do you mean that he is at liberty to follow any bad example? Never let me hear from you again that excuse of the weak and cowardly," rejoined Mrs. Bradshaw, firmly.

Feeling decidedly uncomfortable, Edward threw aside his cigar, and told his father he was ready for the walk. He turned to kiss his mother, who quietly pushed him aside, with the remark:

"Excuse me; I would prefer kissing old Brindle."

Mr. Bradshaw had taken no part in the conversation; he knew he could leave the question of smoking

to his wife, and there were many other points upon which he would be compelled to give his opinion.

The father and son had a pleasant walk, and Edward's affairs were not mentioned. Mr. Bradshaw examined him in regard to his studies, and expressed himself well pleased with his progress, saying as they returned home:

"You will be able to enter college next year."

Edward chatted with his mother and sisters until his father summoned him to his sanctum. Mr. Bradshaw took from his pocket several letters, enclosing the bills which Edward expected. With these added, the sum of his indebtedness amounted to fourteen hundred dollars. At this point Mr. Bradshaw said:

"Before we go any further, I must call your mother."

Mrs. Bradshaw was summoned and came.

"I know you will agree with me, wife," said her husband, "that these bills must be settled at once."

"Certainly. There are the diamonds, but I don't like the idea of calling upon Mr. Jacobs again," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Nor do I. Besides, the diamonds were your mother's and are your private property. Why not sell the silver? We can easily raise two thousand dollars on that."

"But I wish to keep the silver for the children. Could we not retain a few pieces?"

"That would break the set."

"Well, if it must go, it must," rejoined Mrs. Brad-

shaw, regretfully. "What an elegant set I might have had, if you had consented to your uncle's wish that the arms be engraved upon it. Then you could not have disposed of it."

"How you cling to that silver, wife. Yes, the old gentleman was a true aristocrat in feeling, though a democrat in principle — not an unusual type of character in his day."

After a few moments' thought, Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"Your Quaker friend, Mr. Fox, offered to assist us, and you know he means what he says; why not apply to him? He can keep the silver until we can redeem it."

"A capital suggestion, wife. I will see him to-morrow."

Mrs. Bradshaw now retired to attend to some domestic duties.

Edward's feelings were not to be envied as he listened to this discussion; after his mother's withdrawal, his father said:

"Come here, my son. What does this mean? 'Paid Mr. D —— two hundred dollars,'—for what?"

"That was a bet."

"Here is 'one hundred dollars to Ned,' and again 'fifty dollars to Ned.' Were these gambling debts also?"

"Yes, sir," replied Edward, deeply mortified.

"And these two suits of clothes?"

"They were for bets also."

"And the seventy-five dollars the night before you left for home?"

"That was for a champagne party."

"And after your mother had written you of my failure!"

"But it was in payment of a bet made a month before."

Leaving the desk, Mr. Bradshaw stretched himself on the sofa, while Edward drew a chair beside it. The light struck upon the youth's face, while his father was in shadow. Gradually Mr. Bradshaw drew from him a full account of his life at the academy.

"How came you to get into such habits? You were a boy of refined tastes when you left home."

"Indeed, I could not help it, father. You see, all the boys' parents were rich, and most of them spent money like water. Every evening there was some frolic going on. Howard can drink all night and it won't have any effect upon him, except to make him more agreeable. You don't know what a funny fellow he is, father; he will keep one laughing all the evening with his stories, so comical is he. He said you had plenty of money; and he made the boys hold me while he poured brandy down my throat. It fairly made me crazy. I was forced to get on the table and make a speech. Howard said it was spooney to play cards without putting up money. After awhile I grew to like wine and gambling. I always intended, however, to stop when I got away from there."

"Where were your teachers? Was there no one to look after you?"

"The teachers were nice gentlemen, except one. They told bad stories about him. The dormitories were away off, and we used to put blankets up to the windows and doors. One night Howard and I came near having a fight. He was cutting up like everything. I had just received a letter from mother; it made me feel ashamed of myself, and I said we were a disgrace to our friends. Then Howard said I was the son of an abolitionist and a Puritan, and that girls liked men who had a spice of wickedness in them; he bet he could get either of my sisters. Then I got mad and told him my sisters were not to be mentioned there. Howard picked up a chair and so did I, but the boys stopped us and said I was right. The boys would not be half so bad if it were not for Howard. He is exceedingly sharp and cuts up the boys so with his sarcasm that they are afraid of him."

"And the teachers knew nothing of all this?"

"No. You see, there were only the negroes and poor whites around there, and any of them would lie for a dime. We got in and out by means of a rope-ladder which Howard made."

Edward came to a full stop at last.

Mr. Bradshaw said, in a grave, sad tone:

"And it is to pay for ruining my son that the silver must go!"

"Oh! don't say my ruin, father! Never will I do

so any more!" cried Edward, barely able to keep back the tears.

"How do you know that? You knew you were degrading yourself, yet you continued in the wrong path. Will you have the moral courage to break through evil habits, when you had not the strength of mind to resist in the first instance?"

"Indeed, I could not help it."

"You could have written to me. I thought there was entire confidence between us. Have I not deserved it from you?"

"There never was such a father! But it would have been thought so dishonorable for me to tell!"

"A fine set truly to talk of honor! However, I appreciate your truthfulness, and I have no doubt you were sorely tried. The more, therefore, should I have honored you, had you been firm. You had a grand opportunity of proving your strength and courage, whereas you showed only weakness and cowardice."

At this moment, Louise put her head in at the door and said:

"Papa, will you and Edward never get through talking? Mother says come and get some melon."

The father and son followed Louise to the dining-room, where they found a tempting array of melons, which all enjoyed, except Edward, who made an excuse to retire to his room.

"Well, dear," asked Mrs. Bradshaw, when, at length,

she was alone with her husband, "what do you think of Edward?"

"Wife, I have listened to such a story as almost converts me to belief in the doctrine of total depravity. However, I think there are but few boys who would have done any better than Edward. How thankful we would have been had he proved to be one of that few."

The following day, Mr. Bradshaw, accompanied by Edward, called on Mr. Fox, who was much surprised to find his friend in need of fourteen hundred dollars.

"Friend, thy wife told me but a fortnight ago that thee did not owe a cent," said he.

"So I thought. But this young man has returned since then, and I need that sum to pay his debts."

"A poor beginning, my lad, a poor beginning. Thee had money and fools flattered thee. Thee has good blood in thee and cannot lay thy sins at thy father's door. And he is thy only son," continued Mr. Fox, laying his hand on Mr. Bradshaw's shoulder in sympathy. "Thee must have the money, but what security can thee give me?"

"The silver, friend Fox. It cost two thousand dollars."

"What does thy wife say?"

"She consents."

"Young man, let this be a lesson to thee. But it won't teach thee anything, I fear. What is the matter? Thee looks ill," said Mr. Fox, anxiously, as he turned to Mr. Bradshaw. "But why need I ask, when

this trouble has come upon thee, the trouble that kills!"

Edward gave a quick glance at his father, and, for the first time, saw that he looked tired and jaded. It struck him to the heart. When he came home, he had noticed the cheerful, happy expression of his father's face; now it was altogether changed. Bitterly did he repent of his wrong-doing, and he resolved that his future life should make amends for it.

Mr. Fox gave Mr. Bradshaw a check for the required amount, saying:

"I know I can take thy word for the silver, which I will keep for the lad to redeem for his mother."

And, with cordial adieux, they parted.

In silence Mr. Bradshaw and Edward walked home. They proceeded to the sanctum, where they made out a list of the different sums for which checks were needed to send away. The gentle and affectionate, yet inexpressibly sad manner of his father almost broke Edward's heart. "If he would only reproach me and tell me what a low, cowardly dog I am, I should not feel it half so much!" he said.

Tea passed off very quietly. The girls had heard from their mother all that had transpired, and they made no attempt to conceal their feelings towards Edward. Mary was polite but nothing more. Louise would not speak to him at all. Mr. Bradshaw tried to keep up a cheerful conversation, in which his wife found it difficult to aid him.

The next day Edward wrote to his creditors, enclosing the checks.

And now this, the greatest trial of Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw's life, was settled, as far as they could settle it; but it left behind it care and anxiety for the future of their son. It was more difficult for Mrs. Bradshaw to condone Edward's wrong-doing than for his father. Her love and admiration for her husband and her pride in his character caused her to feel keenly the wound her son's conduct had inflicted upon him.

Edward's young friends showed much pleasure at meeting him again, for he was a general favorite, and if a whisper got out, as whispers will, that he had brought trouble upon the family, it soon died away. The respect in which the Bradshaws were held made every one chary of repeating it.

Towards the close of August, Mr. Bradshaw told Edward that he would leave home on the first of September, as he had made arrangements to that effect with a friend, Mr. Stetson, of Salem, Massachusetts, who took a few boys to board and prepare for college. He added:

"I hope I need not say, my son, that you must be as economical as possible. Your sisters are determined that the silver shall be redeemed, and are willing to deny themselves every superfluity. Mr. Stetson will advance all the money you will need. Your future depends upon yourself. You have the ability to be one of the first men in the State, if you choose, or you

can be a worthless sot, a shame and a disgrace to your family. It rests with yourself to choose your path."

That was all. Mr. Bradshaw knew that reproach and advice would be useless, if his son had not been impressed by the lesson he had received in the trial through which he had passed, and from which he had not shielded him in the least, as he regarded that experience as of more value to Edward than all the lectures he could possibly give him.

It was the first summer the family had spent in the city, and Edward often heard his sisters regret their country home; he could not but be struck with the cheerfulness with which his father and mother bore their deprivations. His mother, the night previous to his departure for Salem, gave him a few brief admonitions, in the course of which, in forcible language, she pointed out the weakness of his character. Though her remarks were tender, affectionate and void of reproach, he keenly felt the contempt and loathing for such vices as he had indulged in which breathed in every word Mrs. Bradshaw spoke.

Everything which could contribute to his comfort was provided for him, and, amid tears and blessings, Edward again left his home, cheered and encouraged by loving words.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

AT the close of the summer, Hannah went to Boston. On her return there came a season of trial for Emily, for not one night, but many, did Hannah go reeling to bed. Emily would have borne it in silence, if Henry had not noticed her dejected appearance and inquired the cause. She relieved heart and brain by telling him all, adding:

"And Aunt Lincoln thinks Hannah is so good, that I know she would not believe me if I should tell her."

Henry was thoughtful. He realized the risk run by his little friend, and his horror of intemperance was, if possible, greater than Emily's, because he knew more about it, for he had suffered from it in his own family. What should he advise? He knew Mrs. Lincoln was conscientious, and that she would consider it her duty to inform the church of which Hannah was a member. The servant had been kind to him and he shrank from exposing her. She must get her liquor in Boston, as these scenes always occurred after her return from her occasional visits to that city.

While Henry was deliberating as to what he should do — for he thought of speaking to Hannah himself — the woman came very near setting the house on fire,

only Emily's presence of mind preventing the conflagration. For several nights Emily had lain awake in mortal terror. Worn out, at length, one night she slept heavily, and was suddenly awakened by a bright light in the room. Hannah's bed was in a blaze. Springing to her feet, Emily caught up the rug and threw it over the servant; then, seizing the pitcher, she emptied its contents upon her. Between the fright and the water, Hannah was brought to her senses.

She said she had the toothache and went down-stairs to get some pepper; on her return, she had placed the candle on the chair just for a moment, and had fallen asleep. Emily must not tell Mrs. Lincoln, and she would never again bring a candle into the attic.

Of course, there was no more sleep for Emily that night, and the next morning she looked really ill. She told Henry what had happened. He hesitated no longer, but insisted that she should immediately inform her aunt. Emily was in a dilemma, being afraid of Hannah and feeling certain that her aunt would not believe her. Henry did not agree with her on the latter point. He encouraged and strengthened her, and wished he could take the task off her hands.

Summoning all her courage, Emily told her aunt everything: how Hannah had frightened her months before, and how she had now nearly set the house on fire. The child had prepared herself for being charged with untruth, for Henry had failed to convince her

that her aunt would credit her statement, but she was unprepared for the storm of wrath which burst upon her.

"How dare you utter such a falsehood!" cried Mrs. Lincoln, in a tone of such fiery indignation as fairly frightened Emily. "Hannah never touched liquor in her life. She is a good, pious girl, and I shall punish you severely for telling such a lie. You are a sinful, wicked child. Your uncle would not allow you to remain in the house if he knew it!"

Emily vehemently insisted that she had told the truth. Mrs. Lincoln silenced her with an imperative: "Hush! Go to your room!"

The excitement brought on one of Mrs. Lincoln's nervous headaches, which kept her in her room for several days.

With tears of indignation and anger, Emily told Henry of her aunt's reception of her story. He was surprised and lost somewhat of his respect for Mrs. Lincoln; but, as he thoughtfully reviewed the circumstances, he recognized her fidelity to her convictions and her horror of falsehood. Believing as she did in Hannah's innocence, she must regard her niece as a malicious falsifier.

What could be done? He was troubled on Emily's account, yet he could only urge his faith that all would come right. Before Mrs. Lincoln left her room, she sent for Emily and persistently pressed upon her that she should confess her sin and ask her pardon, adding:

"And what is of far greater consequence, beg the forgiveness of your Heavenly Father!"

Emily replied:

"If you had gone to Hannah's room that morning, you would have seen the burnt bed-clothes; now, she has taken them away."

Mrs. Lincoln regarded this as only another prompting of the evil one, and she ordered Emily not to repeat such a thing to any one; she would not have Hannah hear that she had been charged with such conduct.

"I have told Henry, and he believes me."

After a moment's reflection, Mrs. Lincoln said:

"I wish to hold no communication whatever with you until you repent of your wickedness. You will take your meals alone, and I shall not allow you to visit any of the girls. A child as sinful as you are is not fit company for any one."

Emily was silent. She could not trust herself to speak. For a Scripture lesson, her aunt gave her the story of Ananias and Sapphira.

"First, learn your lessons," said she, "and say them to Mr. Burbank. Go to your room and study them there."

Dismissed in disgrace, Emily went to her attic. She thought of all Henry had said, and she remembered how others had suffered for the truth and been steadfast. She faithfully learned her lessons, and went to Mr. Burbank to recite them. He was struck with the

mature, thoughtful and self-contained expression of the child's face; there was no fun and merriment as usual. She left him quietly, and returned to her attic. She soon learned her Bible lesson, and recited it to her aunt, evidently without in the least taking its teachings to heart. There was a calmness and dignity about the child which impressed her aunt, whom Emily made no attempt either to please or conciliate. Mrs. Lincoln was again severely tried. She asked:

"Emily, do you not think you might have dreamed it?"

But the child would not make any such admission. On the contrary, she calmly reiterated her statement. As a last resort, Mrs. Lincoln threatened to tell her Uncle Bradshaw. Emily's face brightened as she replied:

"I wish you would do so, for he knows I would not tell a falsehood."

September came and the school opened. Mrs. Lincoln invited Miss Milbank, the teacher, to tea, and, for that occasion, allowed Emily to come to the table, as she wished to introduce her to the instructress. With much earnestness, she requested that lady to be exceedingly strict with Emily, as she had been brought up in a very careless manner. Especially, she wished inculcated a strict regard for truth, and, as she said this, she looked severely at Emily.

"It was just as much as telling Miss Milbank that I told falsehoods!" Emily said to Henry.

Henry suffered as much as his little friend, if not more. His advice was:

"Do right, learn all you can, and your teacher will soon find out what kind of a girl you are."

Emily was totally ignored at home. Mr. Lincoln had been instructed by his wife not to notice her, as she was under punishment, and Hannah followed his example. Henry seldom saw her in the house, but when he did, his manner was as kind and affectionate as usual. Her acquaintance with him Mrs. Lincoln allowed to be maintained, because she had noticed that Henry's influence was good. Since Emily had told her that Henry knew of her trouble, she had wished to speak to him on the subject, if an opportunity should offer. Happening to meet him, one morning, as she was coming from the office, she went with him to the workshop. Henry knew what was coming.

"Emily has informed me," said she, "that she told you that vile falsehood about Hannah, and I have, for some time, wished to say to you that it is not right that you should treat her with your usual kindness, until she repents and confesses her sin."

"Mrs. Lincoln, Emily told me of Hannah's drunkenness, and of her setting her bed on fire. Had it not been for your niece's presence of mind, the house and those within it might have been burnt up."

"Do you mean to say that you believe Emily?"

"I do," replied Henry, with decision and firmness.

"Then what is your opinion of me?" inquired Mrs.

Lincoln, with dignity. She would not admit to herself the value she placed on the opinion of this mere lad.

"I think, Mrs. Lincoln, that you are mistaken in your judgment of Hannah. I know you are thoroughly conscientious in your treatment of Emily."

"What position do you take towards Emily?"

"I have tried to make her see you as I do, to do justice to your motives, hoping that time will clear her in your estimation."

"That is impossible!"

"Have you made any effort, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"What effort can possibly be made? It rests with Emily to confess the truth."

"The effort can be made of tracing Hannah to Boston, and after she reached there, following her up to see if she bought any liquor."

"I would not insult Hannah by any such proceeding," said Mrs. Lincoln, indignantly.

"Is that any more of an insult to Hannah than it is an insult to your niece to decide at once that she is a falsifier, and treat her accordingly?" replied Henry, with spirit. "Remember, besides, the risk you run of being burnt up any night!"

"Young man," said Mrs. Lincoln, with severity, "I did not come here to enter on a defence of my conduct to you, but to express my wish in regard to your treatment of Emily."

"Mrs. Lincoln, I admire your niece's presence of mind, and I honor her courage in adhering to the

truth. Under the pressure you have brought to bear upon her, most children would have confessed to a lie," said Henry, quietly and deliberately.

With a cold "good-morning," Mrs. Lincoln withdrew.

Was it possible that she was being judged by the rising generation—taken to task and forced, as it were, to explain her conduct? Truly had she fallen upon evil times! She was right; she knew she was right—she was always right.

Time wore on. The fence was finished and put up in September. Mr. Lincoln was so well pleased with it, that he gave Henry the same sum that he would have paid one "acquainted with the business;" and the lad would have gone his way, but Mr. Burbank had engaged to teach school in Boston during the winter, and Mr. Lincoln took Henry into the office to write for him. What a winter it was! Hail, sleet, and such deep snows! Emily delighted in watching Henry make a path to the office. She took much pleasure in going to school, the boy often drawing her there on his sled. He had maintained his independence and his friendship for Emily; indeed, the latter appeared stronger than ever.

Henry Weston had changed. His appearance was improved by a better style of dress, which the wages he received enabled him to obtain. His manners were softened by constant association with refined and cultivated people. Mr. Lincoln was regarded as a model of

deportment, and the elegance and dignity of his wife were universally admired. Emily's refined, ladylike and dainty ways had always a particular charm for Henry.

Perhaps the strongest characteristic of Mrs. Lincoln was her sense of justice. For some time it had troubled her that Henry ate in the kitchen with Hannah, who was merely a hard-working and neat "help." With Mrs. Lincoln, to decide that a thing was right to be done and to do it, were the same; she therefore proposed to Mr. Lincoln that Henry should come to their table. Mr. Lincoln thought it would be awkward to make the change, and said Hannah might not like it.

"Is it right and just is the question," replied Mrs. Lincoln, ignoring Hannah.

Emily heard the discussion, but said nothing of it to Henry. She had correct ideas, and never repeated to her companion anything she knew her aunt did not wish him to hear.

One Saturday Mr. Lincoln said to Henry:

"My wife and I wish you to sit at our table. There will be a plate laid there for you to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, but I would rather not have it so."

"Why?" questioned Mr. Lincoln, surprised.

"Because I will not sit at a gentleman's table, until I can sit there as his acknowledged equal."

"At our table, you will be regarded as an equal."

"By yourself and Mrs. Lincoln, but not by your visitors."

Mr. Lincoln was silent for a moment; then he said:

"You are right. Persevere in your present course, and the time will come when the first gentlemen in the country will be glad to meet you at any table."

Henry was much gratified, for he knew his employer never said anything he did not mean. Mr. Lincoln offered him a place in his office to study law, but Henry said he had no taste for the legal profession, and he must earn bread for his mother, as well as for himself.

A year had passed since Emily came to her Aunt Lincoln's, a year full of varied experiences which left their impress upon her life. To herself she did not seem the same creature as the timid, merry and petted child, whom a word could move to tears or smiles, so self-contained was she now. She had progressed rapidly in her studies. Miss Milbank had found no fault with her. Her aunt appeared satisfied with her improvement. But between them there remained a barrier which the niece made no effort to break down. Occasionally Mrs. Lincoln would go with her at bed-time to her room, and there, with prayer and urgent entreaty, would ask her to confess, to tell the truth and be forgiven. "I told the truth," was the child's invariable reply.

Among the girls she had no intimates; her aunt had cut her off from their society. In Henry she found

the friend she needed; he knew everything, and he believed her.

The summer vacation was approaching, and each girl was to write a composition, choosing her own subject; the six best compositions were to be read at the examination. There was much talk among the girls about selecting their themes. Emily's was "Home," and to write upon it was but to give expression to the pent-up feelings of the past year. She poured out her griefs in earnest, poetic language. In truth, her composition told a story of suffering which it was hard to believe a child but eleven years of age had experienced. Miss Milbank happened to notice her when she was writing it, and was struck with the absorbed, intense expression of her face, and the rapidity with which she wrote. When Emily had finished and was about folding the paper, Miss Milbank asked:

"What have you been writing, Emily?"

"My composition, ma'am."

"Let me see it."

Emily handed it to her. Miss Milbank read it carefully; then, looking Emily steadily in the face, she said:

"You wrote this from memory. What book did you learn it from?"

"I did not learn it from any book," replied Emily, her face aglow with angry feeling.

"You did write from some book. I watched you and you wrote straight on, as if from memory."

"I wrote it because it is true. I did not know one word of it from a book."

"Emily Rutledge, you are telling a falsehood," said Miss Milbank, excitedly, provoked by the child's persistent denial into losing her temper.

"You tell a falsehood yourself!" screamed Emily, now in a rage.

Rising hastily from her seat, Miss Milbank seized Emily by the arm and pushed her into the closet, saying:

"Stay there, until you can tell me the truth and beg my pardon."

With a spasmodic effort, Emily burst open the door—so quickly that the wooden bolt hit Miss Milbank in the face as it flew off—and rushed down-stairs with her brain in a tumult; she startled Mrs. Lincoln as much by her disordered appearance as by her exclamation:

"I'll never go to that school again!"

And she dropped breathlessly into a chair.

"What is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Lincoln, as soon as she recovered from her astonishment.

"Miss Milbank said that I copied my composition out of a book, and that I told a falsehood because I maintained that I wrote it out of my own head; but I told her she made a false assertion herself, and so she did!"

Emily had been behaving so well, she had been so quiet and orderly and so devoted to her school, that, but for the supposed untruth which still overshadowed

her in Mrs. Lincoln's eyes, the latter would have been at rest about her. But this outbreak was so unexpected that Mrs. Lincoln knew not what to say. Just at this crisis, Henry entered with a message from Mr. Lincoln. He saw that something was wrong; and, taking Emily's hand, he asked:

"What is the trouble?"

Amid sobs and tears, Emily repeated her story. Recovering her self-possession, Mrs. Lincoln said to Henry:

"I wish you to take her back to school to beg Miss Milbank's pardon."

"But Emily says she did not copy the composition, Mrs. Lincoln, and I am sure she tells the truth! Miss Milbank should beg her pardon!"

"What an idea!"

Mrs. Lincoln's face expressed consternation. Had the big bell from the church steeple walked into the room, she could not have been more astonished than at such a suggestion.

"I won't beg her pardon! I'll die first!" Emily cried, in great excitement.

Henry's whisper, "Be quiet," checked her.

Mortified and humiliated, for she knew what a sensation Emily's conduct would create in the village, Mrs. Lincoln could not resolve what to do. As usual, the excitement brought on one of her attacks, and, bidding Henry take Emily away, she was left alone.

With all her anxiety to do what was right and best

for the child, Mrs. Lincoln was at sea as to what course to pursue. On one point, however, her duty was plain. Emily must be severely punished. Never before had such conduct been heard of in that village, and Mrs. Lincoln doubted if it had ever been known in any other. She was convinced it would be useless to try to whip Emily. She had told Mr. Burbank of her former failure in this respect, and he had said, very impressively: "Never, under any circumstances, attempt that again."

Henry and Emily resorted to the elm tree, and the child gave her companion the rumpled and torn composition, which she had grasped in her hasty retreat from the school-room. Henry thought he knew Emily, but even he was surprised by the inward experience it revealed.

They were quiet for a while; then he said:

"It looks as if you would have to go home."

"Oh! I hope so. If Uncle Bradshaw is very poor, I can go out as nurse to some little baby, and I will study hard, so that I can soon be a school-teacher."

"Then I will never see you any more!"

"Yes, you will—when you get to be a great man!"

"A great man? Who said I would ever become one?"

"Aunt and Uncle Lincoln."

Henry was silent. His was a strange kind of silence, which Emily did not care to break. All the dreams of his young ambition passed in review before

him, dreams of success, mingled with fears of failure; but "Hope, the sweet alchemist, ruled." His eye kindled and a bright glow came to his cheek, as, in an inward voice, as though communing with himself, he gave utterance to his thought:

"Yes, I will help the world's advancement!"

"Will you?" asked Emily, undoubtingly.

"I look like it, don't I?" he replied, laughing. "Emily," added he, taking both her hands in his, and speaking with grave earnestness, "you are getting to be a big girl. How old are you?"

"Nearly twelve."

"One of these days, when you are a woman and I am a man, will you be my wife?"

"Yes," replied Emily.

"But you may see some nice, handsome boy, whom you will like better than me!"

"No, I won't!"

"Then I am to come for you, when I am ready?"

"Yes. But how will you find me? You must ask Uncle Bradshaw."

"But what if he should say: 'I want my little girl to marry a rich man?'"

"I will marry you all the same!" said Emily.

Henry folded her in a close embrace, as he murmured: "God bless you, darling!" Emily nestled near to him, with contentment too exquisite for speech. Miss Milbank and everything else were forgotten. The tea bell aroused them; looking into his face, she said, gravely:

"I will try to be good and not to get angry any more!"

"You are the best, truest, and bravest little girl in the world!" Henry replied, as he raised her face and kissed her. "You must never let any other boy kiss you, for you are mine now!"

"Am I yours for good and all?"

"Yes, 'for good and all,' forever and ever."

"Forever and ever," repeated Emily, thoughtfully.

No word was spoken as they walked to the house, Emily tightly clasping his hand. She was lifted above all fear. Hannah said:

"Mrs. Lincoln has one of her bad headaches again; you've been a troubling her."

"Has she? I don't want any supper. Good-night, Henry; good-night, Hannah."

And she went to her attic.

"What has come over her?" asked Hannah, mentally.

With all the suffering of the day obliterated, Emily's head had no sooner touched the pillow than she was asleep.

Was not Mrs. Lincoln the greater sufferer of the two? Educated in the strictest principles of her forefathers and governed by a high sense of duty, from her birth, education and personal character set, as it were, upon a hill, a light and an example to the young, her opinions, her approval or disapproval, had more weight in that little community than the minister's.

She was consulted on all special occasions, and her judgment was received as final; thus her naturally proud and dominant disposition was nurtured. Kind to the poor, and ever ready to welcome the repentant sinner, with the hard and unbelieving she would hold no terms. She deeply felt the responsibility of this child's welfare; prayerfully had she sought to do her duty by her. Unaccustomed to failure, she felt she had signally failed. Emily did not love her, nay, what was far worse, she doubted if she respected her. She had been with her a year, and, in this last disgraceful outbreak at school, she knew her training of the child would be called in question. She was more alone than Emily; she could not consult Mr. Lincoln, for well she knew what his advice would be. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was his favorite maxim.

Mrs. Lincoln had seen that Emily possessed a good share of the Bradshaw blood which would never submit to force. In the proud bearing of the child, refusing to seek conciliation, she recognized much of her own spirit.

In the retirement of her room, she reviewed the past year, and with faithful self-examination sought the cause of her failure and direction as to her future course; unable to reach a decision, she determined to consult Mr. Burbank, and, as soon as she was able to leave her apartment, she sent for him. He listened with serious attention to her recital of Emily's "outrageous conduct"; the proud humility with which

Mrs. Lincoln admitted her inability to judge of the best method to be pursued with the refractory child, gave him a new insight into her character. She showed him the torn composition, which Henry had given her, saying:

"She wrote it. It bears internal evidence of that of which Miss Milbank could have no knowledge."

Mr. Burbank read the composition slowly and thoughtfully; as he returned it to Mrs. Lincoln, he said:

"This is a very peculiar and striking production for a child. She evidently writes from experience; what does it mean?"

It was necessary to inform him of Emily's "falsehood" in regard to Hannah.

"Are you sure it was not the truth, Mrs. Lincoln?" asked he.

"Hannah has lived with me since she was a child; she is an excellent, pious girl, a member of the church and devoted to her religious duties. I know she would not be guilty of such conduct."

"That is your opinion, Mrs. Lincoln; but may you not be deceived? I fear this child has been terribly wronged."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Hannah, who said:

"Miss Milbank is in the 'keeping-room' and wants to see you, ma'am."

"Ask her to walk in here," said Mrs. Lincoln, who

for privacy had received Mr. Burbank in the "best room."

As Miss Milbank entered, she knew at once that the subject of her visit was under discussion. Mrs. Lincoln said:

"I am much distressed, Miss Milbank, by Emily's conduct, and am at a loss how to punish her. I have asked Mr. Burbank's advice, and will be glad to receive any suggestions from you."

The blood mounted to Miss Milbank's face. It was evident that her reply cost her a strong effort. She said:

"Mrs. Lincoln, I regret that I lost my self-control, and accused Emily of falsehood merely upon my own impression; but, from your remark to me when she first came to school, I judged she was wanting in truthfulness." As Mrs. Lincoln was silent, she continued: "Her composition was of a strange character, and the rapidity with which she wrote it — I happened to be noticing her at the time—led me to think she was writing from memory. I have diligently searched every book in the school-room, and I cannot find anything like it. I conclude that she must have taken it from some of your books."

And Miss Milbank looked at the book-case.

"You will not find it in any book," remarked Mr. Burbank.

"Do you mean to imply that it is original?" asked Miss Milbank, anxiously.

"I do. It bears the stamp of originality."

The troubled expression of Miss. Milbank's face deepened. Mrs. Lincoln said:

"Emily did not copy it from any book here; this book-case has not been opened for weeks and Mr. Lincoln always carries the key in his pocket. I am conversant with the books in the other room. She did not take it from any of them."

"May she not have brought some volume from the South?" asked Miss Milbank.

"No. I unpacked her trunk; there was no book in it, not even a Testament."

Again a thoughtful silence, broken at last by Miss Milbank,

"Then you and Mr. Burbank believe Emily wrote that composition without any outside help?"

"Yes. We believe that the composition is entirely her own."

The effort necessary to make this avowal caused Mrs. Lincoln to speak with decision.

"There is no doubt of that," said Mr. Burbank, emphatically.

"I would like to see Emily," said Miss Milbank, her face expressing her intention.

Hannah was directed to summon the child, who, in obedience to her aunt's orders, was in the attic studying her Scripture lesson. She came in, with the Testament in her hand. Mr. Burbank was struck with the calm, self-possessed bearing of the child. Her face

brightened with an expression of pleasure, as he took her hand and drew her to a seat by his side, with a kind "good-morning."

"Emily, do you not see Miss Milbank?" asked her aunt, in a severe tone.

Approaching Emily, Miss Milbank took her hand, saying: "Emily, I beg your pardon for charging you with falsehood. I am convinced that you wrote that composition. Even if you did not, it was wrong for me to make such a charge merely on suspicion."

With much interest Mr. Burbank watched Emily's face. At first it brightened, then a glad look broke over it and, finally, it settled into a cold, hard expression, singular in a child.

"I am glad you know I told the truth. You should say so before the school; they all heard you call me a falsifier," replied Emily, steadily.

"Is that all you have to say to your teacher?" asked Mrs. Lincoln. "Are you not going to ask her pardon?" After a moment's pause, as Emily remained silent, Mrs. Lincoln said, in a severe tone: "Do so instantly."

"Not until she begs my pardon before the school," replied Emily, with equal decision.

"Mr. Burbank, you see how unmanageable she is," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"She is right. And I am sure when Miss Milbank clears her before the school, she will not find my little girl slow to respond," rejoined Mr. Burbank, laying his hand on Emily's head.

"I am not surprised that you should have thought that that composition was not original. It, however, bears internal evidence of originality clear to me but which you could not understand," Mrs. Lincoln said, addressing Miss Milbank.

The teacher was greatly relieved by this remark; as she rose to depart, she said to Emily: "I hope you will come to school to-morrow; the day after the examination takes place, and then vacation begins."

"If aunt will let me, I will come," answered the child.

"She will come, Miss Milbank," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"I had no idea Miss Milbank was a woman of so much character," remarked Mr. Burbank, after the teacher had left the room. "There is nothing that shows more nobility of nature than a readiness to make an apology, when one is convinced that one has been in the wrong."

Mrs. Lincoln was silent. The idea of apologizing to a child was against all her habits of thought, but her sense of justice obliged her to admit that, in this instance, such a course was right.

As Emily was no longer wanted, she hastened to the office to inform Henry of all that had happened.

"Don't you think you ought to have said something to Miss Milbank: thanked her, or something?" asked Henry.

"No," replied Emily, with a decided shake of the head; "I will say it to-morrow."

The scholars were surprised to see Emily in her seat the next day. After prayer, Miss Milbank requested them to stand up a moment. Then she called to Emily, who left her place and stood before her.

"Last Monday, when you showed me your composition," said Miss Milbank, in a clear, calm tone, "as I had seen you writing very rapidly and as your production was different in character from the usual compositions, I thought you had copied it, and charged you with doing so; you denied the charge, and very improperly I said you told a falsehood. I know now that you told the truth, and that you wrote that composition without any help whatever. I, therefore, beg your pardon for my false accusation."

There was a murmur of surprise and admiration. When Emily was called, the girls supposed she was to be formally expelled. Emily stood erect, with her arms crossed, looking Miss Milbank steadily in the face. There was profound silence as she replied:

"You are very good, Miss Milbank, to beg my pardon, and I forgive you with all my heart. I thank you, also, for clearing me before the school. I know it was wrong for me to speak as I did to my teacher. Hence I beg your pardon in my turn, and I will not repeat the offence."

And Emily fairly broke down and burst into tears. Miss Milbank took her hand, saying:

"Now we are good friends again."

Emily returned to her seat.

How readily we respond to the good in human nature. As each of the girls told of the incident at home, it was with admiration for Miss Milbank and sympathy for Emily. Many of the parents thought that nothing could excuse Emily's conduct, and that it was very kind in Miss Milbank to apologize. But the girls held to their opinion. In vain did they try to find out how Miss Milbank came to make that apology. "Did Mrs. Lincoln tell her she must?" asked one of them. Emily replied: "She did it because it was right." Nothing more could they get from her.

The examination passed off satisfactorily to all concerned. Emily received two premiums, one for writing and the other for history. Curiosity was excited to hear the composition which had occasioned so much excitement; but, as Emily did not hand it in, curiosity remained unsatisfied.

Though Mrs. Lincoln was gratified at the result of the school trouble, she could not feel sure in her own mind that Emily would not be elated by the public apology her teacher had made to her.

Hannah weighed heavily on Mrs. Lincoln's mind, although she would take no steps to prove her guilt. Behind this reluctance lurked the fear that Emily's charge might prove true; a doubt, in spite of her asseverations to the contrary, would creep upon her; and, if true, how unjust had she been to Emily! This thought brought with it the sting of self-reproach. Emily's composition was a revelation of suffering which

Mrs. Lincoln shrank from contemplating. There came before her the sad, weary face which had so often met her at breakfast, and she wondered at the child's reticence. It seemed unnatural that she should have passed through such trials in silence. On referring to her diary, which she kept for the information of her physician, Mrs. Lincoln found that "those times," as Emily called them, always occurred on Hannah's return from Boston; thus the child was sustained in her statement.

Swayed by these impressions, her manner towards Emily showed a tenderness entirely new; in fact, her whole bearing evinced a desire to make amends for her injustice. Emily understood her aunt's change of manner, and she said to Henry: "Why don't she come right out and say: 'I know you are innocent; I am convinced that you spoke the truth?'"

This Mrs. Lincoln could not do, though she felt that nothing less would Emily accept. She had not failed to notice and to comment in her own mind upon the cordial friendship which had sprung up between Emily and Miss Milbank. And it often touched her to the quick to witness Emily's kind and affectionate behavior to Mr. Burbank and others, while to Mr. Lincoln, herself and Hannah she showed only indifference.

Mrs. Lincoln told Emily that, owing to the state of her health, she would be compelled to send her back to her Uncle Bradshaw's in the autumn; the joyous expression of the child's face as she heard this intelligence cut her aunt to the heart like a reproach.

CHAPTER IX.

EMILY'S RETURN TO BALTIMORE.

THE schools closed. Mr. Burbank returned to Mr. Lincoln's office, and resumed, or, rather, continued, the study of the law. He earned enough by teaching during the winter to pay for a course of law lectures, as well as to support himself. Whatever his inclinations might be, he had neither time nor money to spend on places of public amusement or horses. He had no rich father to fall back upon, or bank account subject to his order.

Emily again said her lessons to him. He was surprised at her improvement, physically as well as mentally. The change of climate had acted favorably on her constitution. The daily outdoor exercise, which her aunt insisted upon, had developed her physique. She had grown tall and straight; her complexion was clear, with a warm paleness; her erect figure and well-poised head, and the supple grace of her movements were often the subject of comment.

Mr. Lincoln, who was a great admirer of beauty, was much pleased with the improvement in her appearance. He remarked to Mrs. Lincoln that she was really growing quite good-looking. He frequently called her to walk with him, and would repeat to her

aunt observations she had made. The indifference with which he had treated her had called forth a corresponding indifference on Emily's part. His coldness had ceased to wound, or his displeasure to grieve her; and she had become as independent in her bearing towards him, except in the respect due to his age, as she was in her bearing towards Mr. Burbank, and she was perfectly at ease in his presence.

After Mr. Burbank's return, Henry was no longer needed in the office, and, on the recommendation of Mr. Lincoln, he received the position of assistant superintendent of the construction of a branch railroad in an adjoining county.

Henry was suddenly called home by the illness of his mother. He was with her but a few days, when she was summoned home. The breaking of that closest of all earthly ties was a severe blow to him, for his mother and he were united by years of struggle and toil, of mutual confidence and loving trust, during which her boy had been his parent's prop and comfort. The sympathy and affection of new friends may console us for those we have lost; the husband may take another wife, the wife another husband; but no one can supply a mother's place!

On Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln's invitation, Henry made them a visit before he assumed his new duties. It was a lovely afternoon near the close of September, and he and Emily were again beneath the elm tree. Henry told his companion of his mother, and how she had

toiled for him. He also told her of his childhood. In tearful sympathy, Emily clasped his hand, as she said:

"You have been with her and she loved you; what a comfort that is!"

"True, darling, and it is a still greater consolation to know that I was able to make her last years comfortable and happy. I have only you now."

"I will try to make up for everybody," said Emily, with inexpressible tenderness.

"You cannot realize what a blessing and support you are to me. I wish we were older, that we could get married now."

"But you see we can't, Henry. You must work and study, and I have so much to learn. I don't know enough to be your wife now."

"Darling," he murmured, as with a smile and a tear, touched by her grave, womanly earnestness, he drew her nearer to him, with a love too deep for words.

His mind was filled with plans for the future, while his heart was with his companion. That future dawned before him, environed by difficulties, but crowned with success. To him there was "no such word as fail."

"What are you thinking about?" asked Emily, wearying of the silence.

"I am thinking how long it will be before I see you again."

"It won't be so very long. We both shall be very busy. When I go home, Mary will teach me music;

and you will have to study very hard, to become a great man!"

"Suppose I am poor and must continue to work as I do now. I won't be able to get you nice dresses."

"I can help you, and I can wear calico frocks. But won't you be a great man?" Emily asked, anxiously.

"Would you like me better, then?"

"Liking has nothing to do with it. Aunt Lincoln says you can do a great deal of good in the world, and that you must be a writer."

"What is the reason that you don't love your Aunt and Uncle Lincoln? They are good people."

"Because they don't love me," replied Emily, quickly.

"Then you won't love anybody who does not love you?"

"No, I will not," replied the child, decidedly.

"If I should see a pretty girl with light, curly hair and blue eyes, and should love her, then you would not love me?"

"No. It would be wrong to give away one's most precious jewel, if one did not receive something just as good in return."

"But to give a great gift, looking for no return, is true generosity."

"Yes, in certain cases; but it would be a waste to love anybody who did not love you, because it would do no good."

"What a little philosopher you are!" replied Henry, smiling.

"Do you know what is the matter with Aunt Lincoln? The doctor said they must put off the operation until cold weather. What did he mean?"

"I don't know exactly; only that she has been suffering with some trouble on the back of her neck, and that an operation is to be performed. I am sorry you don't love her. She is a noble woman and has borne this trial bravely. The doctor said she had not told Mr. Lincoln."

"I know she is good in some ways, but she believes I told a story about Hannah."

"If you had a friend whom you had known for a long time and thought a great deal of, would you believe anything a stranger might say against her?"

"No," replied Emily; adding, after a pause: "I will try to love Aunt Lincoln; she is like the martyrs, isn't she?"

"Yes; but braver than most of them, for she has suffered a long time, has been kind and thoughtful, and has never complained."

"If she had not tried to whip me and had not said I told a falsehood, I might have loved her a little; but I don't believe I ever can now," said Emily, sadly.

"I am glad she will have some one besides Hannah with her. That lady from Worcester comes next week."

"And then Hannah is going to Boston again; when she comes back there will be another dreadful time, and you won't be here! Oh! dear!" said Emily, in a despairing tone.

"You must be brave, darling. You know it will soon be over now," said Henry, tenderly. "Think how happy you will be at your Uncle Bradshaw's."

The time was approaching when Emily would return to her southern home. She felt very sad at the thought of leaving the girls and Miss Milbank. She was a favorite with them all. Her bright, cheerful spirits, her merriment and fun, were a source of much pleasure to them, while her independence and truthfulness caused her to be often selected as umpire in disputed matters. It began to dawn upon Mrs. Lincoln that she had misjudged her niece, and, "as blessings brighten as they take their flight," she realized that she would miss the intelligent girl, whose questions had so often puzzled her.

The aunt and niece had many long talks. Mrs. Lincoln gave Emily much good advice, and earnestly impressed upon her the necessity of earning her own support as soon as possible, as she had no especial claim upon her Uncle Bradshaw. Emily did not need any urging on this point, and her aunt's harping upon it grated upon her feelings. One day she gave vent to them:

"Aunt Lincoln," said she, "you need not tell me that any more. I know you took me from charity, and when I get big, I will pay you back every cent. Uncle Bradshaw loved my mother; he loves me, and I will try to help him just as soon as I can, though I can never pay him for his love—no money can do that!"

Mrs. Lincoln's face flushed, as again it flashed upon upon her how little she knew this child.

"The only return your uncle and I desire is that you should be a good girl, and show that you have profited by the advantages you have enjoyed," said she.

"You always talk as if I were a bad girl. Uncle Bradshaw won't think I am bad. He is a Christian; Mr. Burbank said so last Sunday."

"What do you mean?" asked her aunt.

"He was preaching about those who did the Lord's will — people just like Uncle Bradshaw, who is kind and good to everybody, and everybody loves him. He is a Christian."

"You told me he never went to church."

"The Saviour did not go to church."

"Clinton's teaching again!" thought her aunt.

Strange as it may appear, the person who would miss Emily most was the minister, Mr. Burbank (it was his son who was reading law with Mr. Lincoln). The close attention she paid to his sermons caused him to think of her when writing them. He had learned to read the large eyes which were fastened upon him so intently, and he could readily tell when the child's opinions did not coincide with his, or when he had awakened a new train of ideas in her mind. Mrs. Lincoln had sent her frequently to see him, and he had been much interested by her original questions and remarks. He saw in her the germ of an exceptional

woman, and he often speculated as to her fortune in life. "It will be bravely met and nobly borne, whatever it may be," he said to Mrs. Lincoln.

The elm tree witnessed the parting of Henry and Emily, before the former left for his new duties. Their conversation was earnest and practical. Young as he was, Henry's experience had been varied, and he found himself talking to this young girl as though she had reached his own plane. And had not her inner life of the past nineteen months brought her to his level? It was enough that she came up to all his needs in thought and apprehension; her purpose in life was more settled than his, for he was yet in the debateable land.

At the last moment, Emily clung to his neck in silence, keeping back the tears. As he unclasped her arms, he whispered: "Mine forever and ever!"

She answered: "Forever and ever."

Again she did not want any supper, but went immediately to her attic.

Mrs. Lincoln thought Emily would grieve for the departure of her friend, and was surprised to see the cheerful face that met her at breakfast. No allusion was made to Henry until Mrs. Lincoln asked:

"Will you not miss Henry?"

"Yes, ma'am; but you know I will be going away in a fortnight."

"But you may never see him again!"

"Oh! yes, I will," replied Emily, confidently.

Mrs. Lincoln was puzzled by this indifference to the loss of her friend, but Emily always puzzled her.

Emily was happy. There was a well-spring of gladness in her heart which she could not herself understand. True, Henry had gone; but he seemed present to her just the same. After breakfast, she slipped away and went to the elm tree. Surely he was somewhere near! This feeling was so strong that she turned quickly, expecting to see him.

"He is thinking about me, that is it," she said to herself, as she returned to the house.

Some days before Emily took her departure, Mr. Burbank had a long talk with her, and gave her a beautiful copy of Goldsmith's poems.

"I know, my dear," he said, "that life here has been very different to you from that at your relatives' home in Baltimore. You have had trials. As you grow older, you will find they were just such as were needed to bring out and strengthen your character. Our Heavenly Father knows better than we what is best for us. I have no doubt you will find that the time you passed here gave you the necessary discipline for your future life. Your aunt I will trust to your more mature judgment. She is a noble woman. In you I recognize many elements of character similar to Mrs. Lincoln's. Be as true to your convictions of duty as she has been to hers."

The 12th of October came, and the friend of Mr. Lincoln's, who was going South, stopped over night

with him, that Emily might join him. The previous evening, Mrs. Lincoln gave Emily a party, when she said good-bye to all her young friends. Miss Milbank gave her a copy of Sir Walter Scott's poems.

Mrs. Lincoln was much agitated on bidding Emily farewell. The thought that, in all probability, she would never see her again, gave solemnity to their parting. Mr. Lincoln, also, showed considerable feeling; even Hannah did not seem glad, which surprised Emily. The child felt very sorry to leave her aunt, when the final moment came. Since her talk with Henry, she seemed to have drawn nearer to her. To the last, she hoped Mrs. Lincoln would acknowledge that she had told the truth about Hannah; as she did not, Emily left with a sense of the injustice done her rankling in her heart.

Emily had written her last farewell to Henry, telling him at what hour she would leave F——. As the coach passed through M——, what was her surprise to see Henry at the toll-gate. As the stage stopped for a moment, he sprang on the steps, and handed her a beautiful bouquet; his eyes filled, his voice failed him, he pressed her hand, and was gone. All passed in a moment and the stage rattled on its way. As it descended the hill, Emily looked from the window. Henry had mounted the fence, and was waving his handkerchief; she waved hers in return until he could no longer be seen. Then she withdrew her head, repeating the words "forever and ever." When would they meet again?

"That is a big sweetheart of yours," said a gentleman, pinching her ear.

"Don't do that, please," said Emily, with grave dignity which kept him at a respectful distance throughout the journey.

Henry had walked six miles for that parting glimpse of her, and would have to walk the same distance back again. How she cherished those flowers, wetting her handkerchief and keeping it wrapped carefully around the stems.

Emily enjoyed the journey and the ever-varying panorama presented by the gorgeous autumn foliage, to which the hazy atmosphere gave softness and beauty. The summer was past, the harvest was ended, the promise of the year was fulfilled, and Nature was resting in that dreamy repose which precedes the deep sleep of winter. In quiet enjoyment, and with her mind engrossed by the past, it was not until the stage was rattling through the streets of the city of Baltimore that Emily realized that she was near home. In a few moments the coach drew up at her uncle's door. The noise of her arrival brought out the family. With outstretched arms, Mr. Bradshaw received his "little pet."

"Why, what a big girl you are!" he exclaimed, as he kissed her again and again, before putting her down.

"How you have grown!" was her aunt's greeting also, mingled with kisses and loving words of welcome, which were echoed by Mary and Louise.

Oh! the joy of that welcome!

When within the cheerful sitting-room, bright with the blazing fire, which the chilly evening rendered very agreeable, Emily was divested of her wrappings and thoroughly examined by the girls, while her aunt and uncle looked on, smilingly.

Mary admired her erect figure and Louise disapproved of her closely-cut hair, which her aunt said had grown thick. Emily would sit on her uncle's lap, though he said she was too big. During all the excitement and confusion of her arrival, the child had held a parcel tight in her hand. Several attempts had been made to relieve her of it, but involuntarily she pushed the intruders aside, and held her treasure with a firmer grasp.

"What is it, pet?" asked her uncle, with an effort to take it from her.

"Oh! don't, please. It contains some flowers I brought all the way; I want to keep them."

"I will place them here, dear, until you want them," said Mrs. Bradshaw, as she laid them on the mantelpiece.

Emily watched her, to see that they were safely deposited; then, having both arms at liberty, she clasped them around her uncle's neck.

"I am so glad to be at home again," said she. "This is the new house, then. It is so pretty," she added, as her eye took in the neat and comfortable, yet perfectly easy and enjoyable appearance of the room. "It is a

great deal nicer than Aunt Lincoln's house! Where is Aunt Chloie? (suddenly springing from her uncle's knee). Come into the kitchen, girls!"

And into the kitchen they went.

"Bress de chile! ain't she growed! You is gwyne to be jes like your mudder," said Aunt Chloie, as she hugged and kissed her and then pushed her away to take a good look at her.

"Dat mus be a nice country," said Jenny, who, not feeling that she had as many privileges as Aunt Chloie, had not been as demonstrative in her welcome, and had stood regarding Emily with quiet approval. She added: "You'se gwyne to be mighty pretty, honey."

"Where is Yellow Joe?" asked Emily.

"We hab no 'casion fur dat nigger layin' round; he's dun gwyne to Massa Jones," replied Aunt Chloie.

As the girls claimed Emily, she left her colored friends and returned to the sitting-room. Louise wanted to show her the house, but Mrs. Bradshaw said she must wait until after tea, which would be earlier on the traveller's account.

As Louise and Emily were so nearly of an age, it was decided that they should room together. Louise had taken great pains in arranging and ornamenting their apartment. She was delighted with Emily's appreciation of the neat white dimity curtains and bureau-cover of the same stuff, trimmed with fringe. A fine set of book-shelves was filled with choice books. In

one corner stood a table with a writing-desk upon it, which Louise said they were to "use in partnership." Mary had the hall room. The girls proposed retiring early; as they were going up-stairs, Emily said:

"Mary, hurry and get ready for bed; then come to our room, and we will have a nice talk."

"Yes, do," said Louise. "Now be quick!" she added, with her usual impatience.

On reaching their room, Emily carefully pressed her flowers in a copy of Shakspeare. Mary soon joined them, looking very lovely in her blue dressing-gown and her night-cap, with its border of soft lace, beneath which she had tried to confine her hair, but not with entire success, for a few stray curls had gained their liberty, and nestled about her face and neck.

"Mary, you are a real beauty! You look just like a picture!" exclaimed Emily, in warm admiration of her cousin. She had finished her night toilet, and sat on the foot of the bed in her crimson dressing-gown, swinging her bare feet vigorously. "All the curl is out of my hair, but I don't mind! Plain hair is the easiest to keep tidy," she continued, as she tied the strings of her night-cap. Its frilled border set off her liquid black eyes and expressive face, now all smiles and dimples. Emily was a picture herself.

Louise stood before the toilet-table, minus her dressing-gown. Her long auburn locks fell to her waist and through them gleamed her fair neck and arms, as she braided her hair.

"I always did want curls," she said, discontentedly, looking at Mary, and throwing the second braid over her shoulder as she spoke.

"The bashaw with two tails!" cried Emily, as she sprang from the bed and seized a plait in each hand, giving them a toss, then whirling Louise around. "If your hair don't curl, it's just beautiful! And you have mighty pretty eyes, if they were not so wicked, and the prettiest chin and teeth in the lot! Come, let us see which is the best looking!"

Encircling each of her cousins with an arm, they stood before the mirror. Of course, they laughed, and Mary and Louise made grimaces at each other, thus preventing Emily from giving judgment.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw heard the noise in the room above them, where the chattering was kept up far into the night. As the girls began to feel sleepy, Emily said:

"Mary, you had better get in with us to-night; there is plenty of room."

Again rested side by side those three young heads, the brown, the blonde and the black; three faces on which already time had left the impress of character.

The girls did not appear at breakfast, and, when Mrs. Bradshaw went in to see them, they were sleeping so soundly that she would not awaken them.

As the joy of being home again settled down into the fulness of realization, Mrs. Bradshaw noticed the change in Emily. While the latter's old playfulness

returned, every day showing itself more and more, her merry laugh bringing back "uncle's pet," she felt an indescribable difference. She appeared to find more companionship with her aunt than with her cousins. She entered school at once. Mrs. Lincoln offered to pay for Emily's schooling, but Mr. Bradshaw said it was not necessary in the improved condition of his finances. To the surprise of all, and to that of no one more than herself, Emily proved to be ahead of her cousins in her studies. It must be remembered that she had not taken any vacation; on the contrary, she had been so distressed at her ignorance—having Judith Pollock constantly before her eyes—that during the holidays she had studied most diligently and progressed most rapidly, thanks to Henry.

Emily studied with a purpose. Everything she undertook she learned thoroughly. Louise would say:

"Do put away your books; you have been studying long enough."

She would answer, as if it precluded any further words:

"You know I am going to teach school!"

"Father puts money in the bank every quarter, and I don't believe you ever need teach," Louise would reply.

"But mother says we must be able to earn our own living," Mary would remark.

Music was Mary's forte. She practised assiduously, and had the best instructor to be found in the city.

Mrs. Bradshaw said that as Emily was a beginner, for a year, at least, Mary could give her lessons. Their piano was a remarkably fine one. It had been sent to their present residence the day before they moved in. Louise thought Mrs. Howard had sent it, but that lady denied it, as did the Merediths. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw had no doubt as to the donor being Mr. Jacobs. However, they said nothing about the matter.

Edward had made two visits home, which had given his parents great pleasure. Mr. Bradshaw found him very companionable, and judged him to be free from those habits which had caused himself and his wife so much sorrow and anxiety. Mr. Stetson wrote that his conduct had been satisfactory. Edward's greatest trouble had arisen from his decided objection to blacking his own shoes. But as there was no one to do it for him, and as he was laughed at for wearing "such shocking looking boots," he yielded to necessity and soon acquired the art of "shining 'em up." However, he often thought: "What would Howard say, if he knew of it?"

He passed a fine examination and entered college, where his many social qualities soon rendered him the centre of his set. Mr. Bradshaw made him an allowance sufficient for all his legitimate wants, but not enough to render him an especial object of interest to young men who had nothing. His father required an account of his expenses to be transmitted to him quarterly.

Emily kept up a regular correspondence with her Aunt Lincoln, writing to her once a month. The surgical operation was performed shortly after her niece left her. The result had been in a measure favorable. Mrs. Lincoln's general health had improved and a source of much suffering had been withdrawn, but her eyesight was greatly impaired. She was not in a condition to read or attend to any of her domestic duties; even her letters to Emily were written for her by a friend. In those letters no mention whatever was made of Hannah.

Emily talked freely with her Aunt and Uncle Bradshaw concerning her life at her Aunt Lincoln's, but she did not tell them of Hannah's conduct, or of Aunt Lincoln's attempt to whip her. She knew they would be very indignant, and she doubted if they would recognize the fact that her aunt had acted from a sense of duty. As time wore on, Emily did justice to her Aunt Lincoln; indeed, she always had done so, but there remained a feeling in her heart against her, and it always would remain there until Mrs. Lincoln admitted that the child had not told an untruth. Emily had great respect for character, and was very tenacious of her own.

Mr. Bradshaw asked many questions about Henry Weston, in whom he was much interested. When his first letter to Emily came, her uncle expressed a wish to read it, adding:

"But just as you please, my dear."

Emily handed it to him. He was struck with its manly tone. In a few lines Henry gave his young sweetheart the news concerning her friends; then he told her that a favorable opportunity for studying German had offered itself to him. He gave English lessons in return for his instruction and was devoting to it all his spare time, as he was anxious to be able to read the German tongue for its literature. He was also reading Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and he gave her some idea of the scope of the work. He was eloquent in regard to the new mode of travel, the railway, saying: "It is hardly possible to estimate the good it may do mankind." He wished her to tell him all about her school, her studies and the books she read. In short, Henry's epistle was such a letter as a brother might write to a sister.

"How old is Henry?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, as he returned the letter.

"He is nearly eighteen."

"What kind of an appearance does he present? Is he handsome?"

"I don't know!"

"You don't know, my dear! Why, you have seen a great deal of him, have you not?"

"I don't think he is handsome, but he has pretty eyes; they laugh so at anything funny!"

"Is he a gentleman? I mean has he good manners like your cousin Edward?"

"No. He is not a bit like Cousin Edward. His

hands are large and sunburnt. He never wears gloves. I don't think he is a gentleman, but Aunt Lincoln says he will be a great man and do much good."

And she told of her aunt's wishing Henry to sit at their table.

"Then he must be a gentleman; and he refused? I like that. He is plucky. If he is not a gentleman, what is he?"

Emily raised her head proudly, as she replied:

"He is a good, true, noble boy. He is not afraid of anybody. Every word he says is true. He stands up for the poor. He thinks slavery is wicked."

"So it is. You think a great deal of him, don't you?"

"Yes. I want to tell you and aunt something. Don't tell the girls; they would not understand, and they might laugh at me. I am going to marry Henry when I grow up!"

"Are you? But when you grow up, you may become acquainted with some handsome young man whom you will like better than Henry."

"That is what he said, but I won't," she replied, confidently.

"Young men go about the world and see a great many ladies. Some pretty lady may want to marry him, and he may wish to marry her; what then?"

"Why then he can marry her. But he won't want to," rejoined Emily, decidedly, not at all disturbed by the case her uncle presented.

"If you like each other as you do now when you grow up, I don't see but that a marriage will be a good arrangement. But he must ask my consent."

Later, in relating this conversation to his wife, Mr. Bradshaw said:

"So we have an engagement in the family already. The little puss talked of it as seriously as a woman of twenty."

"Husband, I have an impression that it will prove serious. Emily is not an ordinary girl, and he appears to be an extraordinary young man."

"True, wife; stranger things have happened."

With nothing of importance to vary the tenor of their lives, the next two years passed.

True to her resolve that the girls should have an education which would enable them to earn an adequate support—to which she held that they had the same right as their brother—Mrs. Bradshaw sent Mary and Louise to a seminary in Maryland, where the instruction was of the highest grade. Mary was sweet sixteen and Louise nearly two years younger. They had been faithful to their duties at school, and were able to take a position on a par with those of their age.

Emily remained at home, attending school and taking lessons in music. She was anxious to begin German, but her uncle told her she must first study Latin.

CHAPTER X.

HOWARD'S DECLARATION.

THERE were rumors afloat in regard to the Maryland Bank, which Mr. Bradshaw feared were not without foundation. Should they prove correct, the bank would close and he would be thrown out of a situation. He had wisely drawn his salary regularly, and had invested all his spare funds in government securities, while his family had kept their expenses of living at as low a figure as possible.

In the uncertainty of his position, Mr. Bradshaw concluded it would be best to bring Edward home, and enter him with one of the prominent lawyers of Baltimore, as that would cost much less than for him to remain at Cambridge to attend the law-school there. Edward went through college, and graduated with credit. He was twenty when he came home, and very handsome. He was also refined in manners and appearance, and possessed those accomplishments which render a young man popular in society. He could sing and waltz to perfection, and, having a good deal of his father's literary taste, he kept up with the literature of the day, and was able to take his part in discussing current topics.

The girls were leaving the beautiful season of girl-

hood, in which "the fair life-garden rustles infinite around, and everywhere is dewy fragrance and the budding of hope," and were passing into womanhood. The mere joy of living was giving way to that restless activity, both inward and outward, which is the dawn of mental as well as of physical power. Dreams, reveries and anticipations were merged in the wish to *do*. As yet they had not asked, "What *can* we do?" for were not all capabilities within them?

Mary had graduated to the satisfaction of the principal, and, what she valued more, to the satisfaction of her parents. Emily had joined Louise at the seminary. Mary was of a modest, retiring disposition, and was fond of her home.

The Bradshaws had kept their place in society, and Mary was warmly received by her old friends. Her beauty and musical accomplishments were great attractions. Mr. Bradshaw was very particular as to those whom he permitted to visit at his house. Edward was not allowed to introduce his acquaintances, and when, finding himself in an awkward predicament, he asked his father what he should say in case young gentlemen asked to be presented to his sister, Mr. Bradshaw replied:

"Tell them, if they wish to know your sister, they must first know her father."

Mary did not waltz. This was not merely a prohibition, but, as Mr. Bradshaw said, to waltz with one was to waltz with all. Would she wish to waltz with

Mr. Howard? To the latter question, with a shudder, Mary answered in the negative.

The girls had been taught true self-respect, and to regard "fast men" as essentially vulgar. The contempt and scorn with which their mother spoke of those vices, which society is so ready to condone in a rich young man, had engendered corresponding feelings on their part.

Eugene Howard, the son of Mrs. Bradshaw's most intimate friend—the young man who had exercised such an evil influence over Edward at the Academy—had returned from a residence of four years in Europe. He occupied a luxurious suite of apartments in the fashionable part of the city. His mother, whose health was delicate, lived four miles out on the York road. She preferred the country, and Eugene encouraged this preference, saying that an estate was sure to go to ruin without an owner to watch it. When his health gave way from dissipation, he paid his mother a visit, and she nursed him until he was able to return to the city and resume his evil habits.

"Poor fellow! I fear he has my constitution," said Mrs. Howard to Mrs. Bradshaw.

Like mothers in general, she regarded her son as an example of all the manly virtues.

Eugene was introduced to Miss Bradshaw at a party, and, as he told his mother, was "uncommonly struck," for our traveller was usually weary and *blasé* in society. He did not say that Miss Bradshaw's manner was so

cold that he felt repulsed. Indeed, he would not admit that to himself—it was too absurd! Was he not the lion of the season? Had he not just returned from a foreign tour, an elegant, accomplished and fascinating young gentleman, heir to half a million, and was she not merely the organist in the Unitarian Church?

Mary had not invited him to call, although he had given her several hints to do so, and, notwithstanding all his advantages, which he was not slow to appreciate, he could not get his courage up to the point of calling alone.

He said to Edward, in a careless tone:

"Old fellow, I want to call on that sister of yours; she is devilish pretty. I'll go with you this evening."

This was spoken rather condescendingly.

"Thank you," replied Edward, indifferently; "sorry I can't oblige you, but you must go to the governor."

"Do you mean that you cannot take me to your house?" said Howard, surprised.

"That's it exactly. The governor has positively prohibited me from introducing my friends at the house, without a special permit from himself. Hard on my friends, isn't it?"

"It makes no difference," rejoined Howard, carelessly. "I shall call; your sister knows me, and your parents know my family."

"As you please," Edward answered, thinking: "But you don't know my family. You will get a lesson, or I am mistaken!"

The following day, in an immaculate toilet, Mr. Howard presented himself at Mr. Bradshaw's door. His card was taken to Mrs. Bradshaw. She was troubled by that bit of pasteboard; she knew Mary did not wish to see Mr. Howard, and she was determined that he should not visit her. "If Clinton were only home!" she said to herself. Eugene Howard's reputation had preceded him, and he was known to have lived very disreputably while abroad. There was no use in hesitating; hesitation never yet conquered a difficulty.

Mrs. Bradshaw greeted her visitor politely, but coldly. She made no mention of Mary until Mr. Howard asked:

"Is Miss Bradshaw at home? I would like to see her!"

"She is at home, but you cannot see her."

"Why may I not see her, Mrs. Bradshaw?"

As the character of the man flashed over her mind, Mrs. Bradshaw with difficulty refrained from giving expression to her disgust. The thought of his mother, of what he should be to her and what he was, only deepened her aversion. He did not fail to see the effort it cost her to say with composure:

"We cannot receive your visits!"

Mrs. Bradshaw arose as she spoke.

Mr. Howard left the house in no very enviable state of mind. This was a turn in his affairs entirely unexpected, and for which he was not prepared. What

should he do? Challenge Edward? That would be useless, and, besides, Mr. Bradshaw would have the officers of the law after him immediately. Neither would he risk a lecture from Mr. Bradshaw by asking an explanation from him.

Eugene had been received with effusion by his mother's set; the young ladies thought him "so handsome," and said he sang beautifully and was "just splendid!" But what value had all this when he could not visit Mary Bradshaw? But suppose he could win Mary's affections and persuade her to elope with him! She really was a beautiful girl and he might as well try. He did not believe he would ever see any girl he would like better. He must marry some day, and what a glorious triumph it would be to marry Miss Bradshaw. The more he thought of it, the easier and more desirable it appeared.

To this end then he directed all his energies. He found out where Mary visited, and managed to meet her; he held aloof from her at first, wishing to impress her with the idea of his indifference, and devoted himself to the prettiest girl present. But, finding that he produced no effect on Mary, he changed his tactics, and, in his rich baritone, he would pour forth the most sentimental melodies. He learned her songs and endeavored, in every possible way, to induce her to accompany him. In conjunction with a lady friend, he organized a "Musical Club," of which Mary became a member, not knowing that he had anything to do with

it. At the first meeting, he determined to sing with Mary a duet with which he knew she was familiar. Edward had a faculty of divining his intentions, and, in a careless tone, he said to Mary at breakfast:

"So you and Howard are to sing that duet this evening."

"We are not going to do any such thing," replied Mary, indignantly.

"I think, my dear, you had better not remain a member of the club. It will take you so often from home in the evening; however, consult your own pleasure," remarked Mrs. Bradshaw, quietly.

Mr. Bradshaw glanced up from his paper, but made no comment. Mary replied, as if relieved:

"Then I will withdraw, mother. I hardly ever have an evening at home. I did not know that Mr. Howard belonged to the club. He is very annoying and disagreeable. I don't see what it is the girls find so fascinating about him!"

Mr. Bradshaw's house was the resort of all the cultivated and literary men of the city. During his visits abroad he had made the acquaintance of the most prominent men in England and France, and since fire had conquered its enemy, water, and reduced it to absolute servitude by means of the steam engine, the travel across the ocean had been greatly increased, and Mr. Bradshaw often met friends from Europe, to whom his doors were always open. His warm hospitality and the simplicity and refinement of his family circle

rendered Mr. Bradshaw's house very attractive to men surfeited with the artificial life of the old world.

Often Mary was filled with regret when an engagement would take her from the home and society she so much enjoyed. What could fashionable life give her in exchange for such a home? Was it any wonder that she did not accept half the invitations she received? As we value most that which it is most difficult to obtain, to have Miss Bradshaw at a party became quite an important matter. Edward said he was tired of making excuses for her, while Mr. Howard thought her parents kept her at home on his account, fearing lest he might entrap her young affections—a very consolatory and encouraging view for that young gentleman, and one which increased his eagerness to win her. In fact, the interest which, at first, he had simulated, had become real. As he observed Mary, he was charmed by the modesty and pure maidenliness of her character, to which her beauty and grace seemed but secondary. Hence, while he fully realized what a great gulf there was between them, he became only the more eager to cross that gulf.

Mary was a favorite. Enjoying music herself, she was always ready to give musical enjoyment to others. Of course, she had many admirers, but no one could see that she evinced any preference for any one. When a young friend rallied her on her indifference, she replied: "I have never met a gentleman as agreeable as my father, or one I admired as much!"

A change came over Mr. Howard. He ceased to frequent the gaming-table. Old pleasures failed to interest him. He became a regular attendant at the Unitarian Church, and joined the choir. His rich baritone mingled harmoniously with Mary's soprano, and the church became noted for its fine music. The Bradshaws felt very indignant at Mr. Howard's joining the choir, as they believed his motive was to annoy Mary. Mary herself was provoked, and resolved that he should not disturb her in the least.

Acting on this resolution, she treated him with perfect indifference, addressing him when necessary at the meetings of the choir for practice, but noticing him no further; he could not get a chance of going home with her, for either her father or brother was always in waiting.

The ease and indifference of Mary's manner aroused new and disagreeable ideas in Mr. Howard's mind. Was it possible that his devotion had made no impression upon her? Was her conduct the expression of her own feelings and not merely the result of her parents' teachings? Such a thing seemed incredible!

At this juncture the Maryland Bank stopped payment, and Mr. Bradshaw was thrown out of employment. It was mainly in anticipation of this event that Mary had taken the position of organist. How thankful she was that she could assist the family! This turn in their affairs made no perceptible difference in their mode of living. Louise and Emily could

still remain at the Academy until they graduated the coming spring.

Mrs. Bradshaw said one day to her husband:

"Edward has been a source of more expense to us than the three girls put together. Mary is now earning her own support. How thankful I am that the girls will have a thorough education. They won't marry for a 'home!'"

"Mrs. Bradshaw," replied her husband, sententiously, "you have not the correct idea of a woman's mission; she should marry, not on her own account, but to save some 'noble fellow, only a little wild,' from destruction!"

Calculating somewhat on the pressure of circumstances upon Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. Howard determined to risk everything by seeking an interview with him. He accordingly addressed him a note, asking when he could see him. The young man was so little in his thoughts, his name being rarely mentioned in the family, that Mr. Bradshaw had not the most remote idea as to what his business might be, and he would have shown his note to Edward had it not been marked "private." He replied at once, appointing ten o'clock the next morning as the time for the interview.

Being fully aware of his importance in social life, and assuming that Mr. Bradshaw knew the purpose of his projected visit—for how could he conceive that he held such an insignificant place in that gentleman's mind?—Mr. Howard considered his prompt reply as a favor-

able sign; indeed, he thought it showed anxiety, and, as ten o'clock was so "confoundedly early" for a fashionable young man who had not retired until the small hours, he concluded it would be just as well not to be in a hurry. "Old" Bradshaw had nothing to do now!

As he leisurely approached the house, Mr. Howard saw Mr. Bradshaw leave it, and walk down the street at his usual brisk pace. On looking at his watch, he found it was a quarter past ten, and, not wishing to meet Mrs. Bradshaw, he retreated, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. He waited until late in the day, expecting to hear from Mr. Bradshaw, but in this he was disappointed; he, therefore, wrote again to that gentleman, apologizing for not keeping his engagement and asking to see him at ten the next morning. Mr. Bradshaw briefly replied that he would receive him at that hour.

Mr. Howard was punctual, this time. It was not with the self-satisfied assurance of the previous day, but with considerable doubt and misgiving, that he met Mr. Bradshaw, who received him with his ordinary courtesy. Mr. Howard repeated his apology in his most graceful and gracious manner.

"You young gentlemen of elegant leisure are apt to forget that time has value to others; and more especially when an appointment has been made at one's request and on one's own business, does it become one to be punctual," replied Mr. Bradshaw, in a tone of grave reproof which did not serve to restore his visitor's confidence.

But Mr. Howard was not one whose assurance long deserted him. Recovering himself, he said, in a pleasant, confidential manner:

"Of course, Mr. Bradshaw, you know the purpose of this visit?"

"How should I know it?" rejoined Mr. Bradshaw, with such evident surprise as left no doubt of his sincerity in his visitor's mind. Somewhat amazed, but not abashed, Mr. Howard asked the momentous question:

"Have I your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter?"

Mr. Bradshaw was silent for a moment through sheer astonishment. It must be remembered that neither Mary, Mrs. Bradshaw nor he had ever given a serious thought to Eugene's attentions, as they attributed them to a petty wish for revenge for his repulse. Desiring to end the interview at once, Mr. Bradshaw arose and replied, sternly:

"You will never have my permission, sir!"

"May I ask why?" said Mr. Howard, with suppressed anger.

"Why?" repeated Mr. Bradshaw, looking his visitor fiercely in the eye. "How dare you, a worthless profligate, a gambler and a drunkard, ask me for my pure daughter?"

"I am no worse than hundreds of other young men in society," replied Howard, in mingled shame and rage. "I have given up all my bad habits, and will

solemnly promise never to return to them. I love your daughter, Mr. Bradshaw!"

Struggling for composure, for never before had he felt so thoroughly aroused and indignant, Mr. Bradshaw rejoined, in an excited voice:

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? Will abstaining from vile habits for six months make you pure again? *You* ask me to give you my daughter! Young man, the request is an insult!"

And, with flashing eyes, Mr. Bradshaw paced the floor.

Howard's Nemesis had overtaken him! Eugene felt himself to be the degraded creature Mr. Bradshaw described, but he would not thus abandon the field.

"Mr. Bradshaw," said he, "I love your daughter. I will swear never to touch cards or liquor again. I will be as true to her as you have been to your wife. She would make a different man of me!"

"Thank you," replied Mr. Bradshaw, with contemptuous sarcasm, pausing in his walk and facing Howard. "My child has not been carefully and tenderly reared to make a man of such as you!"

Mr. Howard was dumb. Was this the quiet, refined, courteous gentleman he had so often met at dinner-parties, this man who seemed armed with Jove's thunderbolts, as with head thrown back and with dilated nostrils, he gave vent to his wrath?

Eugene Howard was not given to self-abasement,

and, even while smarting under the sting of Mr. Bradshaw's contempt, he thought of his advantages. Collecting himself with a strong effort, he said, with considerable force:

"I have the best blood of Europe and this country in my veins. My ancestors were not tillers of the soil: they were gentlemen of wealth, and—"

"What care I," interrupted Mr. Bradshaw, all the Puritan within him rising in revolt, "whether your ancestors sprang from the dissolute class who came over with Baltimore, or from the convict class, by far the largest! The name of Howard was common to each! The 'best blood of the country' is to be traced back to those who crossed the ocean and made their home in the wilderness that they might worship God according to the dictates of their consciences, to those men of pure lives, of stainless honor, who founded the best government the world has ever known! What! compare with them the followers of Baltimore, who came here to extend the abuses of the old world, to enslave men, to deprive them of their rights, and to obtain wealth and power for themselves! Their maxim was might not right! But, excuse me; this has nothing whatever to do with the subject before us." Dropping into a chair, he added, in a changed voice: "Mr. Howard, we will consider this interview at an end."

To his listener, this man gave a view of true manhood such as he had not believed in. Howard's eyes were unsealed; for the first time in his life, he realized

what a man might be. And then before him there arose a vision of Mary Bradshaw in her sweet maidenhood. Could he give up all hope?

"Mr. Bradshaw," he said, "have you no faith in repentance? (bitterly did he repent at that moment). I repeat that I have given up my evil habits. Never will you have cause to censure me again, if you will allow me to visit your daughter."

"I would rather see her lie dead before me!" said Mr. Bradshaw.

While Mr. Bradshaw was speaking, it struck Howard that he said nothing of Mary's feelings. Might it not be that she was favorably disposed towards him, and had not shown it for fear of displeasing her parents?

Hydra-headed as was this young man's vanity, one would have supposed that all its vitality had been stunned by Mr. Bradshaw's contempt, but such was not the case. Possessed by the idea of Mary's supposed interest in him, Howard asked:

"May I not see Miss Bradshaw?"

"For what purpose?"

"To ask her to intercede with you in my behalf."

"Ah!" said Mr. Bradshaw, as a new light burst upon him, "you think she will favor you!"

And, stepping to the door, he told Jenny to send Miss Mary to him. There was silence for several min utes, when Mary entered, attired in a calico dress and a pretty white apron. She said:

"Excuse me for keeping you waiting, father, but I was making a cake."

Seeing Mr. Howard, she bowed.

"It was at Mr. Howard's request that I sent for you, my dear; he has asked my permission to pay his addresses to you, and, not being satisfied with my answer, he wishes to receive one from you."

"I don't understand," said Mary, looking perplexed.

She had not taken a seat, but stood with one hand resting upon the mantelpiece, while the other hung at her side. Mr. Howard had arisen as she entered; approaching her, he endeavored to take her hand, but she placed it behind her.

"Miss Bradshaw," he said, with emotion, for he realized that in her was his only hope, "you must have seen, for the last year, that you have been the sole object of my thoughts. For you I have renounced my old associates. My future is in your hands. I came to ask your father's consent to my trying to win from you a return of my affection."

He spoke with earnestness and dignity.

"Mr. Howard, is this a scene in the farce you have been playing for the past year? In your efforts to annoy me, you have acted in a manner unbecoming one who calls himself a gentleman!" said Mary, coldly.

"Is it possible that you have not seen my devotion to you?" asked Mr. Howard, in genuine surprise.

"I have seen a very mean retaliation upon my mother for refusing to permit your visits," said Mary, with suppressed indignation.

"But, Miss Bradshaw, will you not allow me to visit you, and prove to you on more intimate acquaintance that I am better than you think me? You can make me anything you please!" said Mr. Howard, in a tone of earnest pleading.

"I should despise the man whom I could make anything I pleased. The man who would win me must be strong in his own strength, strong in virtue and in honor, one to be trusted in all the vicissitudes of life!"

There came a bright glow into her face as she spoke. As she stood there in her simple dress, she looked every inch a queen, every inch a woman to rule the hearts of men. Suddenly realizing the earnestness of her speech, Mary blushed deeply, and, bidding Mr. Howard "good-morning," left the room.

Mr. Bradshaw had been a silent observer of this scene. He was convinced that Howard loved Mary for the time being, but he had no faith in any permanent impression being made upon the young man. There was silence for some moments. Mr. Bradshaw was the first to speak. His voice was gentle and sympathetic.

"I regret," said he, "that through my daughter pain should have come to you; yet good came of it: you have been led to give up your evil courses for a time. Does not this prove that you can give them up altogether, if you determine to do so?"

"I know that," said Howard, sullenly. "I told you, if you would allow me to visit your daughter, I would reform."

"You will *not* visit my daughter, so we will put her out of the question," said Mr. Bradshaw, firmly. "As for reforming to get a wife, that is one thing, but to be firm against temptation when you have secured her is quite another. The purpose achieved, the motive is withdrawn, and rarely does a man fail to return to the mire; as for promises, in such cases they signify nothing!"

"There is no motive for reform left me now," said Mr. Howard, in an injured tone.

"Life is yet before you," said Mr. Bradshaw, with earnestness; "you can redeem yourself if you will, and take the place in society to which your talents entitle you. Were you stripped of your wealth to-morrow, what would you be? You know it is your money and that alone which gives you any position whatever; without it, you would not be received into a single respectable family. You pride yourself upon your pride. Is not that touched by the knowledge that such is your position? Your love for Mary has raised you from the slough for the moment; but, if you return to it, would not that prove that her influence would have been only temporary?"

"Don't you believe I love your daughter?" asked Howard, angrily.

"Yes, at present; but yours is a love that arose from pique and opposition. Mary's indifference stimulated you, accustomed to success with women; your vanity was hurt, and you determined to succeed with

her. As the loveliness of her character became apparent to you, how could you fail to love her? I trust this experience has been the opening of a new life to you." Observing that Howard looked pale, he asked: "Are you ill?"

"No; only weak and miserable."

"I see. You have not had breakfast; and you are in the habit of taking stimulants before this hour, are you not?"

"Yes. Have you any brandy?"

"Did you not say you had given up your bad habits? Is falsehood added to your other vices?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, in a severe tone.

"I never get drunk."

"That is because you cannot; you drink others into a state of intoxication, while you remain sober; that is the worst kind of drinking!"

"I can't help using liquor. I can't live without it!"

What could Mr. Bradshaw say to this man, who was a wreck physically as well as morally? He could not, however, let him leave the house in such a condition. Saying, "Wait a moment," Mr. Bradshaw went into the kitchen and told Jenny to make a cup of strong coffee as quickly as possible. When he returned, Howard was lying on the sofa, exhausted and tremulous. To avoid speaking, Mary's father turned to his desk. "And this is the man who wanted to marry my daughter!" said he to himself. No other thought could find entrance to his mind.

The coffee was brought, and to it Mrs. Bradshaw had added a nice piece of beefsteak with accompaniments. Howard was evidently disappointed on seeing the coffee — he had thought Mr. Bradshaw had sent for brandy—nevertheless, he drank it eagerly, and ate also. As he arose to leave, Mr. Bradshaw asked:

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing, as usual."

"Is it always to be 'nothing?'" asked Mr. Bradshaw of himself, as he showed his visitor to the door.

It was with a feeling of unusual depression that he went to the sitting-room and joined his wife.

"You look troubled," she said, anxiously; "I am afraid you have had a trying time with Howard."

"You are right."

And he proceeded to give her an account of the close of the young man's visit.

"Will you tell Mary?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Yes; I intend that she shall know all about him. The girls shall know the men they meet in society as I know them. The idea of keeping girls from all knowledge of evil is absurd, constituted as American life is. Just look at this case: Howard is a remarkably handsome young man; he has been an extensive reader and speaks all the modern languages; besides, he has that knowledge of men and things which only comes through travel. In manners and conversational powers, I do not know his superior. I have frequently met him at dinner-parties, and can well understand his

attractiveness in women's eyes. He is just the man to have called forth a strong attachment in Mary, had she not known his character. The other day, at Meredith's dinner, I heard him talking to Miss Mowbray as if he were a traduced angel. This Byronic sentiment plays the deuce with your romantic, novel-reading girls!"

"I hope you do not class Mary with romantic, novel-reading girls," said his wife.

"No; she has too sensible a mother for that. Howard, however, has consummate tact, and, could he have gained a foothold with Mary, he would readily have suited himself to her tastes."

As Mr. Bradshaw talked, he inadvertently struck the beautiful cabinet near him with his cane — he had reached that age when a cane seems indispensable— and a large piece of the fine veneering fell from it, exposing the common wood beneath. As he picked up the veneering, he said:

"Wife, this cabinet expresses Howard exactly. Take away his veneering of dress and manner, and you will find a very coarse grain beneath. Give me solid mahogany! But where is Mary?"

"I sent her down town on some errands. I thought a walk in the fresh air would be the best thing for her. When she came in from you, she was much agitated. She was at Meredith's yesterday, and Mrs. Meredith had just received a letter from Paris, telling all about Howard's life there. Mary said: 'Why, mother, he is not fit to visit respectable people!' Hence, she was

naturally indignant at his persistency in trying to visit her."

"Do you know if she is interested in any of our gentlemen visitors? I was rather struck with the manner in which she expressed herself to Howard."

"I really cannot say. I think she most enjoys the society of Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Huntington."

"The first a Jew and the second a poor Methodist minister. 'Strange taste,' her fashionable friends would say."

"Good taste, nevertheless. They are the cream of our circle. Your friends, Mr. Trelawney and Captain Marryat, are not their equals either in learning or refinement."

"That is true, wife, and neither of them can compare with your favorites in character. I should not have invited them to the house, but you know I met them abroad, and you and Mary naturally wished to see the author of 'Adventures of a Younger Son,' and the author of 'Peter Simple,' books which had interested you. They are men of such varied experience that their conversation is extremely interesting. They are but transient acquaintances, however."

The entrance of Mary, glowing with her walk in the fresh, cold air, put an end to the conversation.

Howard went to his rooms, and, after taking a glass of brandy, threw himself on his bed. The humiliation through which he had passed and the stern truths which Mr. Bradshaw had spoken had taken full

possession of him. Never again would the greeting he received in society flatter his vanity. It had been stripped of its gilding. Yes, he well knew that, had he reached his home penniless, no hand would have been extended to him in welcome. It was of no use to say that character was nothing and money was everything. Look at Bradshaw; from a millionaire he had sunk to be the cashier of a bank; from that to be nothing! Yet he held his place in society and in the world's esteem! Men of letters asked his judgment. To be a visitor at his home was a certificate of moral character.

And what might he not have been, what might he still be, could he win Mary Bradshaw! Even in that hour, he found relief in the thought that, should he return to his evil habits, it would be her fault. How natural it is for us to seek a scape-goat for our sins. How thankful would most of us be if, in accordance with the old Jewish rite, we could bring a goat to our tabernacle of conscience, and, laying our hands upon it and confessing our sins, send it into the wilderness, bearing all our iniquities!

CHAPTER XI.

AUGUSTE DE CHOISEUL.

AGAIN the cycle of the year has brought us the annual miracle of the resurrection. The seed which has been buried beneath the snow peeps forth in little yellowish tips, the tender grass appears, and the perfume of the apple-blossoms fills the air.

The birds have returned, but they tell us not of their wanderings. Have they perched on the world's cathedral, and joined in the Christmas anthem and the Easter jubilee? Have they loitered on Notre Dame, and taken a bird's-eye view of Paris? They tell us not. We know only that the swallow has come back to its chimney and its nest beneath the eaves; that the mocking-bird has returned and pours forth its song of rejoicing; and that the faithful wren now tells the husbandman that nature is ready for him, for it is too wise to show itself until the soft air of summer has come to stay.

Humanity obeys the universal instinct, and from school, academy and college come home boys and girls, young men and maidens, some for a brief holiday, others having finished their education—how could they know they had just begun it?—with joy and hope to enter life. Among the latter were Louise Bradshaw and Emily Rutledge.

Mrs. Bradshaw, Edward and Mary were present at the examination. Louise did as well as the average scholar, except in vocal music, for which she won the prize. Emily, though a year younger than her cousin, passed with the highest honors. Mrs. Bradshaw was much displeased with Louise for wasting her time; that young lady, however, appeared perfectly satisfied, although she winced under her mother's displeasure. Emily tried to excuse her, saying:

"You know, aunt, I had to study very hard, because I have to teach."

But her aunt would not accept any such excuse, and replied:

"Louise may have to teach also."

Louise evidently did not consider teaching among the probabilities of her future.

The examination passed off after the usual fashion of such events. Among the bouquets presented to the young ladies of the graduating class was one of exquisite beauty sent to Louise; it was so beautiful, consisting as it did of the rarest flowers, as to attract the attention of Mrs. Bradshaw. There was a note carefully hidden in it. This Louise removed and thrust into her pocket.

"Who is your correspondent? Let me see the note, my dear," said her mother, extending her hand.

With evident reluctance, Louise complied. The epistle was in French, and, not reading that language readily, Mrs. Bradshaw handed it to Emily, who stood

beside her; the latter hesitated, and was about restoring the letter to Louise, when Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"Read it. Of course, there is nothing private in it."

Emily translated as she read:

"My Charming Friend:

"My bouquet expresses all that I dare not say in words. I am in despair at your departure. I will see you to-morrow.

"Your devoted AUGUSTE."

"A very silly note," said Mrs. Bradshaw, indifferently, "but we must make allowance for the French style."

Emily handed the letter to Louise, who if annoyed was also silenced.

It was very pleasant to be at home again. The girls had a merry time in their room, talking over their different experiences, of which Emily had the least to say, for her time had been devoted to study. Every Saturday, when the girls were allowed to visit their friends in the neighboring town, where the day-scholars lived, had been precious time to Emily. The principal knew she was preparing to be a teacher, and gave her all possible assistance. On Saturdays, therefore, Emily had been accustomed to go to Mrs. Percival's room to review her studies; hence she knew but little of her cousin's acquaintances.

Louise, on the contrary, had seized the periods of

relaxation with avidity. It was at a Saturday pic-nic that she had met Auguste de Choiseul, or, as he was usually called, "Monsieur le Comte," who rarely joined in the amusements of the neighborhood, and was only the more interesting to the girls on that account.

He had given out that he was of noble family, and that, owing to the expensive habits of his elder brother, then deceased, the estate had been greatly involved, and was sequestered until the debts were paid. He came to the United States and sought the seclusion of that quiet neighborhood to write a history of the early French settlers in America. He kept himself well posted in the news of the day, taking several New York papers. From his first meeting with Louise, he had shown interest in her, but not in a manner to attract attention; yet he made her aware that no other young lady possessed any attraction for him. Louise's vanity was highly flattered, but it would have been much more satisfactory to her had he displayed his preference openly. He soon found that she was not an ordinary, romantic school-girl, but intelligent and cultivated, and he readily suited himself to her taste. He told her of the countries he had visited, describing scenery and society with equal vividness, and throwing over all the charm of poetry and romance. Of American society he spoke rather slightingly, in confidence, but at the same time assured her that she "would be an ornament to any court in Europe." Monsieur le Comte did not attend the examination; he told Louise

that it "would be painful to meet her in such a crowd!"

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Bradshaw was as indifferent to Louise's friend as she appeared to be. Before she left E—— she had heard all that was known of him, and that was comprised in his own statement.

While the girls were comparing notes in their room, to which Edward had gained admittance—and, with his feet elevated upon the footboard of the bedstead, asked questions about the pretty girls he had met at the examination — Louise and Emily unpacked their trunks. They made but slow progress, as a vigorous conversation was kept up, during which Edward indulged in some very impertinent remarks, and in return was informed that he did not know anything about girls.

Mary stood at the bureau, putting things in the drawers, as the other girls, who were seated on the floor, handed them to her.

"Not an article will be in its proper place, I know, for you are not paying any attention to what you are doing," said Mary, as Edward intercepted a pretty dressing-sacque and began to put it on.

Then there was a scramble, accompanied with boxing of ears, kisses, merriment and laughter.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw were engaged in earnest conversation in the sitting-room. Mrs. Bradshaw had given her husband an account of the examination, not omitting the bouquet, and it was decided

that, should Monsieur le Comte call, as the cards were first brought to her, she should see him, and, if he did not volunteer information concerning himself, should ask it. This matter being disposed of for the present, Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"Husband, why do you not take up the law again? The death of Mr. W—— leaves a fine opening for a man of talent. I have frequently been asked why you did not resume your profession."

"What would we have to live upon until I could get established in practice?"

"We have sufficient to support us for several years. Mary's salary will be increased in September, and I shall endeavor to get a position for Louise to teach the languages. Mrs. Percival says that she is competent."

"Wife, what do you mean by saying that we have enough to support us for several years? How do you figure that out?"

"There is my dower money," she replied, with a knowing smile; "not a dollar of that has been drawn."

"Not a dollar of it drawn! Who has paid the girls' expenses at school?"

"I am sure I don't know; I supposed you had. The bills have been anticipated every year, and sent to me receipted. I took it for granted you paid them, and, as it amounted to the same thing in the end, I determined not to mention it but to leave you to speak."

"Do you mean, wife, that some one other than yourself has paid the bills?"

"Exactly. On Thursday Mrs. Percival thanked me for my prompt payments."

"Who can it be?" said Mr. Bradshaw.

"Mr. Jacobs. Don't you remember that whenever he has been here he has shown great interest in the girls? I have also noticed that, by adroit questions, he has managed to keep the run of their expenses."

"You have hit it, wife, as usual. God bless the Jew!" said Mr. Bradshaw, with emotion.

"Will you say anything to Mr. Jacobs about it?"

"No. He evidently does not wish it. I will tell him that the kindness of a friend, in paying for the girls' schooling, will enable me to resume my profession. He will understand."

"What a true friend Mr. Jacobs has been to us, and what delicacy he has shown in his kindness."

"Yes, wife, and it proves the absurdity, as well as the wickedness, of prejudice."

"Husband, I am more in accord with the theology of the Jews than with orthodox opinions, for I believe in the divine unity, and that the Saviour was a man in advance of his time. No doubt, his youth was devoted to studying the sacred books of the Hebrews and those of other nations. He dwelt upon the condition of his people until it oppressed him; he determined to devote his life to their regeneration, and, like many of a later day, became a martyr to his convictions."

Mrs. Bradshaw spoke in a quiet tone of belief.

"That view is held by most of the advanced minds

of the present day. It is certainly the most reasonable," rejoined Mr. Bradshaw. "Nor can I see any just cause for casting especial obloquy upon the Jews for not believing in the Saviour. Belief is not a matter of will or inclination, and, if it were, the Jews did not wish to believe in Him any more than the Protestants wished to believe in the Virgin Mary, or the Catholics that the Pope is the 'Man of Sin' foretold by the prophets."

"And, husband, looking at the Saviour's life, I think it is a great mistake for us to contemn a nation which has given to the world the highest type of humanity."

"True. And when the Jews again take their place among the nations, if they retain in prosperity the virtues which have made them a power in adversity, what an example will they be to mankind!"

Surprised at the excitement and fervor with which her husband spoke, Mrs. Bradshaw said, in a deprecating tone:

"Clinton, surely you do not place the Jew above the Christian?"

"Nor the Christian above the Jew. The Jew's faith is an active principle; it is the motive power of his life. The Christian as a rule is content to believe—if he does believe."

"I am afraid you cannot count so implicitly on the Jews. We know that history repeats itself, and that nations, like individuals, in their days of greatness are apt to ignore the qualities which made them great,"

said Mrs. Bradshaw, somewhat amused at her husband's enthusiasm.

"Perhaps you are right. Then, indeed, will their chastening have been in vain! In them lies my hope for humanity, however," said Mr. Bradshaw, with great earnestness.

"I honor the Jews, above all, for the purity they maintain in their domestic relations," rejoined Mrs. Bradshaw.

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the entrance of Jenny with a card, at which Mrs. Bradshaw glanced; then she passed it to her husband, remarking:

"I am so glad you are at home."

"'Auguste de Choiseul, Paris,'" read Mr. Bradshaw. "So I am to have the pleasure of receiving that young gentleman," he added.

"What will you say to him?"

"Indeed, I do not know. One thing, however, is certain: he must satisfy me as to his character, or he shall not enter this house again. If I find that he can give a satisfactory account of himself, I shall want you to be introduced to him."

And Mr. Bradshaw went to the parlor.

Monsieur le Comte arose with an engaging smile as the door opened, expecting to greet Louise. The expression of his face changed considerably when he met a fine-looking gentleman of fifty, whose countenance wore an aspect of firmness and decision,

tempered with courtesy and kindness. After Mr. Bradshaw's pleasant "good-morning," there was an embarrassed silence on the visitor's part, as his host left it to him to open the conversation. The Comte soon recovered himself, and said, with his most insinuating smile:

"Mr. Bradshaw, I had the pleasure of meeting your daughter at E——, and have taken the liberty of calling to pay my respects."

"Mrs. Bradshaw told me of your courtesy to my daughter the day of the examination," said Mr. Bradshaw, in his usual tone, "but I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Miss Louise met me in the society of one of her friends. Is not that a sufficient introduction?" replied the Comte, with dignity.

"It would be did that friend know anything about you; but it seems that the information in regard to you is confined to your own statement."

"And is not a gentleman's word enough?" asked the Comte, with suppressed excitement.

"You cannot be a witness in your own case," replied Mr. Bradshaw, good-humoredly. "But, of course, you have brought letters which will substantiate your assertions."

"Unfortunately, as it now appears, I did not bring any letters. I was anxious to catch the steamer, and, in fact, did not think of them. But I can easily send to Paris for them," rejoined the Comte, with entire self-possession.

"And I will write to our minister at Paris. This is your full name, is it not?" said Mr. Bradshaw, looking at the card.

"It is. I hope you will make the most searching inquiries, Mr. Bradshaw. And now may I not have the pleasure of seeing your daughter?" asked the Comte, with assurance.

"I regret to deny you that pleasure," replied his host, courteously; "but until you receive your letters, and I hear from our minister, there can be no further acquaintance between you and my daughter."

The decided, yet perfectly polite manner of Mr. Bradshaw left no room for offence or remonstrance. The Comte had experience enough to see that, and, leaving his compliments for Louise, he made his bow and departed, somewhat troubled. It was such a new experience for him. He had hitherto found the American ladies so very accessible, and so entirely independent of papa and mamma! He feared Mr. Bradshaw knew more of him than might be agreeable.

Mr. Bradshaw had hardly finished giving his account of this interview to his wife, when Louise entered the room, looking flushed and excited. She asked, hastily:

"Mother, has a gentleman been here to see me?"

"Yes, dear, (handing her the card); this person called."

"Why did you not send for me?" said Louise, with an expression of disappointment and anger.

"My daughter," said her father, "I do not know anything about this man."

"Anybody can see that he is a gentleman, and a man of refinement and cultivation. I hope you did not insult him, father!" said Louise, with much warmth.

"Louise, you forget yourself," said Mrs. Bradshaw, sternly.

"I am not in the habit of insulting persons in my own house or anywhere else, my daughter, as you must be aware. The Comte is to send to Paris for his credentials, and I will write to our minister there. If the minister's reply is satisfactory, we will receive him as we would any other casual acquaintance."

Louise left the room as hastily as she had entered it. She had heard the front door open, and had waited to be summoned until the Comte's departure, when she could bear the suspense no longer.

"What do you think of him?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw, resuming the conversation.

"I think he is a scamp of the first water; very likely, the black sheep of a respectable family. But I am puzzled by his pursuit of Louise. I have noticed that counts—the genuine article—look out for money with an American girl. At home, family will sometimes take its place."

"Louise is attractive enough to be sought for herself," remarked Mrs. Bradshaw.

"No doubt of that, wife, but our Count is not in love," replied her husband, smiling.

When the family met at dinner, Louise had recovered her serenity. Mrs. Bradshaw spoke of the visitor

of the morning with easy indifference, asking Louise and Emily what they knew of him. Mr. Bradshaw said:

"He must be a man of thirty-five, and he can have but little knowledge of the world to come across the ocean without letters. In France he knows he would not be received in any home, without a proper introduction."

"The Comte said what he most admired in American society was that a gentleman was received on his own merits, his manners and appearance. And he spoke of the girls not being watched as in France. He thought it an insult to a young lady to suppose she could not command proper respect," said Louise, with an evident effort at calmness.

"I agree with him," replied her father; "and the liberty allowed young girls here renders it of more importance that their parents should see that they form no objectionable acquaintances."

"There is nothing objectionable about the Comte," said Louise, petulantly.

"That remains to be proved, my dear," replied Mr. Bradshaw.

"She may pout," said Edward, after the manner of brothers, "but I believe the 'Comte,' as she calls him, is an adventurer and a swindler, who has taken it into his head that Louise is an heiress."

"You don't know anything about him," replied Louise, indignantly.

"And that is exactly what you know!" rejoined her brother. "I humbly suggest that you be a little more careful in selecting your acquaintances."

"Humility certainly becomes you on that point—you are so choice in choosing your friends!" said Louise, with considerable sarcasm.

Feeling that he was getting the worst of it, Edward wisely beat a retreat.

"Quite a passage at arms," remarked Mr. Bradshaw, after the young people had left the room.

"And Louise came off victor as usual," said his wife, smiling.

"Mrs. Bradshaw, you have committed a grievous error in the education of your daughters. You have not taught them proper respect for the male sex!" said her husband, as he gave her his accustomed good-bye kiss.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ELOPEMENT.

NOTHING further was heard of the "Comte." Louise commenced her singing lessons, with a teacher recommended by Mrs. Percival, which occupied a large portion of her time. As the summer advanced, most of the Bradshaws' friends left the city. Mr. Bradshaw had taken Mr. W——'s office, and obtained a fair practice to start with. Edward, who had nearly completed his studies, was a source of great anxiety to Emily. He kept late hours, and evinced annoyance on finding her up when he came home at night. As Mr. Bradshaw was under the impression that Edward had abandoned his bad habits, he was at ease in regard to him.

On a beautiful morning in October, Louise and Emily left home together. It was Saturday. Louise had her music with her, and, after taking her lesson, was to visit a friend with whom she would remain until Monday. Emily was on her way to her uncle's office, to meet Mrs. Howard and accompany her into the country to spend a few days. The cousins were unusually silent. A feeling of depression hung over Emily, and Louise appeared excited and irritable. As they parted, the latter suddenly drew aside her veil, saying:

"Kiss me!"

When Emily reached the office, she was so strongly impressed with the idea that she ought not to go into the country that she asked Mrs. Howard to excuse her, promising to accompany her the following Saturday. Her uncle made no comment, thinking some domestic arrangement was the cause of his niece's action. Emily went shopping with Mrs. Howard, and took lunch with her at one of the fashionable restaurants. Somewhat relieved, and in a more cheerful frame of mind, she then sought her home and joined in the laugh with which her aunt and Mary greeted her speedy return. When alone in her own room, she dropped into a chair, asking herself: "What is it?"

Determined not to give way to idle fancies, she arose and busied herself in putting the apartment in order, for many of Louise's possessions were scattered around. Opening a drawer in the bureau, she saw a letter addressed to herself in Louise's handwriting. It was dated that morning and read as follows:

"MY DEAR EMILY:

"When you read this, next week, I shall be far out at sea. I am to be married to Auguste at ten o'clock this morning, and we sail in the Adrian. I know mother and father will forgive me when they hear from Paris, and they will be grieved to find they have done Auguste great injustice. We will return as soon as he can settle his affairs, and, then, I know

you all will like him nearly as well as I do. Oh! Emily, I am so proud and happy that he should have chosen me to be his wife! I hear your step and must close.

"LOUISE."

Without stopping to give an explanation to her aunt, Emily hastened from the house, and, getting into the first hack she met, directed the driver to take her to her uncle's office. Entering hurriedly, she seized Mr. Bradshaw by the arm, exclaiming:

"Come with me; quick!"

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, in alarm.

"Louise! the Comte! I have a carriage at the door! Come!"

The truth instantly flashed on him. Without a word, he followed her.

"Drive to the wharf as fast as you can! We want to catch the Adrian!" cried Emily to the hackman.

"You are late, Miss!" replied the man. "The Adrian sailed an hour ago!"

"No matter! Take us to the pier as quickly as possible. We can reach her in a tug, uncle," added she.

Mr. Bradshaw had read the letter which his niece had thrust into his hand. The father was stunned. Emily shook and aroused him.

"Don't look like that, uncle!" cried she. "We can catch them, I know!"

Then she opened the hack window. The fresh air revived Mr. Bradshaw. He was himself in an instant. They reached the pier; the steamer could be seen in the distance, without the aid of a glass. Realizing that quick action must be taken, Mr. Bradshaw scanned the boats in the harbor.

"I must get to the Adrian at once. Who will take me to her?" he asked, eagerly, of the boatmen who crowded around him.

"The Sylph could catch her, but I can't take her out unless I have Mr. Jacobs' permission. But there he is!" said the captain of the craft in question.

Mr. Jacobs saw Mr. Bradshaw at the same moment. As they met, he asked, curiously:

"What is the matter?"

In a low tone, Mr. Bradshaw informed him.

"Fire up! Get off as quickly as possible!" Mr. Jacobs said to the captain, in a tone that admitted of no delay.

While they were talking, Emily wrote a few lines on the back of Louise's letter, which Mr. Jacobs sent by a trusty messenger, with orders to place it in Mrs. Bradshaw's hands.

In a short time they were on the Sylph and moving rapidly out of the bay. Mr. Jacobs ran to his private signal and hoisted it. It was a flag with a green field and ten stars, surmounted by a bar.

"They see it!" he cried, greatly relieved, as he put down his spy-glass which he had levelled at the Adrian.

"We will be up with them soon. Now, tell me all about the scoundrel!"

Mr. Bradshaw briefly related everything he knew of Monsieur le Comte, adding:

"They must have met as she was going to her music lesson. She is poor, as you know, and I do not understand the man's object in wishing to secure her."

"Rest assured he thinks she has money. But look! There goes a revenue cutter; evidently, she is in pursuit also."

Mr. Bradshaw glanced in the direction indicated and saw the revenue cutter almost within ear-shot, with a full head of steam on.

"By the blood of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I believe the cutter is after the same fellow as we are!" exclaimed Mr. Jacobs, in great excitement.

They were now near enough to read the name of the steamer through the glass. With his trumpet to his lips, the captain of the Adrian shouted:

"What do you want?"

The revenue cutter was by this time alongside of the Sylph, and her captain answered:

"We want a forger you have on board!"

A moment more and the Sylph was beside the steamer. Mr. Jacobs immediately threw out a grappling-iron, which he held in readiness. It clutched the Adrian, and the searchers were quickly upon her deck. Mr. Bradshaw asked, eagerly, of the captain:

"Have you a young lady on board in company with a Frenchman?"

"We have."

"Are they married?"

"No. They were so hurried they could not get spliced on shore, and we have no parson on the steamer."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Bradshaw, fervently.

"The young girl seems to be mighty particular, and she is a little bit afraid of her companion, too. She asked me not to let him come to the state-room. Are you her father, sir?"

Mr. Bradshaw nodded assent, as they came to the state-room door. It was locked on the inside. Placing his knee against it, the captain burst it open with a slight effort. Within the state-room stood Louise, enveloped by her long, auburn hair, with a stiletto in her hand, her face expressing fear and determination. Near her stood the "Comte," with a newspaper in his hand.

"What are you doing here?" asked the captain, in a rage. "Did I not order you to remain on deck?"

And, seizing the "Comte" by the collar, he whirled him into the arms of the revenue officer, who had followed the party.

Louise sprang to her father and threw herself into his arms, crying, "Saved!" in a tone of infinite joy.

Mr. Jacobs and the captain retired, the former closing the door. Mr. Bradshaw and the girls were alone.

"My child, are you married?" asked the father, anxious to have his daughter confirm the captain's declaration.

"No, thank God!" She added, with flashing eyes: "I hate, I despise him!"

"Yet you came with him voluntarily!" said Mr. Bradshaw, in surprise.

There was no time for further explanation. Mr. Jacobs opened the door, saying, "Come," and the little party left the state-room, Louise, closely veiled, hanging on her father's arm. The captain joined them, and, thinking it best to complete the lesson, said:

"You have had a mighty lucky escape, Miss. That fellow has two wives and is now under arrest for forgery. I'd rather see my daughter married to a blacksmith or a Jew than to one of them cussed foreigners!"

Louise shuddered. Mr. Jacobs, who followed with Emily, said, with a smile:

"He don't consider the Jews 'foreigners;' that is something."

As they were going on board the Sylph, Emily asked:

"Where are your watch and chain, Louise?"

"He took them," replied Louise, with an angry flush.

"I will see about them. No doubt, they have been pawned," said Mr. Jacobs.

Mr. Bradshaw had not spoken since they left the

steamer. As they reached the pier, he grasped Mr. Jacobs' hand, saying:

"Keep this out of the papers."

"I will attend to everything. Take care of yourself, for you look ill."

And pressing Mr. Bradshaw's hand, they parted.

A rapid drive soon brought the party to Mr. Bradshaw's door. Within, Mrs. Bradshaw and Mary were waiting for them. Louise sprang from the carriage and rushed to her room. A glimpse of her, however, was enough for her mother, for it told that she was safe. Mrs. Bradshaw now gave her entire attention to her husband, who had with difficulty entered into the house, supported by the hack driver and Emily. He sank upon the hall floor.

"She is saved! I will be better directly, wife," he gasped.

Emily brought him a glass of wine, and Mary, gently raising his head, placed a pillow under it. As he could not be removed until Edward came home, the girls retired and left him with his wife, whom they knew could best minister to his wants.

As Emily was relating the events of the day to Mary, Edward joined them. In his haste he had come in the back way, and had not seen his father. He had met Mr. Jacobs, who had given him all the particulars and had expressed great anxiety concerning Mr. Bradshaw. Edward was in a rage. He wanted to go up-stairs and give Louise a sound scolding, but Emily quieted him with the remark:

"You are the eldest and had better mend your own ways before you undertake to lecture Louise."

Edward was, doubtless, of her opinion, for he contented himself with assisting his father to his room.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, and Mary thought a cup of tea would be refreshing to every one. Accordingly, Jenny was ordered to bring it in. All were suffering from that feeling of exhaustion, physical as well as mental, which follows a severe trial. Neatly arranging a waiter, Mary took the tea to her father and mother. She returned with four tickets, which she handed to Edward, saying:

"Father wishes us to go to the opera to-night. He bought these tickets a week ago, and, as several of his friends know he purchased them, it is necessary that we should use them in order to stop any rumors that may have been set afloat. Tell Louise that father says she must go also," added Mary, addressing Emily, who was leaving the room with tea for the rescued girl.

"Of course, we must go," said Edward; "we must all suffer for Miss Louise's escapade."

"I did not know that you considered going to the opera suffering," said Emily, pausing at the door.

"I consider it an infliction when I have an engagement."

"Oh! then you are a martyr to duty! What a comfort to his parents is an only son with such a self-sacrificing disposition!" said Emily, sarcastically, as she left the room.

It was with considerable anxiety that Emily entered the girls' room. She expected to find Louise lying down, perhaps asleep, worn out by the excitement of the day. She was surprised to find her walking the floor.

"I don't want anything," she said, impatiently, turning away from the waiter.

"But you should take something; besides, uncle says you must go to the opera this evening, and it is time to get ready."

"I can't go! I won't go!" cried Louise.

"There is no 'can't' or 'won't' about it. You must go, if uncle wishes it. I don't suppose any of us feel like enjoying 'Faust' this evening," replied Emily, who, seeing that it was from wounded pride not wounded affection that Louise suffered, felt very little sympathy for her.

They went to the opera. Emily had trouble to make Edward behave properly to Louise. That young lady, however, never appeared in better spirits. She chatted with the gentlemen with more than her usual brilliancy. Mary observed her with surprise. Emily understood her and was thankful. It was a relief to the party when they found themselves at home again.

Mrs. Bradshaw told them to go quietly to their rooms, as her husband had fallen asleep. She kissed Louise, as she was hurrying past her, and affectionately bade her "good-night." Louise then threw herself on

the bed and burst into such a paroxysm of tears as fairly melted Emily's heart, which had been feeling rather stony towards her. Putting on her dressing-gown, Emily lay beside her cousin, throwing her arm over her. After awhile Louise sobbed herself to sleep. The house seemed unusually quiet, but it was not the stillness of repose, for it was pervaded by a sensation of unrest, an indescribable sensation, as though something were about to happen for which there was need to be in readiness.

Emily stole down-stairs to her uncle's room; the door stood ajar and she peeped in. Attired in her wrapper, her aunt lay on the outside of the bed, clasping her husband's hand, while, with flushed face and wide-open eyes, he stared at the ceiling, where the shadow cast by his dressing-gown, which hung over the foot of the bed, had the appearance of a huge bird, with outstretched wings, hovering over him. The taper burned in the corner by the bureau, giving a dim, uncertain light. Emily took in the situation at a glance. She asked her uncle how he felt. In reply he touched his head. Placing her hand on his forehead, Emily found it dry and hot. Alarmed, she suggested to her aunt that a hot foot-bath, with mustard, might help him; then she left the room, intending to send Edward for a physician, but that young gentleman had not yet come in. Going to the kitchen, she returned with a pitcher of hot water and some mustard; then, with her aunt's assistance,

she raised her uncle and put his feet in the bath, while Mrs. Bradshaw applied hot cloths to the base of his brain. After some minutes had elapsed, moisture appeared on his forehead. A profuse perspiration followed, and the blood gradually receded from the brain.

Mrs. Bradshaw and Emily exchanged a look of deep thankfulness, as they gently laid the sick man's head back upon the pillow. After seeing her aunt in bed and removing the taper into the hall, Emily quitted the chamber.

She went to Edward's room. It was half-past twelve o'clock and he was still absent. An hour passed as she sat there thinking. When the young man came in, she told him of his father's continued illness and requested him to go for a physician early in the morning. She did not like Edward's looks, and his breath smelled of liquor. She charged him with having been drinking.

"What if I have taken a drink!" he replied, in an injured tone. "I was infernally used up by that girl's getting us into such a scrape!"

"I don't see that you had anything to do with it," said Emily, coolly. "I assisted in rescuing her, but I did not find it necessary to take a drink!"

"Nonsense. You are a girl," replied Edward, contemptously.

"And hence am expected to have more self-control and strength of character than my Cousin Edward!" put in Emily, as she left him.

"That girl says the most biting things, and the worst of it is they are true," muttered the young man to himself. "I believe she despises me!"

Emily paused at her uncle's door as she passed. The sound of Mr. Bradshaw's regular breathing was sweeter to her than music. Then she was stopped by Mary, who had been watching for her to come up that she might hear about her father.

"I kept quiet," said she, "as I thought that was best. Besides, I knew if I could be of any use you would call me. You always know what to do."

Day was dawning when Emily returned to her room.

"What is the matter? You have been up all night!" said Louise.

Emily told her of her father's illness. She was not disposed to spare Louise the knowledge of the sorrow she had occasioned. Louise groaned, but made no reply. Early the following morning, Emily again went to her uncle's room. Mr. Bradshaw awoke as she entered and said:

"Is not this Louise's music day? She must go to her lesson."

"No, husband, this is Sunday," replied Mrs. Bradshaw.

The doctor came in due time. He approved of everything that had been done and said the danger was over, adding that all the patient needed was rest and quiet.

After the doctor left, Mr. Jacobs called. Mrs. Brad-

shaw had a long talk with him in the parlor, before he went up-stairs to see her husband. There was an expression on his face that caused Mr. Bradshaw, after his first inquiries had been answered, to ask:

"Well, David, what is the matter?"

"I want you on your recovery to go abroad for me on business with the Rothschilds."

"Business for you! Why do you not send one of your own people?"

"For reasons I cannot explain, it is best that a Christian should go. A large part of the transaction will be conducted with Christians, and one of their faith, who is true to the Jew, would be an advantage to us."

After a moment's silence, Mr. Bradshaw said:

"I can never forget that I am a Christian."

"That no one would expect of you, nor would I place trust in a man who could be false to his religion."

"Explain yourself more fully."

"There are large interests at stake, which Baron Rothschild at Frankfort will explain to you, interests which must be kept secret. It would be impossible for me to give you a stronger mark of my confidence than I am now doing."

"I understand that. I know, besides, you would not compromise me in any way, and I feel that I need a change," said Mr. Bradshaw, sadly.

"The compensation will be liberal. You will have to entertain handsomely in London, Paris and Vienna.

All your expenses will be paid, and your daughter — the one who so narrowly escaped that rascal — must go with you as your secretary."

"David," said Mr. Bradshaw, placing his hand on Mr. Jacobs' shoulder, "are you not getting up this mission purely for my benefit?"

"No; some of the wealthiest of my people have secret transactions with the Rothschilds. It is necessary for us to communicate with them through some reliable person. A Christian would be the best agent for us, and I do not know of one, except yourself, who is fitted for such a mission."

"Why need my daughter go? She will only be an additional expense."

"You are not to think of expense. Your daughter will go to take care of you; besides, she is a fine linguist and will be necessary to you."

"The whole matter is so entirely unexpected that I don't know what to say. I must talk with my wife."

"It is all settled with her. I have anticipated you. I will finish up the affair with her while you make your toilet; then we will take a drive."

Mr. Jacobs rejoined Mrs. Bradshaw in the parlor and said:

"I think I have made all straight with Clinton, and I believe this trip will make a new man of him."

"Oh! Mr. Jacobs, how can I ever thank you!"

"My dear woman, the friendship of your husband

and his family is one of the greatest pleasures of my life; I can't afford to lose it. Now, I regard a sea voyage, with some object of interest in view, as of the greatest importance to your husband, to say nothing of the fact that we need just such a man."

Mr. Bradshaw entered, ready for the drive. The change in him was so marked that it was with difficulty his wife retained her composure. Taking him by the arm, Mr. Jacobs said to Mrs. Bradshaw:

"You won't see your husband again until this evening."

After bidding his wife farewell, Mr. Bradshaw looked back:

"The girls must go to church," said he.

She nodded assent, for she could not trust her voice, and, returning to the parlor, buried her head in the sofa-cushion and gave way to a flood of tears.

There Emily found her, and to her Mrs. Bradshaw poured forth her anxiety concerning her husband, in which her niece participated, while cheering her with hopeful words.

"The sea voyage will make a new man of him, aunt," said she, "and Louise can translate and write letters."

"I should feel better satisfied if you were going. How did you know exactly what to do last night? The doctor said there was no doubt that your promptness saved him from congestion of the brain."

"They say everybody has a talent for something.

Mary's is for music, Louise's for languages, and I believe I was born to be a nurse."

Mrs. Bradshaw was soothed by the quiet and rest of that beautiful Sabbath. Peace came to her troubled spirit, as with deep thankfulness she reviewed the last twenty-four hours, and realized what might have been. How apt we are to associate those words, so full of meaning, with the good we have missed, and not with the evil we have escaped!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE.

THE evening had closed in, and a bright fire enlivened the sitting-room when the gentlemen returned. Mrs. Bradshaw met them at the front door.

"You see I have brought your husband back safely; he ate pretty well, and, altogether, he has done himself credit," said Mr. Jacobs.

"He looks much better," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, as she kissed her husband, for Mr. Jacobs was a family friend, and before him there was but little reserve. The girls met him with affectionate cordiality. Emily gave his hand a squeeze which brought forth the remark:

"My dear, that is thrown away upon me. I may as well put an end to your hopes at once."

"Oh! Mr. Jacobs, I did not think you would tell on me!" was the merry rejoinder.

"I am an old man and not up to the modern ways," he replied, with mock gravity, as he turned to meet Louise, who held back, blushing deeply as she met his penetrating gaze. One glance satisfied Mr. Jacobs that there was no broken heart in the case.

Mary entered with the tea-tray. Mr. Jacobs took it from her and put it upon the table. Then he placed

the tea-poys around, while Mary poured out the tea. As Mr. Jacobs passed the cups, he asked:

"Mrs. Bradshaw, how does it happen that you have not given any of your children Scripture names, after the fashion of the Puritans and the Jews also?"

"But I am not of the Puritan stock, like my husband."

"I forgot that; but he is called Clinton, and that name certainly did not belong to his forefathers."

"I was named after De Witt Clinton, a friend of my father's," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"And he went down into Egypt and forgot the ways of his fathers, and his son did likewise," said Mr. Jacobs, smiling.

"I have a Scripture name," said Mary.

"Not altogether, my dear; your name, like the rose among flowers, belongs to all peoples."

"Why did not Mr. Abram come with you? I have a new anthem I wanted to practise with him," said Mary.

"He has gone to New Orleans; but I will play it a great deal better than he."

"I don't know about that," said Mary.

Having finished tea, they adjourned to the parlor. Mr. Jacobs practised the anthem with Mary, who said he played it almost as well as Mr. Abram would have done.

"A father is always willing to be eclipsed by his son," Mr. Jacobs replied. Looking around, he con-

tinued: "All are present. I have a story to tell you. Come here, puss," added he, drawing Louise to a seat beside him, after which he resumed as follows: "Once upon a time, there lived in Paris a noble family in which there were two sons. The eldest inherited the title and estate. Unfortunately, during a residence of some years in the south of Europe, he contracted a passion for gambling, and lost all of the property he could control. As you know, gambling becomes an infatuation, and the desire for money to bet at the gaming-table often leads to crime. It was so with this young nobleman. He was an accomplished scholar and a fine linguist. In an evil hour, he forged a note for ten thousand francs, but the forgery was discovered and the forger imprisoned to await his trial. Being adroit and skilful, he managed to escape. He had to swim a river, and it was reported he was drowned. The body of a man answering his description was found, but the face was past recognition. The forger's brother read the account, and took possession of the property. He had held it but a few weeks when, walking in the grounds late one afternoon, he was accosted by a mendicant, his brother. They had an angry interview. The forger promised never to trouble his brother again, if he would give him twenty thousand francs.

"'I will give it to you,' replied his brother, 'that you may have a chance of being an honest man, not that I place any faith in your word. You dare not present

yourself here openly, and, should you set your foot on the estate again, I will give you up to justice.'

"He went to Alsace, where he married a respectable girl. After awhile he took to gambling again. He lost. Then he worked his passage to America. Crossing the ocean, he fell in with an emigrant family. One of the girls had a pretty sum in her own right; he won her affection, and, when they reached New Orleans, married her. He lived with her until he got possession of her money, when, seeing an old acquaintance and being afraid he would be recognized — for he had left off staining his skin, and his beard had grown again — he quitted New Orleans and went to New York, where he gave private lessons, making use of forged credentials. But things did not go well with him. One day on the wharf he barely escaped meeting the man he had dodged at New Orleans. He then came to Maryland, hoping to get employment as a teacher of languages in a young ladies' seminary. But he dared not again offer his forged papers, so he contented himself with living in the neighborhood, hoping that some heiress would fall in his way. The family letters and papers in his possession gained him admittance to the best society in the vicinity. He professed to be writing the history of the early French settlers in America, and said he had sought his quiet place of residence for economy as well as retirement, as, owing to the prodigality of his brother, the estate had been sequestered and several years must elapse before he

could come into possession. He was a careful reader of the New York papers and saw in one of them that Mr. Bradshaw, of Charleston, had died and left his large fortune to his niece, Louise, who was at boarding-school in Maryland. He immediately, as if by accident, made the acquaintance of this Louise, supposing that she was the heiress."

Mr. Jacobs paused a moment; then, laying his hand on Louise's shoulder, he said:

"My dear, won't you tell us the rest? I know it will be painful, but you are with those who love you, and it is best to talk a painful subject out, and have done with it."

Steadying her voice by a strong effort, Louise said:

"I thank you, Mr. Jacobs, for telling so much. He showed me his family papers, letters and photographs. I saw that the letters were genuine. I did not think to look at the date, and I would not have discovered that he had changed it, if I had. I never thought of doubting him. He was received in the best families in the neighborhood, and all the girls were anxious for his attentions. I know I was very silly to be captivated by a title and the man's accomplishments. I am ashamed to say I did not love him, though I thought I did at the time. I believed, however, that he was deeply attached to me, and I thought it would be such a great thing to marry a real nobleman, and he appeared to be one of the best and noblest creatures in the world."

She stopped, and her face wore an expression of shame and mortification painful to witness.

"What was the matter, my dear, when we found you in the state-room?" asked Mr. Bradshaw.

"He had just come in. His manner changed after we got on the steamer; I was very much troubled and would gladly have been at home again. I told him not to come to my state-room, that I would see him on deck, and I said the same to the captain. But he got in and began talking about not receiving a check he had expected in Baltimore, adding that it would probably reach there the next day, and that, instead of going to France, we must be married at Falmouth and return to the United States in the next steamer, when I could draw a portion of my money. In surprise and fear, I told him I had no money.

"'You can control the fortune your uncle left you,' he said, rudely.

"I replied that no uncle had left me a fortune. Then he took a paper from his pocket and showed me the account of the death of a Mr. Bradshaw, of Charleston, who had left his fortune to his favorite niece, Louise, who was at Emmetsburg. Then I knew that he wanted to marry me just because he thought I had money, and I charged him with it; he admitted it, and said:

"'I have made a pretty good speculation at any rate, for you are handsome. You can go on the stage and give concerts.'

"I told him I should do no such thing, but would return to my friends. Whereupon, he said:

"'You cannot; you will be compelled to marry me, for your character is gone now!'

"Then I grew very angry and told him I would ask the protection of the captain and inform him of everything.

"'You know I am as good and pure as I was this morning when I left home; you have not even kissed me!' I said.

"Then he cried, in a rage:

"'You shall not make that boast!'

"And he sprang towards me, when I pulled out this little stiletto, which he had given me in sport, and which I had stuck in my belt. I would have killed him if he had touched me!"

Louise hid her face in her mother's lap, her frame trembling with emotion, as she struggled for composure.

"You displayed great courage, my dear," said Mr. Jacobs. "That you should have believed that man is perfectly natural, but, with such parents as you have, you should have trusted them, and—"

"Mother," interrupted Louise, excitedly, "I want you and father to know that I never made an appointment to meet him; I refused many times. He caused the meetings to appear accidental. I do not believe that they were so. He said now he could marry, as he was his uncle's heir, whereupon he showed me the letter from the physician urging him to return immediately.

Besides, he appeared so unhappy, and was so anxious for me to go with him that I consented. I thought you would soon hear all about him from Paris." She could say no more.

"He said you were a modest, well-brought-up girl," resumed Mr. Jacobs, "and that you made him wish to be a better man. He requested me to say this to your father, who, he added, treated him like a gentleman."

"How did the officers get on his track?" inquired Mr. Bradshaw.

"The person he saw in New Orleans recognized him. It seems that this individual came in on a vessel loaded with oranges, as the Comte was going on board the steamer, and he hastened to find the officers, for he owed him a grudge. The Comte kept a diary while in New York, and were it published, many young ladies there would hang their heads in shame. He gives in it accounts of meetings in Central Park, at church, and at various other places. Twice he engaged to elope with rich girls, but, when he found he could not get possession of their money, he wrote them the most heart-broken letters, saying he had to leave immediately, owing to the death of a relative, and there it ended."

"The paper said that he escaped. Where did you see him?" inquired Mr. Bradshaw.

"He jumped into the river, but was caught. I wanted to get these," said Mr. Jacobs, laying Louise's watch and chain in her lap. "The Adrian was not

expected to get off before Saturday evening, and he had calculated on being married and drawing Louise's money before she sailed. He had arranged everything —only he had not the right young lady, and the Adrian was on time."

Louise was rising to leave the room, when Mr. Jacobs stopped her.

"Now we have more agreeable matters to discuss," said he, "matters in which you are interested, my dear. Your father is going to Europe on important business with the Rothschilds. He will need a secretary who is acquainted with the modern languages. Would you like that position?"

"Oh! yes," said Louise, eagerly, "if he will take me."

"You will be kept busy answering letters and translating those received," said Mr. Bradshaw, with great seriousness; "you will not be on a pleasure trip, but in a position of responsibility and trust."

"Just try me, father," said Louise, as, leaving her seat, she knelt at his side. "I will take such good care of you. I know I have almost killed you, but I will never grieve you any more, if you will forgive me and grant me this opportunity of proving how dearly I love you."

And, losing all self-control, she gave way to passionate weeping, as her head dropped on his knee.

Tears of sympathy came into every eye, and some moments passed before Mr. Bradshaw could answer.

Raising himself from the sofa, he drew Louise to his side, as, in a tone of indescribable tenderness, he said:

"We all forgive you, daughter, and only regret that you should have had such an experience. And now we will forget all about it, except our gratitude at your escape. Will we not, mother?"

Mrs. Bradshaw had been silent, but in the firm clasp of her hand Louise had felt her support and sympathy; she now said, with feeling:

"Yes, husband. And I am proud that our daughter never forgot the dignity and modesty which always mark the true woman! Your father will take you with him, Louise."

Pale and exhausted, Louise arose and kissed her father and mother; as she was passing Mr. Jacobs with good-night, he placed both his hands upon her head, and blessed her in the Jewish fashion:

"May the blessing of the God of Abram, Isaac and Jacob be upon you!" he said, with great solemnity.

Louise was glad to get to her room, whither she was followed by Mary and Emily, who endeavored to cheer her by talking of the proposed trip. But she was yet in the valley of humiliation and could only say:

"I don't deserve that father should take me."

"But you can be such a help to him, you understand the languages so well, and it will be a great comfort to us at home to know you are with him," said Emily, passing her arm affectionately around her.

"Where should I be now, if it had not been for

you!" exclaimed Louise, suddenly throwing her arms about her cousin's neck.

"You would have escaped from him, because you have sound sense and courage!" replied Emily, gently smoothing the auburn head that rested on her shoulder.

"Yes," rejoined Louise, angrily, as she started up, "I certainly should have escaped, for, when he said I must marry him, I determined to tell the captain everything, and ask him to put me on the first homeward-bound steamer we met."

"Louise, you said down-stairs that you did not love him. How could you ever have thought of marrying him?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"I thought I loved him, and I believed him the noblest and best man alive. Besides, he made me think he would be miserable if I did not marry him."

"Marriage is a solemn thing!" said Mary, thoughtfully.

"Oh! Mary, you are a born saint; you cannot understand such sinners as Louise and myself!" said Emily, merrily, wishing to relieve Louise.

"I wish I could be as helpful as you are, Emily. Mother says you are a very uncommon girl, and that she and father love you as well as they love their own children."

"They have never made any distinction between us," said Emily, with a happy smile.

"I am the useless, troublesome one," said Louise, sadly.

"Your time to be helpful has just arrived," replied Mary. "Neither Emily nor I could be of the use to father that you can be. Girls, you look tired out. We had better go to bed."

A weary, worn-looking group it was. They had been in a state of suppressed excitement since Saturday, and Nature would no longer be denied her rights. With a kiss, Mary left them. Emily and Louise nestled closely together. Louise was the first to fall asleep.

After the girls had quitted the gentlemen, downstairs, Mr. Jacobs said:

"Those are fine girls, and you have brought them up well, Mrs. Bradshaw. We have cause to be thankful for Louise's escape. How little girls know the risk they run. She was as sure she was going to marry a nobleman and an honorable gentleman as you are that you see me this moment. How could she doubt it? You, Clinton, would have examined those papers with the eye of a lawyer, and would have seen that the date had been changed; but you could not expect that of her."

"I can only thank God for her safety!" replied Mr. Bradshaw; "but that diary—did he read it to you?"

"No; he showed it to me, and said he should sell it. I asked him his price, and bought it on the spot. It was worth something to keep such a record from going before the public."

"That Louise should have trusted him, in opposition

to the wishes of her father and myself, is incomprehensible!" said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Why, you see, Louise was perfectly certain you would be satisfied in a few days, when you heard from Paris. Meanwhile, the Comte persuaded her he must go, showed her the letters summoning him home and made her believe he could not endure a separation from her."

"I understand all that, but it does not render the fact less painful," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"To return to your trip," said Mr. Jacobs, addressing Mr. Bradshaw; "we want you to sail on the 20th. To-morrow evening, if you are able, I would like you to meet some of my people. I will call for you at seven o'clock. Now, I must say farewell for the present."

Mrs. Bradshaw accompanied their friend to the door, and asked, anxiously:

"What do you think of my husband's condition?"

"I think he will be benefited in body and mind by this trip. I doubt if travelling merely for health would benefit him. He has too active a brain, and needs mental as well as physical exercise. He has had a terrible shock, and is recovering from it better than I expected."

And, with a warm pressure of her hand, Mr. Jacobs took his departure.

Before she retired, Mrs. Bradshaw went to the girls' room. She was so struck with the picture they

presented that she stepped into the hall and cautiously called her husband. He came up stealthily. She pointed to the bed. The auburn head and the black were in close contact, as Emily's arm encircled her cousin.

"Darlings! How lovely they are!" said Mr. Bradshaw, in an undertone, as he and his wife stole from the chamber.

A few evenings later, Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Bradshaw had a long conversation. The former began with:

"Clinton, do you know why I sent my son to New Orleans?"

"No."

"I sent him there to separate him from your daughter!"

"Mary? You were afraid of an attachment springing up between them, and do not wish him to marry a Christian?"

"I don't know that I would object to the Christian in question. But she would object to him."

"Do you think so? She appeared to enjoy his society."

"True. She was just as much at her ease with him as with me. Did you not notice Sunday night the frankness with which she asked for him?"

"The fact is it is very hard for me to realize that my girls are becoming young women. I wish they could have remained children a little longer."

"Don't you know in whom Mary is interested?"

"No. Do you?"

"Clinton, you are as blind as a bat. It is Huntington. Have you not observed that she never takes a seat beside him? She very seldom addresses him, but she hears every word he says, while he, poor fellow! don't understand her and thinks she is interested in Abram! So I thought it best to send him out of the way, as much for his own sake as that these two might come to an understanding. Mary is my pearl above price, and I shall take care of her; therefore, do not be troubled if she should marry a poor Methodist minister."

"Huntington is a fine fellow. True in thought and deed, he will always occupy a prominent position in his denomination. He is an excellent scholar and a perfect gentleman."

The next morning at eleven o'clock Emily joined her uncle at his office, according to appointment, that she might attend to some business arrangement. He handed her a letter, asking:

"Who is your correspondent? I see the envelope bears the Boston post-mark."

"Henry."

"You still correspond with him, do you? I have had so much pressing upon me lately that I have not thought of him. What is he doing at present?"

"He is assistant superintendent of a branch railway. He obtained the situation through Uncle Lincoln's recommendation. Uncle, how long do you expect to be absent in Europe?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. Have you any particular reason for asking?"

"Only that when you come home, I wish to get a situation as teacher. I would like to go south."

"There is no hurry, my dear, nor do I see the necessity of such a proceeding. Your aunt and I want you."

"You will always say that, but I am anxious to do something for myself."

"That is right. I want you to look after Edward. Where does he spend his evenings? I am sure he has given up his bad habits. During my absence you must keep nothing from me, but write to me about everything. Promise me that."

"I will, uncle; and trust me to do all I can for aunt and the family."

"I do trust you, dear. What a wise head you have on those young shoulders of yours! I find myself talking to you as if you were a mature woman! You are just like your mother."

Louise had suffered keenly, but not, as she admitted, through her affections. The wound to her pride and self-respect, however, was deep and not easily healed. Often, when alone, did she cover her face with her hands in shame, as that interview in the state-room flashed before her; and she resolved that she would devote herself to her duties, and, as far as she could, repay her parents for their leniency and affection.

Mr. Jacobs said Louise must have a maid, for the

sake of appearances as well as convenience. He knew a German woman, who wished to visit her fatherland and would be thankful to go, and he engaged her. Mrs. Fleishman was a capable person, and, when they reached Paris, would send for her cousin to take her place while she visited her friends in Germany.

The 20th came only too soon. Edward promised to attend faithfully to the law and look after the household. His father questioned him as to his habits; his answers were satisfactory, and relieved Mr. Bradshaw of much anxiety.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude and affection, Louise bade farewell to the loved ones at home. Mrs. Bradshaw's fears for her husband's health and her belief that he would return a new man reconciled her to the parting.

Mr. Jacobs invited Mrs. Bradshaw and the girls to accompany him to New York to see the travellers off, but Mrs. Bradshaw declined and the girls would not leave her.

When Mr. Jacobs returned, he gave a cheerful account of the departure. He had accompanied his friends some distance down the Bay, and asserted that Mr. Bradshaw visibly improved with every breath of sea air!

He did not say that he had provided every comfort and luxury for the voyage.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DRUNKARD.

AS Mrs. Bradshaw's attention settled once more on the routine of family duties, she noticed Edward's irregular habits. She saw that he did not come to breakfast until the family had finished, or, more frequently, not at all, and that when with them he appeared restless, moody and out of sorts, and would lie on the sofa, with flushed face and bloodshot eyes, complaining of a headache. When she inquired the cause of his changed appearance and manner, he made some excuse, such as not feeling well, and when she remonstrated with him for keeping such late hours, he answered, rudely:

"I am old enough to know when to go to bed."

After his father's departure, it seemed as if all restraining influences had been removed from him. The usual demoralizing effects of drink showed themselves in his whole bearing, and he grew impatient and irritable. There fell upon the household that feeling of depression, which always accompanies the realization by a family of the fact that one of its members has fallen a victim to intemperance.

Mrs. Bradshaw and the girls ceased to look for him at breakfast, and days would pass without his making

his appearance in the family circle. Emily, however, never retired until he came in. While he engrossed everybody's thoughts, no one spoke of him.

This trouble, added to all that had preceded it, plunged Mrs. Bradshaw into a severe illness. Emily felt the necessity of immediate action and decided to consult with Mr. Jacobs, who she was sure knew of Edward's habits.

Meanwhile a favorable change took place in Edward's conduct. Months passed, and he attended faithfully to his duties. A weight was lifted from all hearts. Suddenly he was missing. It was the fourth day of his absence.

"Any tidings of Edward?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw, as Emily entered the room.

"No, aunt."

There was a moment of silence; then Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"We have waited long enough, if not too long. He has been absent four days; something must have happened to him. He would not of his own accord leave me in this uncertainty."

"What will you do, aunt?" asked Emily, anxiously.

"Advertise and employ detectives to search for him," replied her aunt, excitedly.

Emily was but too well aware of her cousin's habits, and, although he had abstained for three months, she placed no reliance upon him. She knew that at any moment the old appetite might return and would con-

quer. How often do those nearest to us know the least about us! Mrs. Bradshaw believed that Edward had abandoned his evil habits—she had never known their extent—and, while Emily at once attributed his absence to the right cause, such an idea never entered his mother's mind.

Lost in thought, Emily was silent until aroused by her aunt, who said:

"My dear, I want your opinion."

"I think we had better wait until to-morrow, aunt," Emily replied, with much earnestness.

She knew how mortified Edward would feel on seeing his weakness exposed by being advertised as "missing" and having detectives sent in search of him! He must be spared that at all hazards; yet Emily could not make up her mind to explain everything to her aunt.

"We must act in this matter immediately," Mrs. Bradshaw replied, in a tone that admitted of no opposition.

The sound of the dinner-bell was a relief to Emily.

"Go down, my dear," said Mrs. Bradshaw, in her usual gentle tone; "Kitty will bring my dinner to me."

Emily hastened to the sewing-room.

"Kitty," said she, "let me have your waterproof and bonnet. I want to go on an errand. I won't be absent long. Don't tell anybody I am out."

"Very well, Miss, but you had best let me pin up your skirt, for the walking is dreadful muddy."

She was accustomed to Emily's going out in all sorts of weather. Kitty was a staid, respectable girl, who came to Mrs. Bradshaw whenever a seamstress was needed.

Enveloped in the waterproof, with her face concealed in Kitty's close-fitting, shabby bonnet and her hands in woolen mittens, Emily was effectually disguised.

It was a dull, rainy afternoon in December. Walking rapidly through C—— street, Emily entered a thoroughfare in which many drinking-saloons were located. Slowly she took her way down the street, which at that hour was almost deserted. She passed many gilded resorts of the fashionable young men of the city, but did not think it necessary to make inquiries at any of them. She had come four blocks, when, pausing at the corner to decide which way to go, she found herself before a shabby-looking saloon. The thought came to her: "It is to such a place as this that Edward would come; here he would not meet any one he knew, nor would he consider his friends likely to look for him here."

Around the corner there was a private entrance; the door was open, showing a dingy-looking hall, lighted by a lantern in which burned a tallow candle. From this hall a door opened into the bar-room.

Emily hesitated and felt herself trembling. The consciousness that there was no help for her, that she must find Edward, nerved her to knock at the door. A gruff "come in" answered her; she entered, and, walking to the bar, asked:

"Is there a gentleman here, with his right arm in a sling?"

She did not mention his name, thinking that he had probably given a fictitious one.

"Yes, ma'am. You mean Mr. Johnson. He's been on an awful spree, but we took good care of him. Want to see him?

"Yes."

"Here, Jim; show this lady up-stairs, to the back room under the roof."

As he spoke, he roughly shook a red-faced man, asleep on a wooden settee.

"What's up now?" asked Jim, slowly raising himself and rubbing his eyes.

"Mr. Johnson's wife wants to see him. Don't you hear? Wake up."

Jim arose, gave a sharp glance at "Mrs. Johnson," and, taking a tin candlestick in which burned a "dip," he preceded Emily up a steep and narrow flight of stairs.

All the dreadful stories of robbery and murder she had heard returned to Emily's mind as she followed Jim. The glimmer of the candle left the surroundings in uncertainty and darkness, and, when they reached the upper floor, she was completely unnerved by fear.

"He's in there," said Jim, pointing to a door, as he handed her the candle and turned to go.

"Oh! don't leave me until I see if it is he!"

exclaimed Emily, as the idea presented itself to her that the man in the room might not be Edward after all, and even Jim's presence seemed a protection.

"Then you ain't certain it's him?" said Jim, evidently surprised.

Emily entered a low-ceilinged room, with one window on a level with the floor. This was open, and with a shudder Emily closed it. Empty bottles were scattered around. A dilapidated washstand and a broken chair constituted the furniture, together with the bed on which lay Edward, unshaved, with bloated face and bloodshot eyes. Was this the refined, handsome gentleman she had admired but a few days before!

"I have come to take you home, and have brought you some clean clothes. Get up and dress, while I go for a carriage," Emily said, cheerfully.

"Oh! I have been terribly sick, and I thought I should die here by myself!" said Edward.

The tears streamed from his eyes. He was utterly broken both in body and mind.

"Yes, I know; but you'll feel better when you get into the fresh air. Now dress; I will be back in a few minutes."

"But I can't get up!"

And he fell back upon the pillow from which she had raised him. She could do nothing. Taking the candle, she was about to quit the room, when he said, piteously:

"Don't leave me!"

"I must go and bring some one to help you," she replied.

She made her way down-stairs, supporting herself by the balusters. The atmosphere of that room was stifling. The fresh air of the street revived her, and she went to a neighboring hack-stand. Some half a dozen hacks were there. Slowly she passed them, carefully scanning the faces of the hackmen. She halted beside an Irishman, who stood on the sidewalk, staring at her. His honest, kindly face decided her.

"I want to speak with you," she said.

At the sound of her voice, he touched his hat.

"I wish you to take a gentleman home, who has been ill for several days. He must be removed to his residence without being seen."

"Where is he, ma'am?"

"At the corner of St. P—— and C—— streets."

"Where will I be after taking him, ma'am?"

Emily told him.

"Sure, that's only a little way. Get in the kerridge, ma'am. I'll soon have him home."

"You will need some one to help you. I will walk."

"Here, Dick!"

And he beckoned to a friend, who sprang on the box, seeming to understand the situation.

A few moments brought them to the saloon. Emily said she was going into the bar-room for a candle, but the hackman drew her back.

"Don't you be going in there; it's not a place for the loike of you. I'll get a light."

Followed by the hackman and his friend, Emily

again ascended to that miserable room. Now, she felt protected and self-possessed.

"He is here," said she, placing her hand on the door-knob.

The hackman, whose name was Pat, entered; Dick followed.

Emily called after them:

"You will find clean clothes in the package on the foot of the bed. Please fix him up nicely."

"Don't you be troubled, ma'am; we'll do that same," replied Pat, closing the door.

Standing by the window in the narrow passage-way, Emily waited. Without, the prospect was dismal enough. Away down in the street, amidst the rain and the fog, the lamps looked like specks. Within, she heard Pat coaxing Edward:

"Sure, yer honor is a raal gintleman and must look dacent. Didn't I tell yer leddy that I'd do the right thing by ye. Now, Dick, raise him! Whist! wait a minute!"

Opening the door, Pat approached Emily, saying, in a whisper, as he thrust a heavy pocket-book into her hand:

"Put that in a safe place, ma'am."

In a moment more, Pat and Dick appeared with their charge.

"Now, ma'am, you jist go ahead with the light," said Pat. "We must carry him down, for sure the gintleman ain't very strong."

They made slow progress. At last, however, they reached the pavement. While they were getting Edward into the hack, Emily entered the bar-room.

"Does Mr. Johnson owe you anything?" she asked of the barkeeper.

"No, ma'am; he paid up like a gentleman," replied the party addressed. "Won't you take something yourself, ma'am, for you're most gone now!"

Emily was, indeed, "most gone." Everything whirled before her. Seeing that she was on the point of falling, the barkeeper led her to a seat and hastened to get her a glass of wine.

After having drunk the wine, Emily rose to leave.

"What shall I pay you?" she asked.

"Nothing, ma'am. Sure you're welcome to the drop. I hope you'll get your husband safe home; it's a pity to see such a nice gentleman going to destruction!"

"That is a strange thing for you to say!"

"If people didn't get liquor from me, they'd get it from somebody else, and I must have bread for my wife and children."

"Surely, the bread must taste bitter that is earned by leading your fellow-creatures to destruction—to murder—to the gallows!"

The intense feeling expressed in Emily's voice and manner struck a reverberating chord in the man's breast, and, when she extended her hand, saying, "I thank you for your kindness," he felt unworthy to touch it.

"I ain't the man I used to be!" he muttered to himself after Emily's departure. "That gal has stirred me up more than all Gough's lectures and the whole of them temperance chaps put together! Leading my fellow-creatures to destruction—to murder—to the gallows! Yes; that's just what I've been doing, and it's 'bout time for me to stop!"

This was his leisure hour. With his arms behind him and his head bent, he paced the narrow space behind the bar until interrupted by the return of Pat, of whom he asked:

"Where did you take them?"

"To a mighty nice place, I tell ye, and she bean't his wife, neither!"

"You don't say so!"

"I do, though. Jist as we drew up and she got out of the kerridge, a gintleman who was waiting for a ker, he sez: 'How are you, Miss—Oh! there's your cousin!' Jist at that minute the ker come along, and he got in."

"Well, what's their name?"

"I'm not going to tell; I promised her I wouldn't. But didn't she look beautiful, with her big, blue eyes and her pale face, taking care of that big fellow, and he only her cousin!"

"Ain't that better than if he was her husband!" answered the barkeeper, roughly. Then, in a changed tone, he continued: "Pat, I've got news for you. I'm going to break up this shebang, at the end of the month, and try to be a decent man again!"

"Gorry! Ye don't say so! I wouldn't have believed it of ye, Ned Simpson! Give us yer hand on it! By that same token, I'll stop taking the grog meself! Ye shan't beat Pat Mulligan!"

Emily made the best she could of Edward's condition to her aunt. Mrs. Bradshaw listened in silence; she understood much that Emily left unsaid.

"What is the matter with his arm?" she asked, as her niece paused.

"He fell the other night and sprained his wrist. Dear aunt, you look ill; do go to bed and try to sleep!"

Weeks elapsed before Mrs. Bradshaw was able to leave her room.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. JACOBS AND EDWARD.

IN her sick-room, Mrs. Bradshaw was cheered by letters from her loved ones. Her husband wrote that he had entirely recovered. He was pleased with his surroundings. He had been received with consideration by the Rothschilds, and taken into their confidence. His position brought him into pleasant social relations with some of the best European society. He added:

"I find Louise invaluable as a correspondent and in conversation. I have made much progress in French and German, but her fluency and ease put me in the background, and she constantly improves. How true it is 'that out of evil often comes good.' I should fear for her, did I not observe the salutary effects of her late painful experience. I have watched her closely, and I cannot discern that she appreciates the attentions of the young sprigs of nobility who flock around her in any higher degree than those of her own countrymen. I wish you could see her in her pretty, simple French evening toilets. She looks lovely."

Louise wrote more particularly of the entertainments she frequented, and with much brilliancy she described society and manners. She dwelt upon the

improvement in her father's health, and told how superior he was in appearance and manners to any gentleman she had met.

Emily's anxiety concerning Edward kept her on the alert. One night, she heard him enter very quietly. One of her "impressions," as she called them, came over her and she went to his room. It was so still within that she hesitated to enter, and she knew Edward would be angry. But, summoning her courage, she gently opened the door. What a sight met her eye! There sat Edward, his face deathly pale, a bottle before him and a pistol in his hand. Before he was aware of her presence, she seized the poker and knocked the pistol from his grasp. It fell on the bed without discharging.

"What do you mean?" cried Edward, in a rage.

"I wish to speak to you," replied Emily, with a strong effort maintaining her self-possession, "and, having a feminine dread of pistols, I took that method of getting rid of yours!"

"You had better say what you have to say at once, as you won't have another chance!" replied Edward, with sullen determination.

"Do you propose to go on a journey?" inquired Emily.

"Yes, a long journey, one from which there is no return!" replied Edward.

"You mean that you intend to commit suicide?"

"You take it very coolly; I suppose you think it is the best thing I can do."

"Perhaps so, but not here. You have no right to spoil this pretty room, which your mother took such pains to arrange for you. Think of the carpet being stained with your blood and, perhaps, the paper, also!"

"And is that the extent of your thoughts on the subject!" said Edward, angrily.

"No. I think of aunt's outraged feelings. I see the privacy of her home violated by an inquest. I see reporters making inquiries and writing a description of the room. I see them hunting up all the details of your life and spreading them before the public. I see (glancing at a letter addressed to Mrs. Bradshaw,) that you are going to make your exit in the real sensational style! No doubt you have told your mother that you are unfit to live, (I am sorry that is true, but I don't see that you are fit to die!) that you are only a disgrace to your family, (true!) and that you can endure existence no longer!"

"It is useless for you to attempt to ridicule me out of my determination to put an end to this miserable life of mine," said he. "It is plain, however, that there will be no one to mourn for me," he added, sullenly.

"It is too solemn a subject for ridicule. On the contrary, if you don't choose to give up drinking, I think it is the best thing you can do."

"You will soon be rid of me!" he said, angrily, reaching forth his hand to take the bottle, which

contained brandy. But Emily was too quick for him. Seizing the bottle, she opened the window and threw it out, before Edward could divine her intention.

"You seem to need something to keep your courage up to the point," she continued, in a cool, matter-of-fact tone. Edward made an effort to pass her and seize the pistol, but she took possession of it, and, standing at the opposite side of the table, said, firmly: "You shall not blow your brains out in this house! You can easily drown yourself to-morrow at the boat-race, accidentally, of course. If you have any regard for your family, that is the course to pursue. Destroy your letter. Leave your room in its usual condition. Tell some one you will be back at a certain hour, and don't spoil everything by informing some friend of your purpose!"

The expression of Edward's face, while Emily was speaking, would have been a study for an artist.

"Emily Rutledge," he cried, with indignation, when she had finished, "I would not have believed you could be so heartless! My father has supported and educated you. To him you owe all you have in the world!"

"And, therefore, I wish to spare him and his family all unnecessary pain."

"Yet you advise me to commit suicide!"

"You misstate me, as you know. Am I to understand, Edward, that you will not give up drinking?" asked Emily, earnestly.

"I can't give it up! Oh! you don't know how miserable I am! I received a letter to-day that took the last hope out of my life."

"From Martha Perkins?" asked Emily.

"What do you know about her?" asked Edward, rudely, and in evident astonishment.

"More than you know. We have corresponded for some time," replied Emily, quietly.

"Then I may thank you for this letter!"

"I don't know; that depends upon its purport. I wrote to her that I could see no prospect of your doing any better."

Edward pushed the letter towards her, and she read as follows:

"*Dear Edward*: I have just written to my mother, and I cannot lay aside my pen until I write you a few lines, which I trust you will receive kindly, coming as they do from a heart deeply interested in your welfare. I regret to hear that the talisman has lost its charm. Be so kind as to return it to mother. But do be persuaded, Edward, that the habit to which you are addicted not only ruins your health and leads to indolence and prodigality, but also paralyzes the conscience, blunts the moral sensibilities and arrays the soul in hostility against all that is pure and good. I did not suppose, Edward, that your good resolutions were so worthless. I fear you trust too much in your own strength. Ask assistance from God. He alone can

guard you from evil. It is hardly probable that I shall see you again, Edward. Forgive me, if I have been unintentionally presumptuous.

"Your Friend,

"MARTHA PERKINS."

So wrote the sweet Puritan maiden, who, captivated by the handsome face and agreeable manners of the young collegian, had given her innocent affections to him during his stay at Cambridge. Her mother heard of Edward's evil habit, and laid before her what her fate would be as his wife. Unwilling to believe anything against Edward, Martha had written to Emily at the suggestion of Henry Weston, whom Mr. Lincoln had introduced to her father, and to whom she had imparted her anxiety concerning Edward.

While Emily was reading the letter, Edward sat with his face buried in his hands. Closing it, she said, sadly:

"What trouble you have brought upon those who love you. I am glad for Martha's sake that she has finally given you up. As to your not having anything to live for, I should think every manly feeling would urge you to reform, and prove to Martha and to your friends that you are not the weak creature you appear! Edward," she continued, "I came here to-night to tell you that I must inform uncle of your habits. I promised to write him about everything."

"Why are you going to do that?"

"Because it is right. You give no promise even of an attempt at amendment."

"What shall I do? It is of no use for me to promise not to taste liquor again," said Edward, in a tone of despair.

"I know that. But promise me you will not touch it to-morrow."

"I promise."

"Now, you had better try to sleep," said Emily, thankful for being able to induce him to abstain even for one day! What might not be accomplished in a day! She was leaving the room, taking the pistol with her, when Edward said, anxiously:

"You won't write to father about me?"

"Not to-morrow," she replied, as she closed the door.

Emily felt weak and exhausted. She clung to the balusters as she ascended the stairs. On reaching her room, she went to her bureau, locked up the pistol in a drawer and hid the key. As she turned to get a glass of water, everything swam before her. She made an effort to grasp the bed-post, but sank insensible upon the floor.

Two surprises greeted Mary at breakfast. Edward was there and Emily was absent. Mary was struck with Edward's miserable appearance, and gratified at his inquiries concerning her mother. Thinking that Emily had probably been up late, she concluded not to disturb her, and it was after nine o'clock when at last she entered her room. Mary was relieved to find her

cousin sleeping. She quietly closed the door and retired. An hour later Emily awoke with a severe headache. The previous night's experience seemed like a dream. She had a dim recollection of rising from the floor and preparing for bed, but it was some minutes before she could fully realize all that had happened.

"It was ridiculous for me to faint," she thought, for she had no sympathy with many feminine weaknesses, and rather prided herself on not being nervous. Besides, she had never fainted before. She soon joined her aunt and Mary; the former was convalescing, and was an object of great solicitude to the girls. After partaking of her late breakfast, Emily went out on some household errands and to call on Mr. Jacobs. Fortunately, she found the latter alone at his downtown office, and, without reserve, told him all.

"My dear child," said Mr. Jacobs, "as to Edward's habits you have told me nothing new. Nor am I surprised at the affair of last night. You showed both judgment and presence of mind in your dealings with him. There is but one thing to be done, and that is to send him to join your uncle, which I can arrange, as he needs a clerk. Your cousin is doing famously with the correspondence, but she cannot give Clinton all the assistance he requires."

"Oh! Mr. Jacobs, I did not hope for any such good fortune," said Emily, with emotion.

"When can I see your aunt? I must have an inter-

view with Edward as soon as possible. Meanwhile, you must keep him sober. His habits are known, and I must shoulder the responsibility of employing him."

"Aunt will be down-stairs to-morrow, but you can see her at any time."

"The steamer will be in to-morrow with letters; I will bring them up, and be with you at tea. You look ill. The carriage is at the door; tell Saul to drive you home."

With a load lifted from her heart, Emily was driven home. Now, if she could but keep Edward in the house until Mr. Jacobs saw him, all might go well! She entered her aunt's room, her face wearing such a glad expression that she was at once greeted with the question:

"What has happened?"

The change from intense anxiety to certain relief was too much for Emily, and, sitting on the stool at her aunt's feet, she rested her head on her lap and sobbed.

"Don't hurry, dear; I know it is good news," said Mrs. Bradshaw, gently.

Mary looked at her cousin in surprise.

Soon recovering her self-control, Emily told the good news. It was, indeed, welcome. Mrs. Bradshaw had tried to devise some way of sending Edward to his father, believing that that alone could save him, and to have her wish accomplished at once was an unexpected pleasure.

Mrs. Bradshaw knew there must have been some very serious trouble, from the effect produced on Emily, but she asked no questions. She, however, noted the traces of care and anxiety on her young face, and realized that Emily had saved her from some trial.

Edward, for whom Emily watched with feverish impatience, came home to dinner; he looked worse than at breakfast. Without eating anything, he left the table and went to his room. Emily saw that he had kept his promise, and she prepared him something to tempt his appetite. He remained at home during the evening, lying on the sofa.

Early the next morning, she heard him moving about in his room. Making a hasty toilet, she hurried downstairs, and was just in time to lay a detaining hand upon his arm as he was opening the front door.

"Edward, you must renew your promise to abstain from liquor," said she, firmly.

"Don't ask me to do that!" said he, as, letting go the door-knob, he tottered to a chair. "Just let me have one drink, however, and I will promise you not to take another to-day."

"No; I dare not," replied Emily, with decision. She then told him of Mr. Jacobs' purpose of sending him abroad, adding: "With such a prospect before you, can you not abstain? Mr. Jacobs must see you this evening."

"Then I must stay in the house."

He was too wretched even to take interest in going abroad, which had been his great desire.

What a long, tedious day that was to Emily. She was afraid Edward would go out, and kept a constant watch upon him.

The parlor presented a cheerful, homelike look when Mr. Jacobs entered it in the evening. Clad in a soft woolen wrapper and wearing an invalid's cap, Mrs. Bradshaw occupied a large easy-chair, which the girls had insisted on bringing into the parlor for her use. Emily looked the most like an invalid. She was one of those who are exhausted far more by intense feeling than by physical suffering. She had not told her aunt or Mary of that terrible scene with Edward. Mary looked as usual, with an additional shade of seriousness. She realized that something extraordinary had happened to Edward, and, with her habitual faith and patience, awaited the result. Edward, with sunken eyes, pale cheeks, and an elaborate toilet which threw into relief his haggard face and dejected appearance, seemed engrossed with the evening paper, using it as a shield and an excuse for silence. His mother had kissed him affectionately, and had with difficulty restrained an exclamation at the change in his looks. For several weeks, she had seen him only in the dim light of her sick-room.

Mr. Jacobs came early. When the tea things had been removed, he took from his pocket several letters and handed them to Mrs. Bradshaw and Mary.

While they were reading the letters, Mr. Jacobs took a flask from his pocket. He poured a small quantity of its contents into a glass, which he handed to Edward, saying:

"I know your condition exactly. Take the same quantity of this before you go to bed, and again in the morning. I want you to-morrow. Mowbray will take charge of your office. I have hope for you."

Edward answered, with some degree of firmness:

"I will try, Mr. Jacobs, to prove myself strong enough to resist temptation."

"That is right. I don't want any promises."

Mrs. Bradshaw and the girls were deeply interested listeners. The former knew that she could not add to the impression Mr. Jacobs had made, and wisely kept silent. The girls felt so much for Edward that they busied themselves with their letters, and heartily wished they were out of the room.

Mr. Jacobs resumed:

"This is the 12th of December; you will sail on the 18th. That is not too soon, is it?"

"No. The sooner the better," said Edward.

"I am glad you think so," rejoined Mr. Jacobs, well pleased. "We will leave for New York the evening of the 17th. I will need you at the office in the morning about nine o'clock."

"I will be punctual. And now, if you and mother will excuse me, I will retire."

After Edward had left the room, Mr. Jacobs said:

"He knows his own weakness and that is a great point. But what about writing to Clinton, Mrs. Bradshaw? Will you do it, or shall I?"

"Oh! Mr. Jacobs, if you only would," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, eagerly, for, with her illness and the anxiety she had gone through, she was not able to make much exertion.

"Then the girls and I will write by Wednesday's steamer," said Mr. Jacobs, "and to-night I will drop a line to the captain. I shall tell him all about Edward. The sea voyage will restore Edward's strength, and, when he reaches his father, he will find plenty of occupation. Now, Mary, let us have the anthem."

This was a Jewish chant. Mary played it and blended her voice with his in a soft recitative melody which soothed and calmed Mrs. Bradshaw. Then Mr. Jacobs left them.

In due time Edward departed. Mr. Jacobs kept constantly with him until he saw him safely on board the steamer. It was a great relief to the family, when Mr. Jacobs returned and told them he had sailed. He was on the sea, and they could lay their heads upon their pillows, free from that terrible dread which dwells in a home where one of the inmates is a victim of intemperance.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE RETURN.

AFTER Edward's departure, Emily drooped. In answer to the affectionate inquiries of her aunt, she replied: "I am fatigued. That is all."

Mrs. Bradshaw knew her niece had passed through an experience of which she had made no mention, and she insisted that Emily should remain in her own room and in bed. Oh! the comfort of that rest. The young girl felt as if she could lie there forever. Left alone with Aunt Chloie, and knowing nothing was expected of her, that her aunt and Mary were well and that Edward was safe, she gave herself up to repose, and slept until the negro woman became alarmed and sought Mrs. Bradshaw.

"Missus," she said, "dat chile jes sleep all de time. I wakes her up an makes her take some brekus, an fore I is out of de room, she dun gwyne to sleep agin."

"Sleep is the best thing for her," answered Mrs. Bradshaw. "When she awakes give her some beef tea."

"Missus, you dun no what a time dat chile dun hab. She ain't got one nite good sleep dis long wile. She was allus up an a lookin' fur Massa Edward. Bress de Lord! he's gwyne to his fader!"

"I know it, Chloie. She is worn out. We must take good care of her. Give our love to her, and tell her we will not come up to see her, as she must not talk."

"Dat's de truf for you, missus."

And so Emily was left undisturbed.

Mrs. Bradshaw was now herself again, and was more at rest in spirit than she had been for a long period. But, as neither Mary nor herself wished to receive visitors, Yellow Joe (who was installed during Mr. Bradshaw's absence,) was placed in charge of the front door, with instructions to excuse them to every one who did not call on business.

"Missus be all tuckered out, an so be young missus," was his usual explanation. "Dey is much 'bliged to de friens fur dey 'tention, an when dey gets rite well, dey will despond to dem." No one would Joe admit, except Mr. Jacobs. "Ob course, he mus' cum in," said he; "dey is left in his an my kar; Massa Bradshaw say so."

With Mrs. Meredith, whose curiosity was aroused by the sudden announcement of Edward's going abroad, Joe had considerable trouble, upon which he dilated to Jenny, as follows:

"I tell you, Jenny, Massa Bradshaw dun put dis nigger in a very 'sponsible potition. Dat Mrs. Merdith be a rale ole hoss. She ax so many questions, an I hab to open de door jes a little bit, 'cause ef she got her foot inside, she'd be up-stars in a minit, an a talkin' an a talkin'."

Emily was feeling wonderfully refreshed when her aunt came in to see her, having been informed that she was up and seemed better. Mrs. Bradshaw noticed that she had not yet entirely recovered, and again she thought: "What could it have been?" She went to a drawer to get Emily a pocket-handkerchief, and her hand rested upon the pistol. Emily said, quickly: "Not in that drawer, aunt." Mrs. Bradshaw at that moment was summoned below to see Mr. Jacobs, and, as she thoughtfully descended the stairs, she determined to ask him why he had so suddenly sent Edward abroad.

"What is it, my dear friend?" asked Mr. Jacobs, his quick eye detecting the shade of anxiety on Mrs. Bradshaw's face.

"I am sure there was some especial reason for Edward's leaving so suddenly, and that Emily had something to do with it; I wish you to tell me what it was," she replied, in the tone of one who had a right to know what she demanded.

Mr. Jacobs informed her of everything, adding:

"Emily was very anxious to keep it from you, so please don't let her know that she failed."

"I will not. Have you written to Clinton about it?"

"No. I intended to tell you both on your husband's return, when the affair would be too far in the past to cause you anxiety. Rest assured that Edward will never again think of suicide!"

"I am of your opinion," replied Mrs. Bradshaw,

thoughtfully. "What a scene that was in which Emily participated!"

"Yes, and what remarkable judgment she displayed! I question whether you or I could have done as well," said Mr. Jacobs, as he rose to depart.

Weeks elapsed before Mrs. Bradshaw would allow Emily to leave her room. Meanwhile, the news of Edward's arrival at Havre and Mr. Bradshaw's cheering account of his condition had brought relief to all.

Edward improved so much during the voyage and reached Havre looking so well that his father and Louise, who met him there, were agreeably surprised.

The father and son had a long and perfectly frank conversation, as they walked on the quai. The following day they went to Paris. Edward was much gratified at the position his father held and at the respect accorded him. He thought with acute pain of the anxiety and trouble he had occasioned him. With a subdued spirit, he set earnestly to work, and soon made himself thoroughly acquainted with his duties as confidential clerk. He declined even a glass of wine, to the surprise of the French gentlemen into whose society he was thrown. They, however, had too much courtesy to urge him to drink.

Edward's firmness was an infinite relief to Mr. Bradshaw, and the letters that reached home continued to bring joy and gladness to the little family group. Mr. Jacobs had private sources of information, from which the reports were equally satisfactory.

Edward was often tempted and his resolution severely tried, especially by his American friends, who kept a private stock of liquor on hand, but, at such times, the thought of Emily would come into his mind and strengthen him.

"No wonder Emily despised me!" he thought with a sigh and also with a hope. "I suppose she and Martha correspond."

He knew Emily was truthful and just, and would gladly make a favorable report of him, if she could do so conscientiously. He confided to his father all his trials, and in him found strength and help until his naturally strong constitution recovered its tone and he ceased to crave stimulants. This was the work of time.

His struggles and victory developed an independence and a force of character, in which he had been regarded as deficient. There also came to him a dignity of bearing, which can only exist where there is true self-respect. The father and son were together like brothers. Their fine personal appearance, combined with Louise's grace and beauty, caused the trio to be cordially welcomed in the best class of French society.

Indirectly, Mr. Bradshaw had taken pains to let it be known that he was poor. He was led to this more particularly by the desire that there should be no mistake in regard to Louise. His establishment was simple. His coachman and footman were without liveries. His official entertainments, which were given at the expense of the Rothschilds, were, however, of

the most sumptuous description. But his friends liked most to meet him *en famille*, where Louise presided with dignity and grace.

Louise did not venture in the street without her *bonne*, Mrs. Fleishman's cousin, who had joined them before that pleasant, useful person went to visit her friends in Germany.

Crossing the ocean, Edward had found a very agreeable companion in Mr. Burbank, whom he had met at Mr. Perkins'. That gentleman had observed Edward's love for Martha, and had suspected the cause of his dismissal. They became excellent friends while on board the steamer, and, when they parted, it was with a promise from Mr. Burbank to visit Edward as soon as he reached Paris.

Mr. Burbank landed at Falmouth, and passed several weeks in England before crossing the Channel. On reaching Paris, he gladly kept his promise, and received a cordial welcome from Mr. Bradshaw and Edward. The former was pleased that his son should have a companion of such fine character and cultivated taste, and Mr. Burbank soon became a daily visitor, accompanying them in their excursions to Versailles, St. Cloud and elsewhere. Mr. Bradshaw's close relationship to Mrs. Lincoln gave Mr. Burbank a home feeling with them, which was very pleasant. He told them many anecdotes of Emily. Mr. Bradshaw was greatly amazed at his description of her when saying her lessons, and of her dignified demeanor generally.

At a ball given by one of the old French noblesse, Louise was introduced to the Count de Choiseul. The name startled her; she was thankful that she did not waltz, and could, therefore, decline his invitation. He brought back all the humiliation of her terrible experience, and as soon as an opportunity offered, she asked her father to take her home. After that evening, she met the Count constantly. Finding that she could not avoid him, she endeavored to overcome her dread. She found him an agreeable, intelligent and cultivated gentleman. He was considered an excellent catch, and was much sought by mammas. Mr. Bradshaw made inquiries about him, and learned that he was a young man of good character and fair attainments. His resemblance to his brother in person, as well as in those tricks of expression and manner which are apt to run in families, rendered associating with him very painful to Louise. Hence she was thankful when they were called to Frankfort.

They had been comfortably settled there but a few days, when the Count de Choiseul was announced. He asked for a private interview with Mr. Bradshaw, and they retired to the library. The Count made a formal demand for Louise's hand, expressing his willingness to dispense with any dowry on her side and his intention to make ample settlements.

Mr. Bradshaw was not surprised.

"Monsieur," said he, "I do not think my daughter has any affection for you."

"Will you not use your authority? I understand she is not engaged, and she cannot have any objection to me."

"No objection, except the very decided one that she has no particular regard for you, Monsieur."

"Oh! that will come in time. She will like her position. All the American ladies like to be countesses."

"You may find there are exceptions. I am certain my daughter will not favor your suit, and I would advise you to let the matter drop."

"Oh! Monsieur, fathers do not always know their daughters."

"If you insist, I will tell my daughter of your proposal."

Mr. Bradshaw informed Louise. She was greatly annoyed, and refused to consider the proposition for a moment. When Louise's decision was made known to the Count, he was by no means satisfied. Wishing to end the affair, Mr. Bradshaw told him that he could see Louise if he desired. This was a new departure for the Frenchman, but he gladly seized the opportunity of pleading his own cause, and Louise was summoned. Her unembarrassed and decided refusal was a surprise to the Count.

"But, Mademoiselle, am I so unfortunate as to be disagreeable to you? You will like the position of Madame la Comtesse. I lay myself and my fortune at your feet."

"I am sorry, Count, but I cannot accept."

"Mademoiselle, surely you have not reflected upon the position I offer you, a position which your beauty and grace will adorn," persisted the Count, to whom her refusal was unaccountable.

"I have as good a position at home," replied Louise, composedly.

It was needless to contend with this young American girl, who refused him as coolly as though she were an empress. There was nothing for him to do but to accept the inevitable. The next morning he returned to Paris.

With those at home the time passed quietly. Mrs. Bradshaw's conversational powers had developed amazingly in her husband's absence. Mary gave Emily music lessons, and the twain were making a regular review of their studies. The Shakspearean Club met at their house once a week, and the French Conversational Class also. Then the Musical Club took up another evening. Mrs. Meredith was much exercised in mind. She said to herself:

"How *does* Mrs. Bradshaw ever expect to marry those girls; I cannot understand why she keeps them out of society, now, when they look their prettiest. I thought young Howard was quite taken with Mary at one time, and I really believe she might have caught him, if her mother had had one particle of tact!"

Mr. Huntington was a frequent visitor. He was stationed at the Light Street Church, to which all the fashionable people of Baltimore went to hear him

preach. Emily received most of his attention, though Mary's music always delighted him.

Emily had made excellent progress in French and music. Her English education was thorough, and she was a capital Latin scholar. As the spring advanced, she became anxious for her uncle's return, that she might be at liberty to get a position in which she could turn her acquirements to account.

Thus time wore on. The travellers, with the exception of Edward, were to return in June, and, with joyful excitement, the family awaited their coming. When one bright, beautiful morning they arrived, the mutual expressions of surprise and admiration would have amused an observer. When they had parted, each was oppressed with anxiety for the other, and, though unmentioned, a nameless dread had hung over all in regard to Edward. The change in Mr. Bradshaw was the most striking: his fine form had regained its fulness, his complexion was healthy and his step firm.

"You see, wife, I have grown young again," he said, merrily.

"Ah! you can't cheat Father Time! I see more gray hairs than ever!" replied his wife, as she pushed back the locks from his temple.

"That is because I have not had a French barber for ten days. Is it not, Louise?"

"Yes, mother; you should have seen him when he came from Monsieur Dedier's hands!" replied Louise.

She had recovered her buoyancy; and her mother

soon noticed that she was no longer indifferent to home affairs. She had, besides, acquired self-possession and a womanly dignity of bearing. Edward also was much improved, if the accounts and photographs of him were not too flattering.

Mr. Jacobs was rejoiced to have his friends back again. He joined them in a trip to the White Mountains, where the family passed the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw endeavored to dissuade Emily from teaching, but in vain; she had made up her mind to go south, if but for a year or two, and reluctantly her relatives consented. At the White Mountains she met a southern lady, with whom she contracted as a teacher for her children, promising to be with her in October, at her plantation, called "Magnolia," on the Mississippi river.

CHAPTER XVII.

EMILY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

OCTOBER came, and Emily took her departure with Mr. Meredith, who was going west on business. At Cincinnati he would see her on board the steamboat, and place her under the care of the captain, who would land her at "Magnolia."

With the hopeful, joyous spirit of youth saddened for the time by leaving those she loved, Emily said farewell. She was about to fulfil the promise she had made to herself in her girlhood, and, to one of her disposition, this of itself was a gratification.

Edward, as already stated, remained abroad. He represented the interests of Mr. Jacobs and his friends, and was paid handsomely for his services; besides, he was correspondent for two journals, one in London, and the other in New York. It was his design to travel extensively in Europe and Asia, before he returned home. His gentlemanly bearing and honorable conduct had gained him the esteem of the Rothschilds, who had requested him to keep them advised of his movements, as they might have occasion to employ him. Edward intended to write to Martha after the expiration of a year. Though he would not ask it of Emily, he yet hoped and believed that she would keep Martha informed of his constant improvement.

Mary retained her position as organist, and Louise had commenced giving lessons in the languages in one of the fashionable schools. The sisters were also gratuitously teaching two young girls, who were anxious to learn music and French, but had not the means to pay for the requisite instruction.

To her cousins' remonstrances when she had resolved to leave them, Emily replied:

"Do you suppose I could be idle while you are so busy?"

Emily enjoyed the trip. She and Mr. Meredith reached Altoona in the early morning. The view was of exceeding beauty. The rising sun had dispelled the mist which had hung over the mountain, but it rested in the valley, where the tree-tops, in their gorgeous autumn foliage, were just visible above it, in brilliant contrast to that soft, billowy cloud, which looked like a sea of foam. Off to the right, the Horseshoe curve girdled the mountain; and the engine, defying nature, groaned, plunged and shrieked, as it rushed on, at headlong speed, to do man's bidding.

At Cincinnati, Emily took passage on the Diadem. Captain Rowe, the commanding officer, was an old friend of Mr. Meredith's, and an agreeable and pleasant gentleman.

In those days, a river trip to New Orleans was a continuous fête, and the captains of the fine steamboats vied with each other as to who should have the gayest party on board. The large saloon of the

Diadem, with its rich carpet, elegant mirrors and gorgeous upholstery, when brilliantly lighted in the evening, made one forget that one was *en voyage*, but, rather, suggested the idea of an evening party, an illusion which the ladies kept up by appearing in handsome toilets.

With music and dancing, the time passed joyously to those within. Was it not equally joyous to those without? As in couples they slowly paced the deck in the moonlight, the strains of music came to them, softened by the distance, and harmonized with the rippling of the waters, as the steamboat ploughed her way through them. The surroundings disposed youths and maidens to sentiment, and many a flirtation begun in sport ended in an engagement.

Neither in the dancing nor the flirtations did Emily take part. As the distance increased between her and those she loved, a feeling of depression came over her, and, there being no spur to effort, she abandoned herself to her thoughts. In the evening, she sat on deck wrapped in her cloak, and while enjoying the varying scene — the lights on the shore, the signal-fire at the wood-yard, the passing steamboats with their friendly greetings—occasionally catching a sentence, as a couple of promenaders paused to look out upon the water, where the moonlight silvered the waves, memory carried her back to her beloved home, and she almost regretted her persistency in leaving it. Nor was Henry forgotten.

Captain Rowe often sought her out, and endeavored to lead her to join in the gayety of the saloon, but in vain. He frequently wished to introduce her to some admirer, for her beautiful form and fine, expressive face, illumined by her large, liquid blue eyes, together with her graceful carriage, caused her to be much noticed. The fact, too, that those attractions were to be buried on a plantation, while that vivacious temperament and that quick sensibility were to be subjected to the dull routine of a governess' life, excited interest, not to say compassion.

Notwithstanding her usually gay spirits and apparent frankness, Emily was really reserved; of herself, her fortunes and her feelings she seldom spoke. Giving generous sympathy to others, her reticence in regard to herself was unnoticed. She made some pleasant acquaintances on board, among them a lady who was acquainted with the family at "Magnolia," and who thought the young girl had hardly force enough for such a position as she was to fill.

It was at sunset that the Diadem passed the famous city of Cairo, with its dilapidated dwellings and its few store-houses, and entered the Mississippi. What a sunset! The cloud-mountains were of a deep crimson hue, while in the valleys there floated islands of purple and gold. Every tint from earth and sky was reflected in *La Belle Rivière*. For a long distance the two streams refuse to mingle. The dark, turbid Mississippi keeps on his separate way, while the clear, placid

Ohio, in maidenly dignity, holds herself aloof until juxtaposition and proximity result, as usual, in union. Then the Ohio loses her lovely, tranquil character and is absorbed in the stormy and turbulent career of her spouse.

As they came into a more southern latitude, and exchanged the rich autumn foliage, which gave such beauty to the Ohio, for the fresh verdure of the Father of Waters, thick clothing became oppressive, and Emily realized, for the first time, that she was going south. The river being low, the Diadem was frequently aground. At one time, finding they would have to wait until a steamboat of less draught came to their assistance, the gentlemen went hunting, and invited the ladies to a pic-nic dinner of game on shore. The next day the Pearl came down the river and pulled off the Diadem, and for twenty-four hours the latter continued her way uninterruptedly, when, finding that she was getting into shallow water, the captain ordered all the passengers and baggage into the lighter. This order occasioned much laughter. It was just after dinner, and many were resting. But time was precious, and, amid merriment and fun, they were crowded into the lighter. The ladies were in their wrappers, with veils and parasols, and the gentlemen in their dressing-gowns and slippers. One gentleman brought his dressing-case, another his boot-jack and another his life-preserver as baggage. Every discomfort was accepted with good-humor. A few days more or less mattered little to that pleasant party.

One dark, drizzly night, a loud crash startled the sleepers, and, amid shrieks and screams, there was a rush into the ladies' cabin in every variety of toilet. Miss Gilmore, whose natural ringlets were much admired, several of them being put away carefully in the breast-pockets of young gentlemen, appeared with her hair in curl papers; and her friend, Miss. Warren, whose luxuriant braids were the envy of all the ladies, was, like Samson, suddenly shorn of her locks; while the interesting Mrs. Caldwell, who was suffering from nervous prostration, and did not rise until noon, and then only to recline upon a sofa in a becoming wrapper, rushed from her state-room in a red flannel gown, with a heavy valise in one hand and an ebony dressing-case in the other, and insisted that the captain should put her on shore instantly!

Nor did the lords of creation evince that perfect self-control and dignity of demeanor, with which they are supposed to meet every emergency. Their hurried demands upon the captain for valuables put into his hands for safe-keeping would have distracted any man, except a western steamboat commander! He would have been seized and dragged to his office and forced to open his safe, had he not drawn a pistol and told them not to behave like a pack of fools!

One individual, determined to secure his treasure, lowered one of the boats and put in it his small bundle and a demijohn of whiskey; he was about jumping in himself, when the captain caught him by the collar and

flung him to the other side of the deck. He sprang to his feet, shouting, "Whar's my whiskey?" Alas! that had been captured by the hands on the lower deck!

A Hoosier in a yellow flannel cap, with his manly form enveloped in a blanket, demanded, with vehement gesticulations, that he should be saved, as his life was insured! He threatened the captain with the dire vengeance of the life insurance company, should any harm come to him! His grotesque appearance and the absurdity of his demand restored confidence by the merriment they occasioned.

Emily felt her side of the boat go down, and knew some accident had happened. The noise in the ladies' cabin determined her to remain in her state-room, though she was forced to brace herself in her berth to maintain her position. She closed her eyes, and grasped the pillow, knowing it to be a life-preserver. She judged that the captain had too much on his mind to think of her, and there was no one on board to whom her life was of any consequence. Her prevailing idea was that she must not lose her self-possession.

Suddenly her state-room door was opened.

"You here?" said the captain's cheery voice. "Glad you are not frightened out of your wits, like the rest of them!"

"What is the matter?" asked Emily.

"Oh! nothing much; the guard went to sleep, and we ran against a snag that tore off the wheel-house—

that's all. We are making for the shore, and will have it spliced up in short order. It's near daylight, and there's no danger—go to sleep!"

With the happy confidence of youth, Emily dismissed all fear, and, as the boat was righted somewhat, she was soon asleep.

The Diadem put in at the first place where there was sufficient depth of water for her to land. It was a desolate region, but most of the passengers went ashore to examine a strange looking tenement near the river. It was built of pickets placed closely together, was roofed with plank and was entirely open in front. Within it sat a woman engaged in sewing! In the wilderness, indeed! A little distance back the explorers came to a "clearing," in which stood a house of two rooms raised from the ground on four blocks. The party climbed over several steps, and peeped through the rails, such as we generally find before a pig-sty. Two turkeys sprang up and fluttered away, and a hen went cackling off her nest. The furniture was of the most primitive character. The bedstead was a fixture, its four posts being nailed to the floor, while the straw bed and the covering were airing on the fence. On a rough shelf were several plates, two tin cups, a broken teapot, a salt cellar and a tin pepper box.

The woman in the shanty by the river was the presiding genius of this home. She looked fever and agueish. Emily asked:

"Where is your husband? Are you not lonesome?"

"No; I ben't lonesome. The man's gone to get vitils," replied the woman.

Emily suggested to the captain that he should give this creature some rations.

"I am glad you thought of it," he said, and he sent one of his men back to bring "anything he could find."

The woman received the bread and bacon which were brought with supreme indifference. The captain replied to Emily's disappointed look with:

"I expect she thinks we are very troublesome!"

Several rails were taken from the fence without saying "by your leave," but the captain threw five dollars into the woman's lap. The wheel-house was "spliced," and the Diadem was ready to proceed, although she limped considerably.

"Captain," asked Emily, "do you think she is safe?"

"Yes," he replied; "if the ropes don't give way, I reckon she will last till we get to New Orleans. But I wouldn't bet on her for a race!"

The bell of the Diadem summoned the stragglers to return, but some minutes passed and they did not put in an appearance. Chafing at the delay, the captain ordered:

"Ring again, and if they don't come in three minutes, put off."

The sound of his voice had not died away when the loiterers came in sight, laden with flowers.

At Bayou Sara, an old woman and her son came on board from a Red River settlement. They were the most uncouth looking mortals Emily had yet seen. The mother was attired in a bright orange-colored dress, and wore a red crape shawl. The son had sandy hair and a freckled face — such freckles! Nankeen pantaloons, faded in spots, and a striped roundabout adorned this tall, lank youth of nineteen. This had evidently been his "Sunday-go-to-meeting suit" for several years, as the youth protruded from it considerably. Neither had seen a steamboat before. The old lady was afraid to walk across the saloon, putting forth her hands to clutch at everything near her. Emily's endeavors to encourage her so won the old woman's heart that she asked if she might sleep in the lower berth in her state-room.

She retired early. In a few moments she called Emily. She was in a state of great excitement. Her money was gone—fifteen thousand dollars, for which she had sold her Red River farm! She had placed it beneath her pillow and it was no longer there.

Emily sent for the captain, who used some energetic language while asking the old woman why she did not give it to him—a question which amazed her! Emily pointed to the son, whom she saw in the distance at a card-table, with two well-dressed men. One glance was enough for the captain.

"I understand it all," said he; "you shall have your money back!"

Going to the social hall, he closed the folding-doors. What ensued he afterwards told Emily.

"I got my pistol," said he, "and I placed Black Jim behind one of them fellows, while I stood behind his partner. I clutched my man, crying: 'Give up that money or I'll blow your brains out! Don't one of you stir!' He tried to bluster, but I held on and said: 'None of your talk, but shell out, every mother's son of you!' And, sure enough, they did shell out every cent, except the last two hundred dollars that was at stake! I made them count it, every dollar!"

"You then put them on shore?" asked Emily.

"Yes; I made them get in the boat, and threw in a loaf of bread, and the boys rowed them to shore. A mighty lonesome looking place it was. I reckon they will have to wait one while before a boat comes along to take them off."

This had been done so quietly that but few of the passengers were aware of it.

The hands had known of such summary justice being dealt out before, and the gamblers heard many jokes at their expense before they reached land.

The old woman was rejoiced to get her money back, and scolded her son severely. She was reluctant to allow the captain to take it in charge, and it was only when Emily said that she would not have it in the state-room that she was induced to part with it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PLANTATION LIFE.

WHEN Emily left New England, she promised Henry she would keep a diary, and mail a copy of it to him once a week, he agreeing to do the same. When she decided to go south, this promise was renewed. While on the Diadem, she had not been able to write with any degree of satisfaction, and it was not until the day after her arrival at "Magnolia" that she found a leisure hour to devote to him. She wrote:

"It was a long journey here, but I enjoyed it. Everything was new and interesting to me. It was midnight when the Diadem stopped at 'Magnolia.' Sad and depressed as I felt, I was struck with the exceeding beauty of the scene. The white pillars of the dwelling gleamed through the foliage of the China and orange trees. All was calm and peaceful. The intense stillness was broken only by the impatient puff of the engine which seemed to chide at the delay, while over all the full moon cast her softened light.

"Captain Rowe escorted me to the house. We were soon admitted, and I shook hands with him, without even thanking him for all his kindness. I could not — I dare not — trust myself to speak. He

was the last link that bound me to home, for he is a friend of Mr. Meredith's, and would see him on his return to Cincinnati. He took his way back to the steamboat, while I was ushered into a large, dreary hall by a sleepy looking servant girl who had a candle in her hand. She showed me into a room on the first floor, where several children were sleeping. The appearance of the apartment was not prepossessing, as I surveyed it by the dim light the girl's candle afforded. Struck with the discomfort and astonished at finding things so different from what I had been promised—for it had been stipulated that I should have a room to myself—I asked:

"'Did not Mrs. Ferguson expect me?'

"'Yes, miss; but your room is not quite ready.'

"The girl left me, and, somewhat reassured, I prepared to retire.

"I had just finished my toilet, this morning, when Mrs. Ferguson came to my door. She welcomed me cordially, and I accompanied her to the breakfast-room, where I was introduced to the family. Mr. Ferguson, who is considerably older than his wife, is a very large, fine looking man; their grown-up daughter, who is about my age, is a tall, handsome girl with regular features and graceful address. My five pupils, four of whom are girls, are pretty children.

"But I must close this brief letter, as I have an opportunity of sending it to the city, and another chance may not offer for a week. To-morrow, I will begin my diary."

Emily was much interested by the new phase of life presented to her on the plantation, which had a working force of eight hundred negroes. She gave her impressions and experiences in her diary, as follows:

Sunday. The quarters consist of two rows of cabins, separated by a green extending their entire length. The children's house is in the centre and the overseer's house at the head, with the hospital opposite. The blacksmith shop and the rest of the workshops are at the other end, while the sugar-house stands some distance off. A cabin is composed of two rooms below and a loft above. Attached to it is a small plot of ground in which the negro inhabitants raise potatoes, cabbages and melons. The rations the blacks receive consist of bacon and corn meal. They also raise poultry, which they sell to their mistress, who gives them the market price in anything they want from the storeroom, which is stocked with such goods as they are likely to need; or, if they prefer it, they are paid in money. The planter gives his slaves only their working clothes, which are made of the strongest materials. They consist of two red flannel shirts, four pairs of pantaloons, four thick unbleached cotton shirts, two jackets, and a pair of shoes in winter. This is a year's clothing; it is given out one half in the spring and the other half in the autumn.

Thursday. This is the busy season, when the result of the year's labor is realized and the sugar is made.

You know the process. The sugar-house is very attractive to me. When seated there, I feel as if I could remain for hours. The odor of the boiling cane juice, the soft atmosphere and the monotonous noise of the engine produce a feeling of repose that is indescribable. The occasional cry from the engineer, "Fire up there!" and the unintelligible response of the fireman do not disturb but, in some mysterious way, seem to harmonize with my musings. The appearance of Ned, in his red flannel shirt, as he throws the wood into the fiery furnace beneath the boilers, is exceedingly picturesque. How the sparks fly!

I like to be there when they "strike the battery," that is when the boiling juice reaches the culminating point and granulates. The engine pauses for a moment. A general shout goes up as the liquid sugar is rapidly thrown off into the trough, through which it is conveyed to the vats in the adjoining room, called the "purgery," where it cools and is drained; the drainage is sugar-house molasses. The cane, when peeled and cut into thin slices, is quite pleasant to the taste, though rather too sweet for me. A box of it is considered a suitable present to send to a lady friend in the city.

During the "grinding season," the fire is not allowed to go out in the sugar-house. The engine does not stop; a portion of the hands sleep while the others are cutting cane, as the cane-carrier must be supplied. The negroes appear to enjoy it. All night you can hear them singing their plantation songs. I suppose

they like the excitement. They and the other "stock" grow fat during the "grinding season," though all are severely taxed. The horses and mules feed on the begasse, that is the cane after it has passed through the mill. It contains much saccharine matter. Those suffering with pulmonary diseases are recommended to live in the sugar-house during "grinding." The atmosphere there is regarded as healing to the lungs. A gentleman from the west, who has the consumption, engaged board at an adjoining plantation for the winter, stipulating that he should have a bed in the sugar-house while they were making sugar; and, with his books, he stays there, only going to the mansion for his meals.

Monday. While in school, this morning, we heard in the distance the sound of many voices, singing. William, one of my pupils, sprang up, nearly upsetting the table in his haste, exclaiming: "They have finished 'grinding!' Come, Miss Rutledge!" And he rushed from the room accompanied by the others. There was nothing for me to do but to follow them to the front gallery, from whence we could see a long line of negroes, marching down the lane and keeping step to the music of their song. They turned from the lane into the public road bordering the levee, from whence they entered the front yard. Then we had a full view of the procession. It was headed by a stalwart negro, bearing aloft a huge stalk of cane, to which was attached, as a flag, a bright bandana handkerchief.

The hands followed in single file, carrying their cane-knives. They marched around the mansion, singing:

"We'se made five hunder hogshed, Oh! massa, Oh! missus;
We'se made five hunder, dis yar!
We'se worked mighty hard, an' we couldn't work no faster;
Five hunder hogshed clar!
Oh! massa, Oh! missus, what you gwyne to gin us,
What you gwyne to gin us, dis yar?"

The black children and all joined in the refrain. The song seemed interminable. They improvised it as they sang.

Having made the circuit of the dwelling, they stopped at the side-door, where Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson stood to receive them, while the rest of us crowded in behind them. Mrs. Ferguson addressed the negroes. She told them that they ought to have made more; that Monsieur Bienville had made five hundred and fifty hogsheads, and Monsieur Choutard six hundred. The leader replied, stating the different quality of the land, etc. I stood on a chair, from which I had a good view of the motley throng. Some were brandishing their cane-knives, and very formidable looking weapons they were, too, while the faces of many were sullen and forbidding. Everything they could pick up had been called into requisition to serve as flags and streamers, and handkerchiefs, aprons, old pieces of ribbon, etc., waved in every direction. The negroes were treated to a glass of whiskey each, which seemed to be all they expected, and they quietly departed. I don't wonder that they are kept under such strict guard. There is

a mounted patrol, consisting of the young gentlemen of the coast, who are on duty at night; and two watchmen are appointed by the overseer every evening, one to be on guard until midnight when the other takes his place. These watchmen are responsible for everything in the yard, which is enclosed with a fence. Within this enclosure is the beautiful lawn, which extends to the fence separating it from the road. In the rear of the dwelling are the fig trees, the dairy and the poultry-yard.

Emily thought she wrote all that was necessary to Henry, but unconsciously she kept her troubles to herself. She had some very trying experiences with her pupils, but she saw that she was gaining influence over them, and that they improved mentally as well as in their demeanor.

Emily was much admired; her entire freedom from vanity and self-consciousness added to her attractions. At home in Baltimore, Mary was called "the beauty," though many considered that Louise had equal claims to that distinction, but Emily had never been so classed. So far as she herself was concerned, since her Aunt Lincoln had spoken of her as "homely," she had not indulged in any extravagant ideas in regard to her personal appearance. Being fond of books and study, she gave her time and thoughts to them. She was anxious to fit herself to be a companion to Henry. She knew he thought her "beautiful," and, though she

smiled at the idea, it was very agreeable to her, nevertheless.

Emily had heard a great deal said of the cruelty of a French planter in the neighborhood. Terrible stories were told of him. He had, according to report, put out the eye of one of his slaves and knocked two teeth out of another's mouth. She had a dread of him, and would not believe Mr. Ferguson when he told her that, should she meet him, she would be charmed with his manners and conversation.

One day, as she was dismissing the children at recess, Mrs. Ferguson asked her to go down and receive two gentlemen, who had sent up their cards for her also.

Emily had been little in society, and it was embarrassing for her to go down alone, as she was acquainted with but one of the gentlemen, and her acquaintance with him was very slight. Besides, she was in her school-room dress. But Mrs. Ferguson, with the tact of a woman of the world, overruled all her objections. There was no help for it, and Emily went down. After a pleasant word with Mr. Choutard, the latter presented Mr. Labrot. Not thinking of herself, and having no particular desire to please, Emily was her natural, unaffected self; she was engaged in an interesting conversation with Mr. Labrot when, in a finished toilet, Lucille, Mrs. Ferguson's daughter, entered, causing Emily to feel very insignificant in her school-room attire, which up to that time she had forgotten.

In the change of positions, incidental to Miss Ferguson's entrance, Mr. Labrot drew nearer to Emily and resumed the interrupted conversation. Emily, who was quick in catching expressions, saw at once that Miss Ferguson was not pleased at Mr. Labrot's attention to her. She had directed a servant to ring the school-bell at one o'clock, and was anxiously listening, hoping it would sound, when Miss Ferguson turned to her and said:

"Miss Rutledge, I wish you would pull the bell."

Now, the bell-cord hung much nearer to Miss Ferguson and Mr. Choutard than to Emily, who was more amused than annoyed by this display of temper. She said, pleasantly:

"I think the bell-cord is nearest to you, Mr. Choutard."

Coloring with vexation, Miss Ferguson said, "Excuse me," as she put out her hand and pulled the cord.

Emily thought she perceived a smile hovering around Mr. Labrot's moustache. Determined now to bide her time, she chatted with him in her usual easy manner. Still, the sound of the school-bell was a relief.

She heard the gentlemen drive off, and, a few moments after, left the parlor with a feeling of satisfaction.

At dinner the visitors were mentioned, and Emily frankly expressed her admiration of Mr. Labrot's agreeable behavior and interesting conversation. Great was her surprise on learning that he was the

man of whose ill-temper and brutality she had heard so much. The charm was dispelled at once with Emily. Not so with Miss Ferguson. That young lady said, sententiously:

"I have no doubt the negroes deserved all they got. They are so provoking. Mr. Labrot is just the man to manage them, and I am sure he is a perfect gentleman."

"I cannot imagine a gentleman either knocking a man's eye out or kicking his teeth out! A person who does such things is called a rough, is he not, Mr. Ferguson?"

That gentleman smiled and nodded assent. Miss Ferguson said, sarcastically:

"Mr. Labrot would certainly feel much mortified, did he know your opinion of him, Miss Rutledge."

"I don't think he would like it," rejoined Emily, quietly. After a pause, she added: "I did not understand why you asked me to pull the bell when it was within your reach. The gentlemen must have thought it strange."

Miss Ferguson had the grace to blush, as in some confusion, for the implied reproach was entirely unexpected, she replied:

"I don't know how I happened to make such a mistake."

Mrs. Ferguson asked for an explanation, which her daughter gave, whereat her mother was much annoyed.

"I am surprised at you, Lucille," she said, gravely, while Mr. Ferguson looked at Lucille in evident disapproval.

As the working of the "peculiar institution" was revealed to Emily, she was often severely tried. Extracts from her diary will best reveal her state of mind.

Wednesday. I have not thought much about slavery until lately. You know, I had only seen it in its best form. Aunt Chloie sometimes told us of the cruelties practised "down souf," which we classed with her stories of goblins and giants. Uncle Bradshaw seldom spoke of slavery. It was from you, my dear Henry, that I received my impressions. I well remember your saying that it was worse for the whites than the blacks.

The only direction or advice that I received from Mrs. Ferguson when I first came was:

"A young lady like you, who has lived in a slave state, should understand how to treat the negroes. You know that it is against the law to teach them to read or write, as such knowledge would only do them harm. They might get hold of some of the abolition speeches, which are being circulated to stir up strife, and write passes for themselves."

I replied that I should not interfere with established usage. She eyed me suspiciously, and I suppose she reported me to Mr. Ferguson as an abolitionist. I see that slavery and ignorance must go together. If the slaves knew their power, this beautiful land would soon run with blood. I could not

but think of this the day they finished grinding the sugar cane and marched around the mansion with those terrible looking cane-knives in their hands! Those knives were put into the overseer's hands at night, when the blacks returned from their work. They say that the overseer does not go armed; but he does, for I saw the handle of a small revolver peeping out of his pocket. He tried to conceal it, and, I believe, he don't want the negroes to know he carries it.

Last week I had a terrible fright. School was out, and I was resting and reading a volume of Macaulay's "England," for which I thank you very often, when the most dreadful cries, shrieks and groans reached my ears, accompanied by the sound of the whip. I rushed from the room and asked Miss Ferguson what was the matter.

"The matter? I don't understand!" replied that young lady, who was engaged in mending a piece of lace.

"Don't you hear those cries?" I inquired, in great excitement.

"Oh! they are whipping some of the hands, I suppose," she answered, coolly. "Don't you think I have mended this neatly?" She extended the lace as she spoke.

Without answering, for I did not trust myself to speak, I returned to my room, closed the windows, and buried my head in the pillow, hoping to deaden the sound.

I appeared at dinner with swollen eyes, and told the family that I must go home immediately. I was much agitated and was determined to leave. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson looked surprised and somewhat alarmed, while the children gazed at me in astonishment. I could not eat and asked to be excused. After dinner, while I was packing my trunk, a message came to me from Mr. Ferguson, who asked to see me in the gallery. I joined him there. He said he was exceedingly sorry for the alarm I had suffered, and that it was a very rare occurrence for a negro to be whipped. The slaves had been behaving outrageously, and were whipped by one of their own color. It was necessary that they should be punished; were they in a free state, they would be put in jail for such conduct as that of which they had been guilty.

"But," I replied, "they would have a trial."

"No trial is necessary. Of course, they are not punished unless the offence is proved beyond a doubt. I am opposed to slavery," he continued; "I could get the same labor done by half the hands, if they were free and paid for it. These people were left to me, they are on my hands, and I must govern them according to the plantation laws."

I left Mr. Ferguson pacing the gallery, and evidently troubled in spirit, and returned to my room, not knowing what to do. The Diadem will not be down for a fortnight. Oh! if I could only have five minutes' talk with you!

CHAPTER XIX.

SOUTHERN EXPERIENCES.

AS the novelty of her duties as governess wore off, Emily realized more and more the isolation of her position. While there was much in the surroundings of southern life that was agreeable—the beauty of earth and sky, the indolence, the ease and the absence of all demand for exertion—she missed keenly the home circle at Uncle Bradshaw's, the interest of its members in the world at large, and the discussions on the news from abroad, literature, science, art, music and the drama. She longed for a battle of words over some new book, as she longed for a brisk walk in the cold, fresh air. But, alas! for her the world had contracted—her sphere of interest had dwindled to the plantation, the crops, and De Bow's Review.

Occasionally, during the first six months, she pined so for her home that to remain appeared impossible. Then there would come a letter from Henry, full of useful hints and loving appreciation. He wrote in the most hopeful vein of the time when they would be together. Cheered and encouraged by his words, she wondered that she had ever been sad and depressed, and thought she would never feel so again. Such was her inward life, while to outward seeming she was

cheerful and contented. She romped with her pupils and entered heartily into all their amusements, but, though she was their playmate and companion out of school, once within the school-room, she was their teacher, "Miss Rutledge."

Henry expressed himself as greatly pleased with his position; his duties ended with the day, leaving him the evenings for study. He made frequent visits to Mr. Lincoln's, where he was a welcome guest, for he brought to the invalid's quiet room an invigorating breath from the outside world. His enthusiastic interest in all the progressive movements of the day was very refreshing and stimulating to Mrs. Lincoln. She enjoyed his discussions with her husband, whose conservatism he combated vigorously.

Mrs. Lincoln, making a great effort, managed to write a short letter to Emily, which Henry enclosed in one of his. As Henry and Emily advanced in years, the tone of their epistles naturally changed. The young man poured forth his love in ardent language, and dwelt upon their future with bright anticipations. Emily said but little of her own feelings, yet he was satisfied. She answered her aunt's letter immediately, as follows:

"*My Dear Aunt:* Your little note tarried long on its journey. It did not reach me until yesterday. Many thanks for it. I know it must have cost you a great effort, and I prize it accordingly. I grieve for

you in that dismal climate, where double windows and heavy curtains are barely sufficient to keep out the keen March wind. I wish you could be transported to this balmy atmosphere. I am sure it would benefit you, if you could only sit at this open window and inhale the perfume of the flowers. The China trees are now in bloom, filling the air with fragrance, while roses innumerable give forth their delicious odors.

"One thing strikes me as a contradiction. The planter regards trading in slaves as a very low occupation, and to say a man is a 'negro trader' is equivalent to shutting the door against him, whereas, if there were no purchasers, there would be no sellers.

"I had heard a great deal of the alligators, and I expressed a wish to see one—at a safe distance, of course. The subject had quite passed from my mind, when yesterday William said: 'I caught a baby alligator, and have brought it to show you,' whereupon he coolly proceeded to place it upon the table. It was hideous, being about two feet and a half long, and was so weak that it could not crawl across the table. William opened its mouth to prove that it could not hurt me, as it had no teeth. I begged its removal at once, having seen quite enough of it.

"There goes the school-bell. My hour of rest is over. "EMILY."

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ferguson went to the Springs for the summer, leaving Emily and the children at home.

Emily had become much attached to her pupils, and felt deeply interested in their progress. She had made the acquaintance of many of the negro families, and liked to talk with them. In her drives with her pupils, she frequently passed the residence of a wealthy planter, whose "black wife" would come to the gate, smiling and bowing. This woman would sometimes stop the carriage, and give Emily a beautiful bouquet. Emily encouraged her advances, for she was pleasant to look upon. She was a lovely quadroon, of medium size, with a rich complexion, a pink tinge on her cheeks, black, rippling hair, large, soft black eyes, and a supple, graceful form. As she poised herself on one foot upon the gate, while it swung to and fro, Emily was reminded of pictures she had seen of Andalusian dancing-girls. The quadroon had two children, the oldest was a girl of five years, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and a clear complexion. Only a connoisseur in races could detect the negro blood in her. The other child was a boy of three years, a dark, handsome lad, the image of his father.

The planter was said to be devotedly attached to his "black wife." The story ran that he had taken the girl into his house when she was twelve years of age, and had had her thoroughly educated. She could speak English and French with equal fluency, and was well acquainted with the literature of both languages, in which her master had been her instructor. When she reached sixteen, he took her for his wife, with her

full consent, for she loved him with all the devotion of her ardent, passionate nature.

The Fergusons at length returned from the Springs, and with them came a brother of Mr. Ferguson, a fine looking young man of twenty-five. He had been travelling through the north and had met them at Saratoga. Emily hoped to find him an agreeable companion, but was much disappointed.

Edgar Ferguson had inherited a large fortune from his grandfather. Money he regarded as the essential of a gentleman. In his opinion, only one who had to earn his living needed an education. He could stalk a deer, shoot a bird upon the wing, and swim like a fish. What more was necessary? Did not these accomplishments fit him to be "master?"

Edgar took a fancy to Emily and insisted upon taking her out driving with him, for he at once set up a fine equipage. She soon discovered that he was intemperate, and intemperance she could not endure. Yet she strove to be kind and pleasant to him. Mrs. Ferguson made no secret of her wish that Emily should marry him and "make a man of him," but Emily had not enough of the missionary spirit in her to make the sacrifice.

Emily continued her diary as follows:

Jan. 3d. Let none say they know what loneliness is, unless they have lived on a plantation. The sameness is excessively wearying. I have no doubt that

Mr. and Mrs. Adam were glad to get out of Eden, if only for a change, for there was a great deal of human weakness in both of them! Oh! it is dreadfully quiet here. There is not a sound, except the breaking of the waves against the levee, as the steamboats plough their way up and down the Mississippi. There goes the thirteenth within the last hour. The river is several feet above the plantation, and is kept within bounds by the levee. This gives the steamboats a singular appearance, and it seems as if they were going to ride right over us!

The roses are in bloom, and the plum trees also, while the fig trees are coming into leaf. We have green peas, cauliflowers and celery. The weather is warm and damp.

The three oldest members of the family have gone to the city to remain some weeks. Their absence adds to my responsibility, as I have to look over the hospital slate every morning, to see that the requisitions are supplied, and then to give out lunch and dinner. When I get through with those duties, it is time to begin school.

The plantation physician comes twice a week to visit the "quarters."

There are quite a number of original characters on this plantation. I have been much interested in two of them, who are the reverse of each other, though their lives have run strangely together. Their names are Big Jane and Muddy Jim. They were brought from

Africa on the same slave-ship, when they were nine years of age.

Jane says that at home in Guinea she was a princess. Muddy Jim had been taken prisoner by her father several times, and exchanged for one of her people. She was one day playing on the shore under the reeds. There was a large vessel out in the deep water, and the children had been told, when they saw a big ship there, not to go near the shore; this time, however, they forgot their instructions, and she, with a number of her companions, was sporting in the sand, when suddenly some men, who had been hidden in a little boat under the reeds, sprang out, and carried them off to the big ship.

The vessel sailed immediately, and anchored off Congo, where the same stratagem was repeated, Muddy Jim being among those stolen. Jane's account of that terrible passage was painful to hear. She said the captives were packed like herring in a barrel. Every morning they were overhauled, and the dead and dying taken from the living and thrown into the sea.

Jane and Jim were sold together, and, after passing through many different hands, finally reached "Magnolia."

Jane is a grand looking woman, every inch a princess. Her face reminds me of the pictures of the Sphinx. She is tall, finely formed, and perfectly black, with regular features. She never "took a husband," and has never been punished. Jane attends to the dairy.

On her arms are tattooed certain marks which tell to what tribe she belongs, and also her rank. A gentleman, who had travelled extensively in Africa, examined these marks and explained them.

I have not heard any fault found with Jane. She performs her duties quietly and to the satisfaction of her owners. I asked her if she would like to go home. She replied in the negative, adding that in Africa she might at any time be taken prisoner and treated very cruelly. She has kept up her knowledge of her mother tongue by talking with Muddy Jim, whose dialect resembles that spoken in Guinea. Big Jane is certainly a living argument in favor of "gentle blood."

Muddy Jim is Jane's opposite; his skin is a yellowish black, his stature is short and he is almost deformed by a stoop, while his features are apish. Like Jane he has never married, and he has not been converted to Christianity. His cabin, which he built himself—and surely no one else could have built it—is made of clay, with one opening for a window and another for a door. In one corner he has a fetich made of clay, a hideous looking thing, which he worships. He associates with no one except Jane, whom he holds in great respect, always greeting her with a salaam. He eats herbs, and boils every drop of water before drinking it. Muddy Jim has never learned the English language, and can speak but a few words of it. These, however, suffice for him to carry on his work, which is the care of the sheep. One of my duties, at present, is to receive the account of the sheep, chickens, turkeys and ducks.

About sunset I take my place on the front gallery, and hear the different reports. Muddy Jim's method of reporting is original, but satisfactory. First, he holds out both hands, with the fingers extended, which means ten. He repeats this ten times, thus signifying one hundred sheep. Then he puts forth his little fingers until he has counted the number of lambs, which yesterday was fifteen. Afterwards he turns down his little fingers to denote those which have died since the preceding day. Muddy Jim gets very angry if you do not understand him. Fortunately, I had seen him go through his performance with Mrs. Ferguson.

Knowing Henry's interest in plantation life, Emily wrote more fully to him than to any one else. She had become thoroughly domesticated, and, in the social gatherings, which the residents of the "coast" made as frequent as possible, her fine education and marked personal attractions, together with the facility with which she conversed in French, caused her to be much sought after, especially by the Creoles, whose society she greatly enjoyed. The simplicity of their manners, and their delicacy and tact in relieving her from all embarrassment made her always feel at home with them.

On one occasion she was invited with the family to a grand fête, given to celebrate a young Frenchman's reaching his majority.

The grounds were lighted with colored lamps hidden

among the trees, and the turf in the orange grove was covered with linen. In this grove many couples were promenading, the ladies, in their exquisite evening toilets, giving the scene the appearance of a fairy festival.

Emily was fond of dancing, but, on being asked by a French gentleman to be his partner in a quadrille, she replied that she would rather not dance just then. In fact, she wished to observe her surroundings, as this was the first large assemblage of Creole society she had attended. The gentleman departed, but Emily noticed that he kept her in view, and, when another invitation to dance was extended to her, listened to catch her answer. She was about taking the floor with a gentleman with whom she was well acquainted, when an old Creole dame, who sat next to her and from whom she had gathered much interesting information, laid her hand upon her arm, saying:

"You cannot dance this evening. You have refused Monsieur, and he would certainly challenge any gentleman with whom you should dance now!"

Alarmed, Emily again declined, not a little provoked at finding that her ignorance of French customs had deprived her of her favorite amusement.

A few days later, Mrs. Ferguson handed Emily an invitation to dine at Monsieur Bienville's.

"A genuine French dinner will be a new experience for you," said she, pleasantly. "Shall I accept for you?"

"If you please; I shall be glad to go. I like the French very much."

The approach to Monsieur Bienville's dwelling was through a long avenue of box trees, ten or twelve feet high, trimmed in the form of pillars. A huge lion stood on guard at each side of the entrance, that is to say growing box trees fashioned with singular fidelity into the shape of lions. The dwelling was quaint and old-fashioned, resembling the ancient châteaux in Normandy. The furniture was of the simplest description. There were no carpets, but the floors were exquisitely neat and slightly colored by being scrubbed with brick dust. The chambers were furnished in the old style. The semi-circular pine dressing-tables were covered with pink muslin reaching to the floor; over this white muslin was draped. Curtains of the same description were attached to the French windows.

Perfect ease, absence of ceremony and genuine hospitality rendered the half hour before dinner very social and agreeable. Being a stranger, Emily was assigned to the oldest son.

When the dessert had been brought in and the servants dismissed, the oldest gentleman present, Monsieur Gauvait, who sat at the other end of the table, diagonally opposite to Emily, arose, and, gently rapping on the board to enforce silence, made a brief address of welcome to Miss Rutledge, ending with a toast "a la belle étrangère." As he resumed his seat, Emily bowed her acknowledgments.

Monsieur Bienville said, in a low tone:

"Mademoiselle, you must rise, reply to Monsieur and propose his health."

Emily was startled, but, seeing that it was not an unusual proceeding, she had too much tact to make any objection. A few moments later, while the servants were replenishing the glasses, M. Bienville whispered, "Now," casting a rapid glance around the table which all understood.

Emily spoke in French.

"Thanks, Monsieur," she said. "I have always admired the gallantry of the French nation, and of that gallantry you have just given me a proof which I shall ever gratefully remember. The health of Monsieur Gauvait."

Amidst rounds of applause, Emily resumed her seat, blushing deeply.

With beaming face, Monsieur Bienville whispered:

"Admirable, Mademoiselle, admirable!"

They returned to the drawing-room, where coffee was served. As Emily stood at a table looking at some engravings, Monsieur Gauvait approached and said:

"Mademoiselle, to welcome the stranger has often devolved upon me, but never before did I receive such a charming response."

"I am glad you were pleased, Monsieur," replied Emily, "but I was taken by surprise."

"Ah!" (glancing at Miss Ferguson, who stood

near,) "then is your quickness the more to be admired."

On the way home, Mr. Ferguson remarked:

"You prepared a very neat little speech, Miss Rutledge."

"Prepared!" replied Emily, with spirit. "I did not know that I would be called upon, until after Monsieur Gauvait had spoken."

"How was that?" asked Mr. Ferguson, addressing his wife and daughter. "You knew it was the French custom and should have told Miss Rutledge."

"Really, I never thought of it," said Lucille, indifferently.

"It certainly was an oversight in us not to mention it," said Mrs. Ferguson, in her usual pleasant manner. "But you did very well, and have no cause to feel mortified."

She uttered the last words in a patronizing tone that annoyed Emily, who answered, in a more self-satisfied voice than was becoming:

"Mortified! Oh! no, indeed!"

Emily was not an angel, but a high-minded, honorable girl, who would scorn to commit any mean action and despised meanness in others.

After describing the dinner in her diary, Emily wrote:

"It is said the French lack sincerity; that may be so, yet it is an open question if they do not possess

quite as much of that virtue as their neighbors, with whom rudeness too often passes for sincerity. At all events, the French make daily life pleasant to each other by their courtesy and kindness, as well as to the stranger who is within their gates."

Emily often heard from Baltimore. Her uncle wrote her bright, cheerful letters, as the following extract will show:

"Edward has returned, greatly improved in appearance and manners. Before he came to us, he made a visit to Boston to see a Puritan maiden, of whom he says 'Emily knows.' His wooing was successful. He has taken his place again in the office, where I need his help. Next year we hope to welcome another daughter. Mary and Mr. Huntington are engaged. Mr. Huntington is an exceptional man, and he has every reason to be happy, for Mary has refused several, who, in a worldly point of view, would be 'better matches.'

"Mrs. Meredith said:

"'Mary marry a poor Methodist minister! What a sacrifice! With her beauty and accomplishments, I expected her to make a brilliant match!'

"I wish you could have seen her face as I replied:

"'My dear madam, I am glad she fulfils your expectations!'

"Your aunt is looking young and handsome; as for myself, though I see a few more gray hairs in my head, I never felt better in all my life!

"When Edward and Mary are married, what do you say to a trip to Europe with your aunt and myself? You have no lover on hand to interfere with the project, have you? Don't be bringing up here one of your 'Monsieurs' or a negro driver, even if he be an 'elegant gentleman!' I want you to marry a sturdy American! Louise is as happy as a bird. Martha Perkins wants a visit from her this spring.

"We have been saddened by the death of Mrs. Howard; you know she had been an invalid for many years. She was a most excellent woman. Her son is abroad.

This pleasant letter, containing so much interesting home news, had to be answered at once, and Emily concluded the following epistle she had already begun:

"*Dear, darling Uncle:* I arose an hour earlier than usual that I might write to you. But I question if I will succeed, for my enemies are legion. You cannot imagine anything like them. I am sitting in the front gallery, with my writing-desk upon my knee. While I write a sentence, a million mosquitoes, at least, are hovering around, eager for my blood!

"The 'quarter' bells on the plantations have just summoned the hands to breakfast. The birds are singing, as if they rejoiced in this beautiful morning,—and so are the mosquitoes! Time jogs on pretty much the same with me. There is no change. The variation of the thermometer is the most interesting event in the

twenty-four hours. Our summer, according to that, has not been as warm as yours. The heat of this climate is greatly exaggerated in the reports of visitors. It comes so early in spring that strangers, judging from the temperature then, and assuming that the warmth increases in the same ratio as with you, naturally conclude that it must be overpowering in midsummer, but that is not so. With us, this season, the thermometer has not ranged higher than eighty-four degrees, while with you it has been among the nineties.

"*Wednesday.* You are a jewel of an uncle for writing me the nice long letter I received this morning, telling me just what I wanted to know, but did not dare to ask. I am delighted that Martha and Edward have come to terms, and I am thankful that she has not to be the 'making of him,' but that he has made a man of himself. Oh! uncle, are we not thankful that he has come out of the gloom into the clear sunlight! And your dear David, what do we not owe to him? Give him a bushel of love from me.

"As for Mary, I always did know her secret, although she was so demure. Mrs. Meredith is an old humbug. As if there could be a more 'brilliant match' than Mr. Huntington!—only he should marry a sinner like me, whom he could convert, and not a ready-made saint like Mary! How in the world did he ever find out that she loved him? (But, excuse me, I am forgetting the lesson I have learned here.) They were

at cross-purposes when I came away, and it was with difficulty that I could refrain from setting them straight. I am glad Louise is going north. As for Europe, you and I must talk that matter over, uncle dear. Rest assured I shall not bring home a 'Monsieur,' nor yet a 'negro driver'!

"We had a fright last night. I was getting ready for bed, when I heard the exclamation: 'The sugar-house is on fire!' I ran into the hall and there met Lucille, who, like myself, was in her dressing-gown. She said it was the old stable that was burning. We hurried down-stairs to give out the fire-buckets, and then went around the premises to see that all was safe. After that we took our station at the fence. The stable was filled with hay, and any attempt to quench the conflagration would be useless; all that could be done was to prevent the fire from spreading. The scene was magnificent! The sky was of an inky blackness, with only a few stars visible, but every leaf on the trees could be distinctly seen. The negroes were hurrying to and fro, nearly pushing each other over in their haste. Some were shouting for assistance, while others, on the roofs of the cabins, were brushing off the cinders. The sparks, flying in every direction, lighted up the scene against the dark background of the sky, and gave a strange, weird look to the hurrying throng.

"We joined Mr. Ferguson, who was sitting upon a log. It is a pity that a photograph could not have

been taken of the group. Lucille, with her long hair hanging to her waist and a red shawl thrown around her, looked like a Gipsy queen. Mr. Ferguson had his head tied up in a silk kerchief, and was in his gray dressing-robe and red slippers, while I appeared with Edgar's overcoat over my shoulders and his soft hat tied down about my ears with a green scarf! A fire in the city is bad enough; yet there you can get aid, while in the country one can but say 'Allah il Allah!'

"I went to bed in fear lest some stray spark had nestled away somewhere, and lest the wind might find it and fan it into a flame!

"'Tis near the 'witching hour,' and I must close my letter and my eyes, for I am sleepy. "EMILY."

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNWELCOME SUITOR.

AS Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Huntington left Mr. Bradshaw's one evening, the former said:

"I find I was mistaken; I thought there was a mutual attachment between you and Mary, and that Abram stood no chance, so I sent him away. I shall now summon him back to try his fortune."

Wise David!

Mr. Huntington started nervously. He hesitated to ask Mary to share his lot until he felt sure that she returned his affection, for he did not dare to face the possibility of refusal, though acceptance seemed improbable. He was given to self-tormenting. His modesty and sensitiveness prevented him from reading Mary aright. The pleasure she had taken in Abram Jacobs' society had completely misled him, and, now, he attributed solely to friendship the interest she evinced in his duties and pursuits. If, therefore, Mr. Jacobs' remark startled him, it also encouraged him.

It was a lovely Sunday evening, and the girls, accompanied by Edward, went to the Light Street Meeting-House, where Mr. Huntington preached with even more than his usual earnestness. As they left the

meeting, he joined them and offered his arm to Mary. He appeared very weary, and, when they reached the spot where their paths separated, Mary said:

"Had I not better join Edward and Louise? It is so far out of your way to go home with me. You must be greatly fatigued after speaking so earnestly."

"It always rests me to be with you," replied he.

There was that in his voice which caused Mary to tremble; she knew he must notice her agitation, and she wished that she dare withdraw her arm from his.

He did notice that she trembled, and, after a few moments' silence, during which Mary in vain tried to think of something to say, Mr. Huntington said, in a thoughtful tone:

"A Methodist minister leads a sort of nomadic life; he has no settled home. A woman must, indeed, love him to renounce all family ties to follow him." He placed his hand upon hers, as it rested on his arm, as he demanded, suddenly: "Mary, what would you say, were you asked to marry a poor Methodist minister?"

"Unless a woman so loves a man that she counts it supreme happiness to share his life, she ought not to marry him," Mary said, ignoring his question.

"True. But you have not answered my question."

"What question?"

"I inquired what you would say, were you asked to marry a poor Methodist minister?"

"I have not been asked yet," she said, in an unsteady voice.

"Will you marry me, then?" It was a plain question, and easy to answer, one would think, yet words quite failed Mary; as Mr. Huntington looked at her in the moonlight, he was struck with her paleness, and added: "Have I been too abrupt? You must know that I love you. I have not told you before, because I could not believe that you would give up your position in the gay world for what I had to offer you."

"Have I displayed such devotion to the gay world?" said Mary, reproachfully.

"No; and your indifference has appeared strange to me."

"Did it never strike you why I was indifferent?"

The tone in which this was said expressed more than the words, and the truth flashed upon him.

"Is it possible that you do love me? Again I ask will you be my wife?" He spoke with an eagerness that would not be denied, and Mary yielded to the stronger will by laying her other hand on his. He took possession of them both, as he continued, anxiously: "Do you fully realize what the life of a Methodist minister is?"

"Yes," answered she, with strong feeling. "It is a true life. It calls for the highest elements of character. It is self-abnegation and devotion to duty. It is a satisfactory life, for one knows one is doing one's part in the regeneration of the world. I ask no greater happiness than to share such a life."

Mr. Huntington was amazed at her enthusiasm.

"You are right," said he. "It is a privilege to work in such a field. I would not exchange it for the highest honors on the bench or at the bar. But how is it that, with your surroundings, you so thoroughly appreciate my work?"

"I have known you for a long time," replied Mary, gently.

A glad smile broke over his face as he said:

"And I have influenced you?" He added, regretfully: "But I did not know it!"

"Do you remember the sermon you preached, two years ago, on devotion to duty? That sermon decided my course of life."

Slowly they took their way home beneath the light of the full moon.

Meanwhile Edward and Louise had reached Mr. Bradshaw's. Mrs. Bradshaw asked:

"Where is Mary?"

"She and Huntington are creeping along at a snail's pace. Why in the world don't he propose?" said Edward.

"I should think they would get tired to death of this sort of thing! Anybody can see that they are over head and ears in love! It is a pity that Mr. Huntington has not a little common-sense! I do believe he is afraid to ask Mary to be his wife!" said Louise, impatiently.

"Hush!" said Mr. Bradshaw, as the front door opened.

A moment afterwards Mary and Mr. Huntington

entered. All doubt and misgiving had vanished from the minister's face. He approached Mr. Bradshaw and said, in a tone which, in spite of himself, was exultant:

"Mr. Bradshaw, Mary has given herself to me! Will you sanction the gift?"

"Is this so, my daughter?"

"Yes, father."

"Then may God bless you both!" said Mr. Bradshaw, solemnly, as, taking Mary's hand, he placed it in Mr. Huntington's.

Turning to Mrs. Bradshaw, with a light in his eye such as they had never seen there before, Mr. Huntington said:

"Mother, give me a son's place in your heart!"

Between a smile and a tear, Mrs. Bradshaw replied, as she gave him her hand:

"You have it already."

Then she clasped Mary in a close embrace, and the latter whispered:

"Kiss Paul, mother!"

"Kiss Edward, mother!" said that young man, demurely; he had caught Mary's whisper.

There was a laugh at Mary's expense, as Edward gave his mother'a resounding salute.

"It is plain that I am to be an old maid," said Louise, dolorously, for

'Nobody's coming to marry me,
Nobody's coming to woo!'"

"Don't despair, Louise," said Edward, mischievously. "Look towards the east when you retire!"

"I know your star rises in the east, but mine has not yet been discovered!" rejoined Louise.

Edward laughed incredulously.

While these events were progressing, Emily had continued her diary as follows:

Tuesday. The grown folks are absent, and my pupils and myself are the only white persons on the plantation, except the overseer, who is a harsh, disagreeable man.

Just now, as I was lying in the hammock, reading, I was interrupted by a grizzly looking negro, who, taking off his hat and scraping his foot backwards, asked:

"Mam'selle, does you know me?" I answered in the negative, and he continued: "I'se Bill; dun you 'member when you was 'specting de boat to stop dat night, de boat dat hab sum tings fur you; I was guard, an' I kept up de fire on de levvy, an' you sed you wud gin me two bits, an' you tole me to 'mind you of it."

Well did I remember Bill, who thus recalled himself to my mind. I gave him his two bits, and he departed.

The guard is changed at midnight. The overseer sends me the names of those who will be on duty during the night, and I tell the guard of the first watch to call out beneath my window, "All right, missus," when his time is out. The sound of a human

voice is pleasant in the stillness. I am a light sleeper, and I doubt if I have ever missed hearing him.

At noon, Amy, one of the slaves, presented herself. I knew her errand, but, just for mischief, would not assist her in the least. She looked very sheepish, as she stood twisting her apron. At length, she said:

"Missus, I'se gwyne to be married to-morrow. Madame tole me you wud hab my weddin' cake made fur me."

Leaving the hammock, I went with Amy to the kitchen and gave directions for the cake, measuring out the usual quantity of flour and rice given on such occasions.

Amy is a good girl, and Miss Ferguson and myself made her wedding dress some time ago. This I gave to her, with the remark:

"I am afraid Joe won't make a very good husband; they say he is lazy and won't bring you wood and water."

"He's got better, missus, an' he says he'll bring de wood an' make de fire cole mornings."

"Where are you going to live?"

"Wid Joe's mammy, till Joe kin fix up our cabin."

I gave her advice as to getting along with her mother-in-law, which, no doubt, she laid to heart.

These negroes are a strange set. Even were I in favor of slavery, I would not own them, were they given to me. Yet I like the negroes; they are amiable and good-natured. There is a law prohibiting any one

from teaching them. Occasionally, you meet with an instance in which the desire to learn overcomes all obstacles. A girl, who attended to some duties in the school-room, taught herself to read and write. Unfortunately, her room was searched and her secret discovered. They found there a diary, which she kept in imitation of me, and a scrap-book containing bits of original poetry and several prose articles, some of them, as they said, "really quite good." Her treasures were taken from her, and she was forbidden to read or write again, under threats of severe punishment.

We have a negro preacher here, a good, faithful man; he marries the slaves and buries the dead, but is not allowed to hold meetings for worship. I begin to see into the inner workings of this "peculiar institution," and I believe the whites live in constant dread of an insurrection! I have no fear of the negroes. I don't know why it is, but I know they have the idea that I am their friend.

Wednesday. I wish the family would come home. I cannot get time to read or sew; but I never neglect you, as you are aware. I write in my diary every day. I hope you can read it, for I write under all sorts of difficulties.

On Monday afternoon I strolled up the levee, beyond the limits of this plantation, and saw a perogue close in to the shore; it was under the levee, so to speak, for the river is very low. Perogues are small boats usually carrying one sail. They come up the river,

when the planters are absent on their summer trips, and trade whiskey with the negroes for chickens, eggs, or whatever they can get. They are owned by Frenchmen or Italians. The men on board this particular perogue were such wicked looking creatures that I was afraid of them, and, besides, it was unsafe for me to be so far from the mansion at that hour. The gorgeous hues of the setting sun still brightened the western horizon, and, from the opposite shore, the wind brought the song of the slave, while the Cape jessamine, which gives forth its odor after sunset, filled the air with its delicious perfume. The beauty and peacefulness of the scene made me forget fear, until I was recalled to myself by the sight of the pèrogue and of a dark, strange man on the levee, who looked like a bandit in his high-crowned hat and red blouse. Seeing him approach, I called to a negro, who had his hoe on his shoulder; he came to me at once, and I asked him to walk back with me to the house, stating that I would give him a note to his master explaining his absence, for he belonged to the adjoining plantation. He was evidently well pleased at being chosen for my escort, and walked a short distance behind me with quite a martial air. I must explain. While a negro in nearly every case would pay with his life for drawing blood from a white person, be the wound ever so slight, he may yet kill a white person in defence of himself or any one else. Therefore, I was safe with my black protector. I gave him a picayune and the promised

note, and he hastened home, but not without warning me in his broken English that I had better not be out so late again.

Mr. Labrot visited "Magnolia" frequently when the family were at home. Emily forgot his brutality, for the moment, while enjoying his interesting conversation. Miss Ferguson made every endeavor to interest and attract him, but he was simply courteous towards her. He often rode by, on his fine, blooded horse, when Emily was on the levee at sunset, and, sometimes dismounting, with the bridle rein over his arm, he walked beside her. She differed greatly from the other young ladies of his acquaintance; her intelligent and frank conversation was something entirely new to him. Emily enjoyed his society, and he sent her exquisite bouquets, the receipt of which she acknowledged without the slightest embarrassment. Having been accustomed to such attentions at home, she did not regard them as expressive of aught but politeness.

One night, as Emily was about retiring, Betty, one of the house servants, came to her room, asking her to cut out a dress for her. Emily saw at once that this was only a pretext to gain admission to her apartment and that Betty had something to say to her. It soon came out.

"Missus," said the girl, "is you gwyne to marry Massa Jules Labrot? Dey sez you is!"

"Marry Mr. Labrot!" exclaimed Emily, in astonishment. "No, indeed! Why do you ask me such a question?"

"I'se glad you ain't going to marry him, honey, fur Aline sez, ef you do, she'll tar dem blue eyes of yourn out of your head!"

"What has Aline to do with Mr. Jules Labrot?" asked Emily, more and more astonished.

"Why, Missy, dun you know she's his wife?"

Emily knew that Aline's master was named Labrot, but that name was common on the "coast," and, not having heard that he was the hero of the story which had so interested her, she had not associated Jules with it. She dropped into deep thought, while Betty anxiously watched her. At length, she said:

"Tell Aline I am not going to marry Mr. Labrot, and that I don't believe he wants to marry me. Tell her also that, if she has not her free papers, to get them for herself and her children as soon as she can."

"She ain't got no free papers. I'll let her know what you'se ben sayin. You won't tell on me, Missy, will you?"

"Certainly not," replied Emily.

"I tole her you wudn't, fur you was de black people's frien'. She is mighty good to her people, Missy. She keeps Massa Labrot from a whipping on 'em many a time, an' he whip dreful hard. Did you neber hearn tell on it, honey?"

"I don't want to hear any more about him," said Emily, impatiently.

Betty took her departure, and Emily sat for a long time, pondering on what she had learned.

"That poor girl," thought she, "with a woman's intuition, feels some change in him and naturally thinks me the cause of it! How stupid of me not to know that the Mr. Labrot who visits here is Aline's husband! Should he marry, will he sell her and his children?" Then she cried aloud: "He cannot! he cannot!" as, too excited to remain motionless, she arose and paced the floor.

Emily abandoned her walks upon the levee. She knew Mr. Labrot would not call in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, and she blessed the French custom which saved her from his visits. She had a horror of him now, and dreaded to meet him.

A fortnight passed and Emily had not been on the levee. Mr. Labrot rode past frequently and continued to send her bouquets.

One Saturday afternoon, the children had gone out to drive, under the care of the faithful Jane, and Emily was in her room, writing up her diary. She was interrupted by the announcement that Madame Dubois, Mr. Labrot's sister, wished to see her. At any time, Emily would have been surprised to receive a visit from this lady whom she scarcely knew, but now her coming absolutely frightened her. It was, therefore, with a fluttering heart that she entered the parlor to meet her visitor. Madame Dubois' extreme kindness and cordiality immediately removed all

restraint, for she had those charming manners for which the Creoles are noted. After the usual greetings, she said, with much suavity:

"I have wished for a long time to make your acquaintance, Mademoiselle; my brother, Monsieur Labrot, has spoken of you as so charming."

"I am obliged to Monsieur," replied Emily, now perfectly self-possessed.

"You must be aware, Mademoiselle, from Monsieur's attentions, that he has great regard and admiration for you. Indeed, it is to express his desire for a nearer relation that I have given myself the happiness of coming to see you."

"Excuse me, Madame, but I do not exactly understand you," said Emily.

"Then I have the pleasure of asking your permission, in the absence of your relatives, for Monsieur Labrot to have the honor of approaching you as a suitor for your hand."

Notwithstanding all the courtesy which marked these words, Madame Dubois' manner conveyed very plainly the idea that the honor was Emily's, and her confident tone showed that she had no doubt as to what would be Emily's reply. Thoroughly grasping the situation in all its bearings, Emily was silent, endeavoring to frame an answer that would be decided, yet would not give offence. Attributing her silence to surprise at receiving such a splendid offer, Madame Dubois said:

"Monsieur is so earnest in his sentiments that he is willing to overlook the absence of a dowry on your side, and he will make such settlements as his ample fortune permits, without further consideration than the happiness of obtaining your hand."

Silence was no longer possible, and Emily, feeling indignant, replied, coldly:

"I have not that attachment to Monsieur which would induce me to marry him, and, besides, I have not regarded the attentions to which you allude as meaning anything beyond courtesy and kindness."

"You are not expected to have any strong attachment to Monsieur until after you are married to him," replied Madame Dubois, blandly. "When I married Monsieur Dubois, I thought him exceedingly ugly and disagreeable, but now I like him very well."

"Madame, I know the French and American ideas of marriage differ greatly, but I am an American; I could not marry a man unless I had a deep affection for him, and I have not such an affection for Monsieur," said Emily, decidedly.

"It will come in time," persisted Madame Dubois, in the amiable tone she had used thus far.

She knew her brother had set his heart on her success, and would not entertain the idea of failure, though she inwardly chafed at having to persuade this poor governess to a marriage, which she had expected her to hail with joy.

"I must decline, Madame, to receive Monsieur

otherwise than as an acquaintance," said Emily, firmly.

The Creole dame was transformed on the instant; all her blandness and suavity vanished, as, in a fury, she cried:

"Do you mean to tell me that you, a poor governess, refuse the honor of an alliance with my brother, Monsieur Labrot, a descendant of the old noblesse of France?"

"I most respectfully decline to succeed Mademoiselle Aline!" replied Emily, with cool sarcasm.

Madame Dubois was bent on success, and, thinking that in that last remark lay the secret of Emily's refusal, she smothered her resentment and said, mildly:

"Mademoiselle, that is an affair of which a young girl should know nothing. Of course, Monsieur will get rid of Aline and her children!"

"Get rid of his wife and children!" cried Emily, now thoroughly aroused. "Yes; I suppose he will sell them!"

"His wife, indeed!" hissed Madame Dubois, plying her fan vigorously.

"She is his wife in the sight of God!" said Emily, solemnly.

"Mademoiselle, your remarks are extremely unbecoming, but I will overlook them and will give you time to consider my brother's splendid offer and to consult your friends, who, I am confident, will desire you to give a different answer."

Madame Dubois and Monsieur Labrot had had an earnest discussion before the former had started on her mission. Monsieur Labrot had doubts, for which he could not account, as to Emily's acceptance of his suit, and he had urged his sister to spare no effort to induce her to look favorably upon it.

"I do not wish to consult any one," said Emily. "I know my own mind. I cannot accept Monsieur's proposal."

Irritated and annoyed, she arose to end the interview, and stood with both hands on the back of her chair.

"Mon Dieu!" shrieked Madame Dubois, in a towering rage, "I am thankful you refuse it! My brother is only in love with your pretty face! I would not have such an ill-bred, bold girl in the family! You, a low-born American, refuse a Labrot! Your impudence is superb!"

Without deigning to reply to this insult, Emily rang the bell and said, with intense calmness, to the servant who answered it:

"Order Madame Dubois' carriage!"

Then, with a profound bow to her visitor, she left her in possession of the parlor.

Any attempt to portray Madame Dubois' state of mind would be useless; fairly foaming with wrath, she hastened to meet her brother, who in great impatience was pacing the gallery. She burst forth into such a torrent of invectives against Emily, that some moments

elapsed before he could form any clear idea of what had really taken place. When he did fully understand the nature of the interview and its result, instead of flying into a passion, as his sister expected he would, with bent head he resumed his walk.

Madame Dubois had been a brilliant, handsome girl; but that foe to Creole beauty, corpulence, had transformed her at forty into a stout woman, without even a remnant of good looks.

Her brother, who was two years her junior, was said to have had a quadroon mother, his father's slave. She died, and his father took him to Paris, legitimized and educated him. When he died, the elder Labrot left Jules his freedom, or he would have been sold in settling up the estate. After his father's death, the old noblesse showed Jules but little favor, and he gladly took the plantation as his share of the property, came to America and settled upon it.

Madame Dubois lived in New Orleans, where she occupied a prominent position in the front rank of the Creole population, who were distinguished by cultivation and refinement, and were much sought after by foreigners, especially the English.

Emily soon regained her serenity. The tenor of the conversation, during her stormy interview with Madame Dubois, appeared to her totally absurd, viewed dispassionately. "Shall I acquaint Henry with the circumstance?" she asked herself. "No; it is not worth the trouble!" And she dismissed it from her mind.

CHAPTER XXI.

EXTRACTS FROM EMILY'S DIARY.

MONDAY. Amy got through her apprenticeship to her mother-in-law in peace and harmony, and their cabin being in readiness, the young couple set up housekeeping for themselves. Joe worked faithfully, and all promised well for their domestic happiness. But Joe soon fell back into his old habits: he "lazied" around and would not bring in wood or water. Amy tried to cover up his deficiencies, after the manner of her white sisters, and said never a word. But her relatives had no idea of seeing the belle of the family neglected, and they determined to punish Joe, after the manner provided for such cases on a plantation.

Accordingly, without giving warning, Amy's sisters went to Joe's cabin one night, armed with willow switches, and, taking Amy from the side of her sleeping spouse, they secured her in another room. Then they whipped the delinquent husband out of bed, out of his cabin, through the quarters, over the common, down by the overseer's house, around the sugar-house and back to his own door, amid the hootings, yells and laughter of the community. The overseer had been informed of what was in prospect. He did not interfere in domestic affairs, so Amy's family were not

disturbed in their vengeful proceedings. The whipping ended at Joe's door, but, not until he had promised to bring in wood and water for the future, was he allowed to enter.

Tuesday. I gave up my walks upon the levee for awhile, but have now resumed them with fresh enjoyment. I like to be there in the evening, when the slaves come for water, after the labor of the day is over. The boys and girls come singing and dancing, the while balancing their buckets on their heads with much skill. This afternoon, for the first time, I was able to catch the words of their song:

> "She tole me she lub me
> To make my heart easy.
> But as soon as my back turn,
> She's arter another Joe.
> Oh! Jane! Oh! Jane!"

This was sung in a monotonous chant, the negroes wailing out the refrain in the most dismal tone possible.

I have often noticed a boy of fourteen, named Dick, who seems to be a clearly defined case of total depravity; he is constantly getting punished, but don't mind it in the least. He was thrown in with a lot of slaves to make up a balance of a few dollars, his master being almost willing to give him away to get rid of him. I saw him sneak behind two girls, and give their buckets a sly push, ducking them completely, and, before their eyes were clear of the water, he was sitting on the

levee "chucking" stones into the river. This afternoon he remained behind and I concluded to improve the occasion.

"Dick, what makes you such a bad boy?" I asked.

"I dun know, missus; I reckon it's de devil."

"Why do you have anything to do with the devil? Behave yourself, and do your work. I don't like you to be whipped."

"Lor, missus, it don't hurt none. Jes look at my back; I'se been whipped so much it's jes like de ruts in de road!"

I looked at his back, which his torn shirt exposed to view, and, sure enough, it was like "de ruts in de road!"

"You must have been a very bad boy to be so punished! Try to do better, Dick, just for one day."

"What fur I work? Massa no pay any money fur me—I'se jes throwd in de lot."

"But you have your food, your clothes, and a place in which to sleep."

"Vitals ain't nuffin but corn bread an' bacon, an' clothes ain't much nudder." Looking curiously at the book in my hand, he continued: "Missus, you'se got larning, ain't you? What do de book tell about?"

"About everything: the world, and all the people in it."

"How big is de world, missus? It aint no bigger dan Ohio, an' Kaintuck, an' de Norf, an' dis yere place, is it?"

Dick came from Kentucky, he knew about Ohio, and all the slaves had heard of "de Norf."

I endeavored to give him some idea of the size of the earth, but I doubt if my explanation was very clear to him.

"Missus, what make de stars go about so; why dun dey keep still? Dat skillet wid de handle, at ole massa's in Kaintuck, was way hine de house."

Taking an orange from my pocket, I endeavored to make Dick understand that the world was round, and that we were on the outside of it.

"Ho! ho! ho! Now, missus, you'se tryin' to fool dis nigger. How I keeps on? I'd be a fallin' rite down into de water!"

Then I illustrated my proposition by the fly.

"Lor, missus, de fly am got six feet an' his sticker; he can hole on anywhar!"

Discouraged at the failure of this, my first attempt to break the law and teach a slave, I rose to leave, saying:

"Dick, I hope you will try to do better, and not get punished any more. It makes me so sorry to hear you getting whipped."

"I hearn 'em tell, missus, as how you cried when dey whip de niggers; what fur you do dat?"

"Because it makes me feel very bad to hear that dreadful whip, and know it is falling on somebody's back. They have not whipped any one for a long time."

"Dat's all you know about it, missus! Dey dun fool you, sure! Dey dun put the whippin' post way off, so you can't har!"

"Dick, I don't want to hear bad things of you any more! Good-bye."

And I handed him the orange.

"What fur you gin me dis, missus?"

"Just to be friendly, and I thought you might like it. And, Dick, won't you try not to be bad this evening?"

He seemed touched and said:

"You like flowers, don't you, missus? I'll git you sum in de swamp; dey is bootiful flowers down thar. Will you cum on de levvy to-morrow ebenin'?"

I answered yes, and left Dick. As I walked towards the house, I listened, but I did not hear him sing, whistle, or "chuck" stones into the river. What was he thinking about?

There is a bright little mulatto girl, who serves as maid to her young mistress, Miss Gertrude. She often gets into trouble. I told her to-day that she must be a good girl, or God would not love her.

"God dun car anyting 'bout me!" she replied. "He dun car for niggers! He gin all de nice tings to Miss Gertrude!"

I did not know what to answer, so I had to fall back upon the lower plane of "not getting punished if she was good." The religious part of my teachings I generally have to abandon.

This afternoon I varied my walk by going through the quarters, and out by the lane to the levee. On the way I found myself behind two field hands, Annette and China; they were engaged in a vehement dispute, and, fearing lest they might come to blows, I called out:

"What is the matter?"

China answered, in great excitement:

"Missus, Net sez she be sev'n hunder doler nigger an' I is only five hunder doler! Won't you jes look in de plantation book? It's put down dar."

They wanted it settled at once, as it was a dispute of long standing. I turned back and went to the house, and, taking down the large ledger, called the "Plantation Book," in which is kept a record of those who are bought, the price paid for them, their ages, sex, etc., and also the births and deaths, I soon found the disputants' names, and was able to give a pretty even report, as follows:

"Annette, your master gave seven hundred dollars for you and your five year old boy, who died. And he gave five hundred dollars for China alone. The book says you both were sickly. I hope there will be no more quarreling about it, for one is just as valuable as the other."

Now was this not a judicial opinion? Yet neither appeared satisfied. The negroes who had followed us to the house, and stood looking in at the windows, considered the matter settled, and Driver Jack expressed the general opinion when he said:

"Missus hab tole you what's in de book. One am just as good as t'other. Now, you niggers, jes stop your quarrelin'."

Thursday.—The working force is divided off into "gangs." The most important male gang is under "Driver Jack"; he goes with them to the field, and superintends their work, for which he is responsible. His badge of office is a huge whip, which he carries across his shoulders. Every evening he receives his orders from Mr. Ferguson. He is kindly and good-natured, and I doubt if he hurts anybody, if he can avoid it, but when the overseer is beside him he cannot escape doing his duty thoroughly.

To learn to work is the education of the slave. As soon as the children can run about, they are given something to do, if but to pick up stones; and when they can distinguish a weed from a plant, they are put to weeding the flower-beds. They are also divided into gangs according to their ages; each gang is in charge of a woman, usually one who is not strong enough to work.

Harry, the gardener, is a good, faithful man, but high-tempered. Some weeks ago, Mr. Ferguson hired a Scotchman to do a little "fancy gardening." Yesterday I heard his voice and Harry's in angry dispute beneath my window. Fearing that Harry's temper might get him into trouble, I went to the window to see what was going on. I was just in time to catch the Scotchman in the act of striking Harry with his

hoe, and inflicting a severe wound on his arm. On the instant Harry returned the blow with his spade, just grazing the white man's hand, and drawing a very small speck of blood.

The Scotchman rushed to Mr. Ferguson and made out a dreadful case against Harry, who, being a slave, was not allowed to speak for himself. Fortunately, I could be a witness, and, hearing the commotion, I went below and gave my evidence, somewhat to the discomfiture of the Scotchman, who, not knowing that a white person had seen them, had told his story to suit himself, and made out that Harry was the aggressor. My testimony was a great relief to Mr. Ferguson, and, as it was proved that Harry was right in the matter under dispute, the Scotchman took his departure without making any further trouble, probably because he did not desire to have his ignorance exposed.

Friday.—The family have returned. Miss Ferguson caught cold on the steamboat and has been quite ill for several days. As nursing is my forte, I offered my services, which were declined.

"Judy can attend to me; she is accustomed to it," the sufferer said, evidently surprised.

I must not forget "La Marchande," who is an important feature of this region. She can be heard quite a distance, as she comes down the road in her donkey cart, singing her French songs. She is a sturdy little specimen of humanity, dressed in short petticoats and sabots, and wearing a tasteful turban,

made of a bandana kerchief of the most brilliant hues. She is thoroughly French, and is extremely neat and trim in her toilet; she speaks English very well, but, when excited, mixes the languages in a grotesque fashion.

"La Marchande" bought a husband some years ago, giving five hundred dollars for him. It is said she whips him soundly when he deserves it, which, of course, is very often. She is the advanced woman of this section, who, knowing her rights, maintains them. She owns a boat, in which her husband ferries passengers across the river. She complains of his idleness, saying: "The worthless nigger, I have not got back five dollars of the five hundred I paid for him." It is amusing to hear her call him, when any one wishes to cross the river. She shouts: "You Jacques! you Jacques! venez ici ce moment! You idle nigger, never here when vous êtes necessaire. I'll thrash the life out of you!" And Jacques answers, quietly: "Coming, Missus."

This afternoon I was on the levee when "La Marchande" drew rein and stopped. After complimenting me in the most extravagant terms, she proceeded to laud her merchandise: "Such beautiful laces! such exquisite rice powder! and a leettle, just a very leetle, of the best French rouge left—a soupçon only will give such a lovely color to Mademoiselle, when vous êtes fatiguée. It is very expensive, but Made-

moiselle has such a charmant complexion that a very leetle will last her one, two, tree year!"

"La Marchande" shops in New Orleans for the Creoles and knows the gossip of fifty miles around. She is treated with great consideration, and, I believe, every one is afraid of her tongue.

Monday. We have had a dreadful time to-day. Quite an extensive robbery was committed last night. The store-room was entered and some valuable wine stolen, also a large quantity of dry goods. All efforts to discover the thief have failed. The negroes will not tell on each other; you may punish them, but it is of no use. I admire their fidelity to their own race. I think I could give a pretty good guess as to the thief, for I saw a perogue, last evening at dusk, close under the bank, and one of our "hands" talking with the captain. The thief must have made way with the plunder at once, doubtless to this very man. Justice is administered here in such a strange fashion that I determined to keep silent.

Wednesday. The thieves have been discovered in an unlooked-for manner. We have had a deal of fun lately with an electric battery. Last evening, Edgar drew me into the circuit unawares, and I had a trying time before I was released. While we were experimenting, Driver Jack came to receive his orders. Edgar gave him one of the poles, while Willie caught his other hand, thus making the circuit complete.

You cannot imagine a face expressing more terror

than Driver Jack's. He is a large negro, weighing over two hundred pounds; he shouted and yelled, and dropped on his knees, nearly pulling the battery off the table.

"Oh! Massa Edgar, bress de Lord! jes take dat devil away! Oh! Lord, save dis sinner!" he cried, while huge drops of perspiration stood on his face.

"The devil is here sure enough," said Edgar, increasing the force; "he will take you in hand, if you don't tell who robbed the store-room!"

"Oh! take him away an' I'll tell."

Edgar weakened the current, saying, "Come, be quick," for, like sinners in general, the danger being lessened, Jack was not so anxious to confess as he had been. Meanwhile, the rest in the circuit were suffering quite as much as Jack, and were motioning to Edgar to bring matters to a crisis. Suddenly he put on all the force. We were rigid. Jack again yelled:

"Oh! take him off!"

"Not until you tell."

Finding that he could not otherwise obtain release, Jack yielded to his Satanic majesty and confessed, to our relief, as well as his own; then he rushed from the room and did not stop until he reached his cabin, where he fell upon the floor, crying at the top of his voice, "He's arter me!" When the door was bolted, he raised himself from the floor and told of his fight with the devil! "Jes look at me, I'se all covered with

blood whar he dun stick pins and needles into me!" he cried. They examined him, but could find no evidence of the conflict, much to Jack's surprise and dismay. Even in his terror, the negro was too wise to tell that he had betrayed the thieves.

Things are so different here from what they are at home, that often it seems to me that I am in a foreign country. A few nights ago, being wakeful, I heard a boat stop at the landing; then I distinguished voices, and then a sound as of digging. I wondered what could be going on. Though it is cool, I sleep with the windows open, and the wind brought the voices to my ear with great distinctness. They spoke in some sort of patois, half Italian, that I could not understand. I arose and went to the window, but the trees intercepted my view. The next afternoon I walked on the levee; in the direction from whence the voices proceeded the previous night, near the fence, there was a freshly made mound, apparently a grave, and footprints led to the place where the boat had evidently been fastened. I spoke of these matters, and it appeared that all had seen them, but no notice was taken of them, for fear, perhaps, of some discovery that might necessitate action on the part of the planter.

The custom of duelling which prevails here renders people very careful as to what they say of each other.

About three weeks since, a crevasse took place five miles above us, at a small settlement of "Arcadians," as they style the lower class of French Creoles, than

whom it would be difficult to find a more idle or vagrant set. They own one or two acres apiece, and, consequently, no individual is responsible for the levee. The crevasse is five acres in width, and through it the Mississippi pours like a young Niagara. It is a melancholy scene. The houses have been swept far back from the road; some are resting upon their sides, while others have been turned completely topsy-turvy.

The lower part of "Magnolia" is inundated. The draining machine stands in five feet of water. A levee has been thrown up to protect the cane fields.

January 10*th*. The planters are very busy, now that the water has subsided, putting their plantations in order. The first thing is to clear out the ditches and canals. This work is done by Irishmen. A gang of ninety are now at work on the adjoining plantation. Next week they will come to "Magnolia."

Ditches run through the cane fields and empty into the main ditch or canal, which extends the whole length of the plantation, and flows into the swamp. This canal is eight or ten feet wide, and is navigable for small boats.

The Irish ditchers are considered lower in the scale of humanity than the slaves. They live in shanties near the swamp, and provide for themselves. The present gang is "bossed" by a man named O'Neal, whom the planter pays and holds responsible for the work. The negroes have nothing to do with them, and speak of them very contemptuously as "Poor Irish!"

Last night I heard a dreadful disturbance down by the swamp, and, this morning, Jane told me, in confidence, that "somebody was murdered by the ditch gang!" At breakfast it was not mentioned, though I have no doubt that Mr. Ferguson knew all about it.

I was passing the night recently with a friend a few miles distant, and about midnight we were startled by the cry, "Crevasse! Crevasse!" and the ringing of the plantation bell; then we heard the rush of the water through the opening. It, however, proved to be a small affair, and was stopped without much damage.

July 6th. We had a fearful storm on the fourth, a perfect tornado. Thunder and lightning, rain and wind, all the elements, in fact, were in commotion, and each was striving for the mastery. The tempest came up so suddenly that I could not close my windows, though I hurried to my room, on hearing the alarm, "A storm is coming!" I tried to get to the window, but was blown back against the bedstead and bruised considerably. I could not open my door to call for assistance, nor could Edgar, on the hall side, open it. The room being free to the elements, the force of the wind kept me prisoner. I sprang upon the bed, and remained there. I could see the white caps on the Mississippi, as it foamed, surged and beat against the levee, as if determined to make its own outlet to the ocean.

Suddenly there came an awful crash, heard distinctly above the roar of the elements. The lightning

had struck a huge live oak, splitting the trunk. The fury of the storm subsided as suddenly as it began, but the rain continued all night.

The next morning a scene of confusion met the eye, which the clear, bright sunlight rendered more striking. The garden was torn up, the green-house was shattered, fences were down and tree tops were hanging loose with broken limbs, while the lawn was strewed with branches of the China and Pecan trees.

CHAPTER XXII.

NEW ORLEANS.

EMILY at this period wrote the following letter to Mrs. Bradshaw.

"MAGNOLIA, Nov. 15th. I have not written to you for a long while, my dearly beloved aunt, and I will now follow the promptings of the spirit and give you a letter. By this time, you must know, there is nothing for me to write about, except plantation affairs.

"Since I have been here, I have frequently attended to the duties of the mistress as well as to those of a governess. The mistress of a plantation holds no sinecure office. She attends to the sick, not personally, it is true, but she sees that the doctor's directions are followed; the negro clothing is cut out and made under her direction. The garden and vegetables come under her direction, in a great degree. The children's house also receives her supervision. This house consists of one large room, in which the mothers leave their children when they go to work. The nursing mothers come in from the field half an hour earlier than the other hands, and take their children to their cabins. After their noonday meal, they take them

again to the children's house, stopping for them when the day's work is done. There is a 'green' in front of the house on which the children roll and tumble. Two 'mammies' have charge of the little ones, while their mothers are in the field.

"Mrs. and Miss Ferguson have gone to the city for the winter. The children and myself will join them after 'grinding.' Jim, their major domo, came up yesterday from the city. In a very mysterious manner, he asked me to come into the garden; when there, after looking carefully around, he said, in a whisper:

"'Missus, you knows dat fig tree by de stable; I hab hid under it tree hunder doler dat I'se saving to buy myself. Ef you'll tie a string to dat limb dat pints to de sugar-house, an' fasten a stone to de string, an' den let it drop, it will hit de place whar de money is hid in a tin box; you jes dig down one foot. Ef I die, I wants you to gin dat money to Massa Merriville to keep fur 'Tilda.'

"'But, Jim, that fig tree is growing every day. However, I will attend to the matter, and, for fear something should happen to me, I will write to Mr. Merriville, telling him all about it.'

"Poor Jim! for ten years he had been saving every picayune he could earn to buy himself, thinking that, when free, he could earn money to buy his family. His wife raises poultry which she sells to her mistress, and, when in the city, Jim picks up a few odd jobs. He is an upright, faithful servant. His master often

trusts him with hundreds of dollars, to go to Cincinnati and purchase clothing for the negroes. He could easily get away; but his master knows that he holds his heart-strings, for his wife and children are on the plantation. 'Massa Merriville' is Mrs. Ferguson's brother. He was educated at Cambridge, Mass., and is an intelligent, kind-hearted gentleman; he owns a large plantation and a thousand slaves. He is regarded as an indulgent master, and is much beloved by his negroes, sixty of whom, who are too old to work, he supports comfortably. I have seen the latter sunning themselves on the levee, and they are as well clad and in as good condition as any 'paupers' you would see anywhere.

"While I was at luncheon, I heard Edgar, in his room, scolding and whipping Matilda. I rushed in and ran between them. There stood Matilda, as motionless as an ebony statue.

"'What is the matter? What are you whipping Matilda for?' I cried, as I tried to catch the whip.

"'What did she move my gun for?'

"As I pushed Matilda aside, the whip descended upon my shoulders, and it came down the second time before Edgar was aware he was striking me, in such a rage was he; for my part, I was so much excited that I did not feel it!

"I told Matilda to leave the room, she being under my orders in her mistress' absence; then I said to Edgar:

"'I told her to move your gun. Yesterday, William got it and tried to shoot Jim just for fun, so I directed Matilda to lock it up in your closet.'

"'I did not know that,' said Edgar, apologetically.

"'You were in such a passion that you did not ask,' I rejoined. 'But, at any rate, it is mean and cowardly to strike a woman, or any one who can't strike back!'

"He looked astonished.

"A tingling sensation in my shoulders admonished me to retire. When I removed my dress and looked in the glass, I saw two large welts where the whip blows had fallen. Oh! how they pained me! There was a gentle tap at my door, and, hastily resuming my dress, I admitted Matilda.

"'Missus, I'se got somethin' to put on your hurts,' said she, as she took from under her apron several large plantain leaves which she bruised and placed on my shoulders. The cooling sensation was delightful. 'After school is out, I will bring you some healing stuff to put on,' she continued, and without the slightest change of countenance or manner, or a word further, she left the room.

"As she was closing the door, Edgar, who was passing, asked roughly:

"'What are you doing here?'

"'I'se brought some plantain leaves to put on Miss Rutledge's shoulders.'

"'What's the matter with her shoulders?'

"'Dey is very bad whar you struck her with de

whip!' she replied. Her tone was coolly contemptuous.

"If ever one person hated another, Matilda hates Edgar. Afraid of further trouble, I opened the door and said to the girl:

"'Bring your needle and thread and mend the mosquito house.'

"The mosquito house is a large frame, twelve feet square, covered with netting. We sit within it to protect ourselves from the annoying insects. I kept Matilda with me the remainder of the afternoon; at eight o'clock in the evening the tea bell rang, but I could not go down-stairs, for I suffered so much from my 'whipping' that I was really ill.

"Later in the evening, Edgar came to my door. He appeared to feel very much ashamed, so I said:

"'I don't see why you should be affected by what has occurred. You have often done the same thing, if not to me, to others. I don't regret it. It is well to know how it feels to be cut with a horsewhip. Now, I can sympathize with the unfortunate blacks!'

"'They don't feel it as you do!'

"'Matilda's sensations are the same as mine; her back is also in a similar condition.'

"'Here's the whip; strike me with it!' said he, handing me the instrument of torture.

"'I have not your strength, which was doubled by passion. I will punish you, however. Every time you strike a woman, you shall think of me, and of those cuts you gave me!'

"He walked off without a word; he will surely remember the lesson.

"I had a strange experience yesterday. Two men were bottling a cask of claret, and I sat near to oversee them. I had heard of persons becoming intoxicated by the fumes of wine, but it seemed incredible. It is, nevertheless, true. After three hours spent at the work, the men were good for nothing, and absolutely unable to steady themselves. They were sent away to sleep off the effects, and others were substituted for them. When they finished the job, they were in pretty much the same condition as their predecessors.

"The cask, with its lees, was given to the men, who put water in it and let it stand some time. I heard that they had 'mighty fine wine' as the result.

"When a Creole comes to breakfast, a bottle of claret is set by his plate, and he is asked: 'Do you take wine in your coffee?' If he answers in the affirmative, as he generally does, his cup is sent to him only half filled with coffee.

"We are now in the middle of the 'grinding' season, which makes me realize that I have been here more than a year. An engineer from the west is in charge of the engine. He is a well educated, intelligent man. I shocked Miss Ferguson, who came up from the city yesterday to spend a few days with us, by talking with him. He complained of his room at the overseer's house, and of the table, so they were forced to make

some improvements. I have frequent chats with him, and we exchange newspapers. He said to me, one day:

"'They don't know how to treat a man down here. I came south to take off several 'crops,' for which a friend had made engagements for me, but I would not come again for any amount of money!'

"During 'grinding,' whiskey is regularly given out when the 'hands' are changed for the night. Those who have worked during the day come to the house, and one of the family serves it, giving a cupful to each applicant. Even the young girls take it.

"I am surprised at the large fires that are kept here. I dress warmer and feel the cold more than in Baltimore; the dampness is so chilling that it seems to strike into one's very bones! The walls are papered on canvas, leaving an air-passage of an inch between the wall and the paper; in this way only will the paper keep dry.

"I have nothing to say for myself, except to thank you for the reading-matter, which came to hand last week. Love to all.

"EMILY."

Meanwhile, Emily continued her diary.

Thursday. At dinner, yesterday, Mr. Merriville was telling of a female slave who came to his plantation last week in a miserable condition. Her mistress confined her in the garret, and fed her on bread and

water, while every day she went there and whipped her. The poor creature's bones were nearly through her skin, and her body was terribly cut with the whip. She escaped by climbing through the skylight, and made her way to him. Her mistress sent to him to return the girl, but he refused to give her up. Taking a paper from his pocket, Mr. Merriville said:

"Here is a 'round robin' that I want you all to sign; it is an order for this woman to leave within thirty days. She is a disgrace to the neighborhood. I talked to Gauvait about her this morning. She has only a few acres, and they join his plantation. He will buy her out at a fair price, and be glad to get rid of her."

Saturday. This afternoon, the boys called me to help gather the pecorns (pecans, you call them). They thrash the tree, as we do the chestnut. We had a merry time dodging the nuts, as they fell thick and fast.

The orange is the king of fruit trees. It is in bud, in blossom and full of fruit at the same time. The oranges are sold on the trees; the buyer counts those on a certain tree, and averages the grove by that one. The fruit is plucked with the greatest care, a step-ladder being used. The orange is wrapped carefully in soft paper, and passed to some one below, who places it in the box. The rich green of the leaf, the deep golden color of the fruit and the pure white of the fragrant blossom render this tree extremely beautiful.

Among the forest trees, surely the live oak is the emperor. He is so grand and stately! Even his parasite, the long white moss, while it takes life, gives beauty, and seems to mourn for the greatness it destroys.

Nov. 20th. I went on an exploring expedition yesterday, and got lost in the cane field. I was amused by the rustling of the cane as I passed along. It was far above my head; you know it grows to the height of ten or twelve feet. Suddenly I became aware that I had come a considerable distance. I was about to retrace my steps, but could not tell which direction to take. I heard voices and, advancing, came upon a startling scene. It was a runaway camp. The cane had been cut away about eight feet square, and the adjoining stalks woven together at the top. Two forked sticks were in the ground and across them was a pole; to this a young pig was fastened by a chain over a blazing fire, and sweet potatoes were roasting, catching the drippings. Around the fire were Choutard's two negroes and Devil Bob; they had large knives in their hands, and a huge pitchfork stood near by. I had no thought of fear, and I said, immediately:

"Why, Bob, what are you doing here? They have been hunting for you everywhere. Your master is dreadfully angry. What is the use of your running away, when you know you will be caught and punished?"

Here one of the French negroes said something in a

patois that I could not make out; it was, however, to my disadvantage, as I judged from Bob's reply:

"No, Mam'selle won't tell. She 's black peoples' frien'. Missus, what does dey say at de house?"

"Mr. Choutard has white men out searching for your companions, and your young master is looking for you with his pistols! Let me tell old master that I have found you. I may get you in without your being punished. All the hands are needed now."

"Missus, I 'se tired ob workin'," replied Bob, with sullen desperation.

"You will have to work for your living, Bob, wherever you are. If you were free, you would have to work or starve, but you know you can't get away. I have to work. Everybody must work."

"I 'se comin' in arter awhile, missus. I dun kar fur de whippin'. You better go home. Dun you neber cum out dis way agin."

The others eyed me suspiciously. They understood every word. I knew that.

"You must show me the way out," said I. "Ain't you afraid they will see the smoke and find you?"

"Lor, missus, I neber tinks ob dat: ob course, Massa Edgar will be spyin round fur dat."

Bob accompanied me until we could see the house. He talked very seriously of the risk I had run.

"Ef I had no bin dar," said he, "I dun know what might'er happen."

In the evening, Edgar gave an account of his un-

successful pursuit of Devil Bob; but he had caught somebody's runaway slave, and that was a comfort. I was silent.

Emily was anxious to see New Orleans, and was delighted when Mrs. Ferguson sent for her and the children to come there early in February.

She had changed, during her residence in the south, more than she was aware. With all the native independence and sturdiness of her character, she was shy and sensitive, and it was only in the home circle at Uncle Bradshaw's that she showed her true nature. At her Aunt Lincoln's she had learned self-control. Of an excitable disposition and a passionate temper, she held the former in check, while the latter she had brought under complete subjection. Dignified and self-possessed, she went about her duties in a bright and cheerful spirit, confiding in Henry's love with entire trust and measureless content. The Fergusons felt that there was something about her they did not understand. Miss Ferguson once suggested that she was an heiress in disguise, who, from some freak, had assumed the role of governess.

The secret of her engagement she had jealously kept. She held it as a miser his treasure, enjoying it in silence and alone, and satisfied to possess it.

The tone of thought and the objects of interest that presented themselves to her in the south were so different from those of her previous experience, that they awakened entirely new ideas in her mind.

Emily found books more accessible in New Orleans than in the country; she seized them with avidity, and was glad to escape from the drawing-room. Her presence there was the attraction to more than one of the gentlemen who frequented the house, but of this she was unconscious. Her fine education, which she knew would command a support for her at any time, made her feel herself the equal of any one. Having always been treated with courtesy and respect, she never imagined herself neglected.

Miss Ferguson's behavior to her was very variable. Emily was at a loss to account for it, though she faithfully examined herself to discover in what she had offended. Being in the drawing-room one evening when Mr. Bethune, a favored visitor, called, it dawned upon her that Miss Ferguson did not like his giving her so much of his attention, and, as she observed her more closely, she came to the conclusion that her employer's daughter was really interested in him.

"And he don't care a fig for her!" thought Emily, regretfully; "but she is handsome, and as attractive as most of the girls in her 'set,' and he might like her very much, if he saw more of her! She is rich, and he is a poor lawyer. It would be a nice match!"

After this discovery, Emily avoided Mr. Bethune.

Emily thus wrote of New Orleans in her diary:

February 10*th.* I have entered upon a new phase of life in the city. The family are occupied with

receptions, dinners, etc., and I am more at leisure, as the children are taken out a great deal. My friend, Mrs. Merriville, is spending the winter here. She is in the neighborhood; I see her frequently and love her dearly. Though a Creole, she is a woman of wide views, and has been an extensive reader. She says that not for the world would she have her sons grow up in a slave state. She intends to send them to Germany. She has been ill, and I wanted to see her so much that I stepped out, yesterday afternoon, and had a nice chat with her. She scolded me for coming alone, and said that I must take Armand to escort me home. I intended doing so, but he had gone on an errand, and so I started back as I came. On St. Charles street, I was compelled to pass a group of well-dressed men who filled the sidewalk. Annoyed that they did not make way for me, I said:

"Gentlemen, be kind enough to let me pass."

At this, one of them pertly replied, as he took hold of my veil:

"Not until we have a better look at you!"

I felt terribly indignant, as, grasping the veil, I stepped into the street, saying:

"Excuse me; I mistook you for gentlemen!"

When I entered the house, I saw them opposite. I did not mention their insulting conduct, as Mr. Ferguson would have felt bound to resent it, and those men were only worthy of contempt.

I am now convinced of Miss Ferguson's attachment

to Mr. Bethune. She defers to his opinions, and her character is developing finely under his influence. I did not know there was so much in her!

Feb. 14*th.* This afternoon, Gertrude and I went out for a walk. We were dressed plainly and wore thick veils. New Orleans is like my idea of some city in the south of Europe. It has narrow streets, from which others branch off towards the levee, affording a glimpse of the shipping. Those long, tall masts have a great charm for me. The desire of my heart was to see the old Spanish Cathedral. We had to go through the French quarter of the city to reach it, and that I wanted to see also. The streets there are very narrow indeed, and the houses are built in such a singular fashion! The sidewalks, or *trottoirs*, are about three feet in width. The first story of the houses goes straight up from the pavement, the second extends over it, and the third stretches beyond it several feet, thus rendering the distance between opposite neighbors so slight that, from the windows of the upper stories, they could touch broomhandles with but little effort. Each story is painted a different color.

What a mixture of languages there is, and what varied costumes are to be seen.

We found ourselves behind two Spanish Creole dames. They had mantillas over their heads, and their servants followed them, carrying cushions and prayer-books. The domestics placed the cushions on the damp pavement of the church and their mistresses

knelt upon them, the servants doing the same at a respectful distance in the rear. For a few moments all were engaged in their devotions. Then mistresses and maids took a long, searching look around. But little could be seen. The windows were so lofty that they threw no light upon the worshippers. Only the candles on the altar gave us any idea of the interior.

In the distance, the altar had an imposing effect. It appeared to be richly decorated. The priests in their flowing robes, the music, the kneeling worshippers, and the "dim, religious light" combined to present an exceedingly impressive scene.

It was nearly dark when we left the Cathedral. Having a long walk before us, we proceeded at a rapid pace. A man annoyed me by keeping at my side, occasionally addressing me in Spanish. Seeing that we were attracting attention, I grew alarmed, and was greatly relieved to notice the carriage, with Mr. Ferguson looking in our direction. I said in French to Gertrude, "There is your father!"

My fears having departed, I turned to look at our persecutor, and saw a handsome man of the bandit type, with such expressive eyes! He raised his hat and disappeared as Mr. Ferguson approached. I received a severe scolding which I bore with due humility, being conscious that I deserved it.

There was much to interest Emily in New Orleans, and all her leisure time, when she could get company,

was spent in exploring the city. Her cultivated musical taste enabled her to enjoy the opera. "The Martyrs" was to be performed one evening, and a large party was going from Mrs. Ferguson's. They had gathered in the drawing-room, and were indulging in a pleasant chat, while waiting for the carriages to arrive. There was a ring at the bell; in a moment the drawing-room door was thrown open, and Jim announced a lady and gentleman to see Miss Rutledge.

Emily arose to meet her visitors, who were Mr. and Mrs. Brown from Baltimore. They thought a great deal of Emily, who had taught their little girl in Sunday-school. They were very "plain people," and, in that elegant room, amid that fashionable company, they looked still plainer. Emily had never been to see them, and they had not visited at her uncle's. Being in New Orleans, they thought she would like to see some one from home, and had really inconvenienced themselves to call upon her. Mrs. Brown was attired in a bright hued silk dress, a green shawl and a green velvet bonnet, with a gorgeous feather, while Mr. Brown's toilet matched his wife's!

Emily was forced to summon all her self-control. Her independent spirit rallied on the instant, and she greeted her visitors affectionately. No one could see that she was disturbed, and she was watched by critical eyes. She acquitted herself to the admiration of the gentlemen, who could readily understand the relation existing between this couple and the graceful and

accomplished governess. She introduced them to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson; then, drawing them aside, she entered into a conversation with them in regard to their journey. Mrs. Brown remarked, in an audible whisper:

"Why, Miss Emily, how you are dressed up! You are going to a party, ain't you? Don't let us keep you, for we are going right back to the hotel."

Emily replied, in her usual tone:

"I was going to the opera, but, if you will pass the evening with me, I will remain at home."

This they would not agree to, and, after obtaining from her a promise that she would come to the Planters' Hotel the next morning, they withdrew, Mrs. Brown making a profound courtesy to the company. Emily attended them to the door, and would gladly have run up to her room after closing it, but self-respect forbade, and she returned to the parlor, prepared for any encounter. She knew that something annoying would be said by Mrs. Emerson Butler, Mrs. Ferguson's sister, who set up for "the fashion." She was not mistaken.

"Are we to take those persons as a sample of your Baltimore friends, Miss Rutledge?" asked that lady.

"I leave that to your own judgment," replied Emily, composedly.

The gentlemen smiled, and, as the carriages were announced, Mrs. Emerson Butler said nothing further. In fact, she could not think of anything to say!

In those days the French opera was a beautiful sight. The dowagers present were attired in velvet and diamonds, the young girls in simple white muslin and the gentlemen in full evening dress. Emily abandoned herself to the music, and was oblivious of all else.

The following day, Mrs. Merriville offered Emily her carriage to drive around with her friends, and show them the city. Accordingly she went to the Planters' Hotel for them. They were delighted with their drive on the shell road and to the cemetery. They were *en route* for Cuba for the benefit of Mr. Brown's health, and left in the afternoon. Mrs. Brown said at parting:

"My dear, I hope they will not judge of your friends from us. They ought to know that you are used to just as high folks as they are! Husband said you looked more like a lady than any of them—and he is a judge!"

With many affectionate words, they bade Emily good-bye. The knowledge that she had given them pleasure, added to the consciousness that she had acquitted herself well, satisfied her, and, amused at the thought of how earnestly her Uncle Bradshaw would applaud her "Yankee pluck," she returned in excellent spirits, and all Mrs. Emerson Butler's sarcasm about her "friends" failed to disturb her equanimity. Only to Mrs. Merriville did she explain the nature of her acquaintance with the Browns.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LITTLE LOVE-SCENE.

MRS. MERRIVILLE gave her seat in the box at the opera, which she and Mrs. Ferguson had taken together, to Emily for the last week of the season, during which the répertoire would be repeated. "The Huguenots" was to be performed on Friday evening, and Emily was full of eager expectation. Mrs. Ferguson had a large dinner-party that afternoon, and, as they were finishing the dessert, a card was brought to Emily on which she read "Henry Weston." Her surprise may be imagined; but her habitual self-control came to her aid, and, saying to Mrs. Ferguson, "Please excuse me; an old friend is in the drawing-room," she left the table. Mr. Bethune alone noticed the telltale blush that overspread her face for a moment.

The door stood ajar, and Emily entered so quietly that Henry, who was standing before the fire with his back to the entrance, was not aware of her presence until she placed her hand upon his arm. For an instant he gazed at her in astonishment. He could not believe his eyes.

Emily wore a white muslin dress, fitting close to the throat, with a lace frill at the neck and short sleeves;

her fair, round arms were ornamented with coral bracelets, and a scarlet japonica was in her hair. The simplicity of her toilet admirably set off her finely-shaped head and her beautiful form. Was this the girl to whom he had given the bouquet seven years ago?

They stood regarding each other, until Emily could bear it no longer, and, not daring to trust herself to give utterance to her joy, she said, with a quizzical smile:

"'Have you a character? Uncle Lincoln is very strict!'"

These words broke the spell. Henry clasped her in a warm embrace, from which Emily released herself as quickly as possible, fearing the company would come in from dinner.

"Emily, you are, indeed, lovely!" he cried, in an almost regretful tone. "Oh! how I have longed for this moment! Darling! darling!"

"Hush! Talk only about the weather until they are gone! I cannot bear it!" said Emily, her quivering lip and tremulous voice betraying the agitation that severely tried her. Henry understood her, and, taking a chair at a respectful distance, he explained the cause of his visit. The young couple presented a very staid appearance when the party came in from the dining-room. Emily introduced Henry to Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson and the company in general. The youthful New Englander and Mr. Ferguson soon

dropped into conversation about New Orleans. Henry displayed such a thorough knowledge of its advantages and resources, while seeking for information, that the planter was astonished. Emily listened and thought: "Is this the awkward, ungainly lad who ate in the kitchen with Hannah?"

The carriage was announced, and Mrs. Merriville said to Emily:

"You, I am sure, will prefer spending the evening with your friend."

Before Emily could reply, Mr. Ferguson remarked:

"Mr. Weston must take my seat; I would rather hear one of Miss Rutledge's songs than an entire opera! I know Mrs. Ferguson will be delighted with the exchange!"

Mrs. Ferguson would certainly have been pleased to exhibit the fine-looking man before her, if he did lack "style"; but Henry replied, with decision:

"Thank you; but I am selfish enough to wish to keep Miss Rutledge from the opera this evening, as I leave in the morning and have much to tell her concerning our mutual friends."

Mr. Bethune had divined the situation at once. He had watched Emily's varying countenance too often not to see the suppressed feeling that glowed on her cheek and softened her glance. Never had she appeared so lovely. Yet he was relieved to know the cause of her indifference to him. He admired the intelligent countenance and fine physique of Henry

Weston, and, with thoughtful kindness, hastened to depart with the company, first inviting the young man to breakfast with him the next morning and take a drive around the city. Henry was forced to decline, as the Ohio, the steamboat on which he had engaged passage, expected to start early.

At last, Henry and Emily were alone. As the carriage drove off, Henry said:

"I cannot realize that you are before me!"

"And I cannot realize that this is you!" said Emily, striving to steady her voice.

"Emily, are you sure that you do not regret it?"

"Regret what?"

"That you are engaged to me. I see what kind of gentlemen you have been associating with, and I am so plain!" said Henry, sadly.

"Was it not 'forever and ever?'" asked Emily, gravely.

"But are you satisfied that it should be 'forever and ever?' Oh! darling, I love you too much to hold you to that promise, if you have the slightest doubt, if you have seen, or think you may see, some one whom you would prefer to me!"

Henry spoke earnestly, anxiously, and with emotion. Emily saw that he was suffering. Rising, she went to him, for he was standing some little distance from her, as if he dare not appropriate her, and placing her hands upon his shoulders, she looked him in the face, as, in a voice trembling with agitation, she said, with the solemnity of deep feeling:

"I love you with heart, soul and brain! I have no other hope or desire than to pass my life with you, be it in poverty or riches!"

The expression of intense joy, of supreme bliss, that lighted up Henry's face at these words cannot be described. He encircled Emily with his arms, and she yielded herself to his embrace in full content. When he released her, it was to hold her at arm's length and gaze at her in admiration.

"Emily, you are beautiful!" he said.

"I am glad you think so, Henry! I always wished to be pretty for your sake! Is it possible that you have doubted my love for you, when I have trusted in your love with such undoubting faith, never thinking of the possibility of change?"

"No, my beloved; until this evening I have not questioned your love. Since I have been in this room, however, and seen Mr. Bethune and realized that he loves you and that he is such a polished, elegant gentleman, it has seemed incredible that you should have chosen me!"

"Oh! you great simpleton!" exclaimed Emily, releasing herself and twirling around on one foot, in the exuberance of her merriment. "Why, Mr. Bethune is in love with Miss Ferguson!"

"Miss Ferguson! The deuce!"

"Why, Henry, do you swear? Consider our engagement at an end, Mr. Weston!" she said, demurely, seating herself with crossed hands and a lugubrious expression of countenance.

"Now, listen, darling," said Henry, perfectly enraptured by the fair creature before him; "Mr. Bethune loves you, and Miss Ferguson loves him!"

"What a remarkably brilliant young man you are! Must you really leave to-morrow?"

"Yes, darling," replied Henry, seating himself beside her on the sofa.

"How fortunate it was that we did not go to the opera before your arrival! You came very near missing me!"

"In that case, I should have looked you up at the opera, and would have seen you talking with Mr. Bethune! Then I should have gone away very miserable, and would have written you, giving you back your promise!"

"Don't talk in that way!" said Emily, with a shudder, as she realized how near they had been to such a catastrophe.

"My beloved, I fully believe I should have acted just as I have said!"

"But you would not do so now?"

"No, for my faith in you is firmly fixed! When can we be married?"

"That depends upon how you are getting on; I will be an expensive wife," said she, nestling close to him.

"I have fifteen hundred dollars in bank, and this trip will pay me something handsome."

"Oh! then this is a money-making trip? I did not understand that!" said Emily, drawing away from him.

"I came to see you; (holding her tightly,) that was my sole errand. I consulted Mr. Perkins about the best route, knowing that he had extensive railroad interests in the west. He said, if I would attend to some business for him, it would save him a journey and he would pay me handsomely, besides arranging a gratuitous passage for me."

"Yes; so you combined pleasure with profit!" (mischievously.)

"Such a course was necessary, as I am to have such an expensive wife!"

"Now, listen to me," said Emily; "I have saved eight hundred dollars, and I might get a situation in one of the schools to teach French and music. That would not interfere with my domestic duties."

"What a witch you are!" exclaimed the delighted Henry. "If we are so rich, why can't we get married this spring?"

"You forget that it is February now, and, besides, I would not like to leave my pupils so suddenly. Postpone the wedding until June; then the family will be going north and can get another governess. You will see Uncle Bradshaw before you return to Boston, will you not?"

"Yes; but what if he should refuse to give his consent, darling?"

"Time is too precious to waste in discussing improbabilities! Now, tell me about Uncle and Aunt Lincoln."

"Mrs. Lincoln's eyesight does not improve. She keeps her room darkened, and can neither read nor write."

"Oh! Henry, that is dreadful!"

"Mr. Lincoln is a devoted husband, and his wife is as perfect a Christian as there is on this earth!" said Henry, with earnestness.

"I don't think so. Had she been a Christian, she would have told me she was convinced that I did not tell a falsehood!" replied Emily, sturdily. She never could feel kindly towards her aunt, while that injustice rankled in her heart.

"That certainly is a blemish upon her Christian character for which I cannot account," said Henry, thoughtfully. "The stage stopped one day and took Hannah away. I asked no questions, and I have not heard her mentioned since. A bright young girl fills her place, and Mrs. Grattan takes care of Mrs. Lincoln."

"You know that Edward and Martha Perkins are engaged, do you not?"

"Yes, and I am thankful that Edward stopped drinking in time! I believe he is thoroughly cured."

"Martha is deeply attached to him. Is not Edward very handsome? He must be, if he is like uncle."

"He is very handsome; but, let me tell you, my beloved, it gives me a twinge to hear you speak of handsome men!"

"It need not, for I would not have you in the

slightest degree different from what you are! You are the handsomest man I ever saw, according to my ideas!"

Emily wished Henry to feel the same confidence in her love as she had in his, and to know that she admired him as he admired her.

Henry blushed with pleasure. This strong man, who knew not what fear was, and who would have faced an army for what he considered the right, was pleased beyond measure that his personal appearance had won the approval of this fair maiden! For answer he gave her a closer embrace, and said:

"You will spoil me, darling!"

"Then two will be spoiled!" she replied, archly. "You saw Louise, who has been visiting Martha. Is she not lovely?"

"Yes. We talked about you. She suspects our secret. She performs on the piano finely. We had some delightful evenings at Mr. Perkins' while she was there. I think Burbank is interested in her. You know they were a good deal together while abroad; but there is no telling what a girl's feelings may be!"

"Unless, like a foolish maiden of your acquaintance, she tells them right out, why don't you add?"

"There are not many girls as good and true as you are, darling!" said Henry, fondly.

"What do you know about girls, pray? Don't be taking on airs already! Louise is as good and true as your humble servant. No woman should carry her heart on her sleeve."

"But, if you will allow me to say it, I think she might just give Burbank an inkling!"

"Not until he has given her something more than an 'inkling.' You men are so vain you could not stand it. You would immediately conclude that all the feminine part of creation was in love with you! I know but one man who would properly appreciate it."

"And that one is—Mr. Bethune!"

"Yes!"

And thus their conversation ran upon friends and relatives until, as they felt that time was passing only too rapidly, it came back to themselves.

"I will have your last letter to welcome me on my return, and you will mail one as usual on Monday, will you not, my beloved?"

"This is Friday. I won't have anything to write about. I might as well give it to you now," said Emily, teasingly.

Henry insisted that he had been cheated out of his courtship, whereupon Emily informed him that he could not go through with it all in one evening, and that he would have plenty of time after they were married.

"Emily, do you know when I first loved you?"

"No."

"The first time I saw you, when I returned with the cup of water, and you sat there fixing the lunch, looking so demure and thoughtful, and asked, 'Can you make a fence—a paling fence?'"

Emily laughed heartily at the reminiscence.

"When did you first love me?" Henry asked, after a pause.

"I am sure I don't know. I remember thinking what a nice boy you were, and wishing you had some good clothes, and hoping Uncle Lincoln would take you. It would have been a real grief to me, if you had not come next day!"

But old Father Time will not tarry even for lovers, and Emily began to suspect that the happiest hours of her life were drawing to a close. In a grave tone, she asked:

"What time is it?"

Henry looked at his watch.

"Half past ten," he answered, glancing anxiously at her.

"Yes, Henry dear, you must go. They may return at any moment now, and I must get to my room before they come in."

They both arose. Henry's face expressed intense pain.

"How thankful we ought to be for this evening together. I feel as if I had not known you before!" said Emily, anxious to cheer him.

"And in June you will be mine 'forever and ever,' darling!" said Henry, as he embraced her.

She could not trust her voice to reply. Suddenly Henry said:

"Kiss me!"

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. Then she sped up to her room. Dropping on her knees beside the bed, she buried her face in the bed-clothes, as she murmured:

"Oh! Father, I thank Thee for this great happiness!"

And her tears burst forth, tears of joy and thanksgiving for the great love that had been given her!—that one gift which money cannot buy, which can only be repaid by itself, and which outlives death—"the crown of all humanity!"

Henry took his way back to the Ohio, and went to his state-room.

The next morning at breakfast, Emily's demeanor was so unchanged and she spoke of Mr. Weston in such an unembarrassed manner that she quieted Mrs. Ferguson's suspicions.

At eleven o'clock she was surprised to receive a letter from Henry. Why did it seem so much more precious than any other she had ever received from him? Was it that into the girl's love had come an added element of womanly strength? She had not thought that she could love Henry more than at first, yet she did. Before she had rested in his love with undoubting trust; now, she realized that his happiness was in her keeping, and she was humble before that highest of all responsibilities. How could she be worthy of the great love wherewith she was loved?

The Ohio started away at nine o'clock, and Henry

sent the letter back by the newsboy, to be posted in the city.

Again and again Emily read:

"Oh! Emily, darling, precious one! I wish I could pour out my heart to you, that you might know I love you to the very core of my being. God grant that I may be worthy of your love — the love you so nobly and beautifully showed to me. How I thank you for that! I feel that I possess a great treasure which time cannot take from me. How poor appear all other joys compared to that one!

"Oh! my beloved, ought we not to be thankful for each other! Should not our love bring us nearer to God and to his creatures? Ought not our happiness to open our hearts to all suffering humanity? Why should we be so blest? I feel that henceforth my life will be on a higher plane, in a purer atmosphere. Forget the sad face that bade you farewell. It is sad no longer, but happy with thoughts of you, and in the promise of your constant presence which each day brings nearer. I thought I knew you but you were a revelation to me! Never did the world seem so full of the Father's presence as at this hour when, with joy unspeakable, I write these few lines to you! May He protect and bless you!

"HENRY."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CREVASSE.

EMILY was rejoiced when, ten days after Henry's visit, Mrs. Ferguson informed her that the next day she and the children would join Mr. Ferguson on the plantation, whither he had gone the week before. Since she had seen Henry the city appeared very lonely, and she longed for the quiet of the country. During the intervening time she was left much to herself. The children were taken to various amusement resorts, and she was glad to be able to remain at home. Now that the date of her marriage was settled, life wore a graver aspect. A shade of thoughtfulness softened her bright, happy face, giving it additional beauty. So thought Mr. Bethune, at least.

At last they were again at "Magnolia." How beautiful was the aspect of Nature there! Never did the orange blossoms give forth more sweetness, or the birds sing a more joyous welcome! The children rushed hither and thither, rejoicing in their liberty. They returned on Thursday, and Emily gave her pupils holiday until Monday, in accordance with Mrs. Ferguson's wish, and that she might have leisure to look after the household affairs. Mrs. Ferguson was not in good health, and Emily wished to relieve her of

some of her cares by having the negroes' clothing cut out and setting the sewers to work. Possessing youth, health and happiness, no task was too great for her, and she flitted gayly about, while under her direction the house was put in perfect order. Mr. Ferguson watched her admiringly.

She was walking on the levee at sunset, when the Ohio approached the landing. The steamboat did not stop, but came as near as possible and the captain threw a package on shore; it fell at Emily's feet, and what was her delight to read her name upon it in Henry's handwriting! She bowed and waved her handkerchief in token of thanks, the captain gallantly returning the salute. With what pleasure Emily opened the package, seated on the log, with the warm sunset for company. Besides a letter, it contained "Jane Eyre," "Sartor Resartus," Tennyson's last poem and the latest magazines. How rich she felt! Her treasures lay beside her while she eagerly read Henry's letter, which had been written at Cincinnati, just before Henry set out for Baltimore. Henry gave an amusing account of his trip up the river. At his request, the captain passed "Magnolia" very slowly, and he had a good view of the plantation. He saw the log on which she sat to view the sunset, and now he would know just where to place her!

As she folded the letter, Emily asked herself for the hundreth time, "Was ever girl so blest?"

The sun had disappeared, and Emily returned to the

house with her treasures. Mr. Ferguson met her at the door.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Some books Mr. Weston sent me by the Ohio," answered she.

Mr. Ferguson read their titles, after which he said:

"Will you loan me one, my dear?"

"With pleasure; which will you have?" asked Emily.

"That will depend upon the one you wish to read first."

"I prefer 'Sartor Resartus.'"

"Then I will take 'Jane Eyre,'" said Mr. Ferguson, as he thought: "How strange that a young girl should choose 'Sartor Resartus' in preference to 'Jane Eyre!'"

At this period, Emily wrote the following in her diary:

Friday. The children and myself returned to "Magnolia" yesterday. The city was becoming very disagreeable. The heat was excessive and the want of cleanliness poisoned the air. The country is beautiful! I wish I could be out-of-doors all the time! The children are wild with joy at being home again. Every few moments they come bounding in to tell me of some new discovery. Everything delights them! I enjoyed the city, and am glad I have been there. Besides, your visit has made New Orleans very dear to me! But you seem nearer to me in the country!

Saturday. You are on your way to Baltimore by this time, and your letter from Cincinnati is on its way to me! I shall count the days until it arrives! The river is so low now that I have a chance of cultivating patience.

When the minister has said those words that will make us one, I cannot feel more entirely yours than I do now! But I don't mean to write one bit of nonsense; you and I can live upon the memory of that evening in New Orleans until we are united for life!

That note you sent me from the Ohio gladdened my heart. How strange it is that our thoughts and feelings should be so similar. I could have substituted Emily for Henry and sent it right back to you!

Life wears a different aspect in my eyes since our last meeting. I appreciate its duties and responsibilities more than ever before, and it seems as if the carelessness of girlhood had left me forever. Is not this because I realize the depth of your love for me and know that it lies in my power to make or mar your happiness?

Sunday. This afternoon Mr. Ferguson and myself were sitting on the front gallery; my book rested upon my lap, as I inhaled the balmy air and watched the flickering sunshine that marks the hour when the shadows lengthen. At that hour, when all Nature breathed peace and harmony, a party strangely at variance with the scene came up the road and riveted my attention. Mr. Ferguson was deep in De Bow's

Review, and did not notice them until they turned into the yard. It was a striking procession, though not a large one. There were two horsemen, each with a bloodhound leashed to his saddle-bow on the left side. On the right side of the foremost was Devil Bob, with a rope around his waist; a noose in the rope fastened him to the saddle. As they halted before us, I saw that the calf of Bob's right leg was torn and tied up roughly with a piece of twine.

"Where did you catch him?" asked Mr. Ferguson, roughly, as the man dismounted and unfastened Devil Bob.

"At Baton Rouge; he swam the river, but the dogs followed and treed him!"

"What do I owe you?"

Fifty dollars."

"Mademoiselle, will you get it?" said he, handing me the keys of his *escritoire*. I brought the money to him; he counted it and threw it on the ground. "Take it!" he said, in a tone of disgust.

What a scene for an artist!—those men with every instinct of the savage stamped upon them, the grand looking dogs, the elegant gentleman, and Bob, the picture of stolid indifference!

As if in despair, Mr. Ferguson said, at length, turning to me:

"What shall I do with him?"

"Let me take him to the hospital and have his leg dressed. And don't let the overseer have any-

thing to do with him. He has fever now," said I, laying my hand on Bob's forehead.

How thankful I was that Edgar and the overseer had gone across the river!

"Do with him as you please; I make him over to you," said Mr. Ferguson, resignedly.

Delighted with my success, I hastened to the hospital, followed by Bob. I left China to dress his wounds, while I prepared a comfortable meal and clean clothes for him. I hurried with all my might for fear the overseer would return. I had willing hands to help me. Without question, the people obeyed my directions; they perfectly understood the cause of my haste. Afterwards, I loitered around the hospital until China said, with a glad smile:

"He's all right now, missus."

I went in to see him, but could not speak to the miserable specimen of humanity before me so deeply was I touched. There was a gash on his cheek and another on his temple, which, since the dirt had been removed from them, bled afresh. China had dressed these wounds. I pressed Bob's hand in silence. Never did my hand receive such a squeeze as he gave it in return. I say "never," Henry, though you can do pretty well at that! I am thankful, however, that you cannot equal Devil Bob!

I took quite a walk before I returned to Mr. Ferguson, in order to calm myself.

"Well?" said he, on seeing me. "How is he?"

I made my report, adding:

"Whipping don't make Bob any better: why don't you try letting him alone?"

"That would be subversive of all discipline! Besides, what would the overseer say!"

"I don't see that it is of any consequence what he says! Remember that you said you made Bob over to me!"

"Did I? Then you and the overseer must settle it," said Mr. Ferguson, evidently much relieved.

The overseer did not hear of Bob's return until the next morning. Then he poured out upon him the vials of his wrath, winding up with a recital of the punishment he should receive as soon as he got well.

For many weeks Bob was very ill, and I hoped he was going where he would get justice. But he recovered. Mr. Ferguson kept his word. He told the overseer that he was tired of "beating the nigger," and that he had made him over to me.

Thursday. Mrs. and Miss Ferguson returned from the city last week. Several dinners have been given in compliment to them. On Sunday, Edgar persuaded me to drive with him fifteen miles up the "coast" to a dinner-party. He has been drinking so much of late that at first I objected to going with him, but he solemnly promised that he would not touch even wine, and I consented. We had a delightful time. Mrs. and Miss Ferguson remained all night. My departure was hastened by the appearance of a storm, and I sent

to the billiard-room for Edgar. In a few moments he drove around, and, with hurried adieux, we started. Darkness was closing in. We could barely see the gate. Edgar drove furiously, hoping to get ahead of the black cloud that seemed to be pursuing us. We had proceeded about three miles, when the storm burst upon us. It was terrific! Peal after peal of thunder sounded. The gloom now was intense. I could not see Edgar, but I felt that all was not right; I was sure that the horses did not feel the reins. Suddenly a flash of lightning revealed him to me terribly intoxicated; his head was resting on his chest, and the reins were hanging loose in his hand. Never shall I forget that moment! There we were, within ten feet of the river, on a winding road, and I knew nothing of driving! I thought I might never see you again, and that broke the spell that bound me. I seized the reins, pushed Edgar to the bottom of the carriage, and trusted to the instinct of the horses. On we went. The lights on the plantations looked like posts in a fence, so rapidly did we speed along. I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs; then a flash of lightning showed me a gentleman on horseback, and I caught the astonished and frightened expression of his face as he passed and saw me. There was no abatement of the storm, and we had no shelter in that open carriage. Edgar was lying in a pool of water and I was wet through. We reached "Magnolia." The horses had brought us safely home. They went through the open

gate, straight to the front door. There stood the faithful Jim. He held his lantern above his head, and, seeing only me, cried out:

"Good Lord, missus! where's Massa Edgar?"

As he lifted me out, I pointed to the intoxicated man. Then I hastened to my room. My pretty hat was ruined and my dress was in the same condition.

Sunday. The family have gone across the river to spend the day. I excused myself from accompanying them on the ground that I had letters to write. It is a genuine pleasure to have a day all to myself! As evening approached, I walked out on the levee and remained there until quite late, as I am apt to do when alone. I was watching for the new moon, determined to see it over my right shoulder. I made my wish (you may guess what it was) and was going towards the house, when from behind a hand was laid heavily upon my arm.

"You are the young lady from the north, are you not?" asked a man of forbidding aspect.

"It is nothing to you who I am!" I replied, as I pushed aside the hand he endeavored to place over my mouth.

I screamed loudly, "Harry! Edgar!" The former answered, "Yes, missus," as he ran up at full speed, with his hoe over his shoulder, and leaped the garden fence. As he did so, I heard the splash of oars, and a boat pushed out into the stream. Edgar now came up, with his rifle in his hand; he fired in the direction of

the boat, which by that time was a mere speck in the distance.

I did not tell any one, but I saw a man, who, I am sure, was Mr. Labrot, with his head just above the levee when I called. As Harry approached, he gave a low whistle. This was strange, as we had heard that Mr. Labrot had gone over to Cuba.

Saturday. It has been a glorious day! This afternoon, taking a shawl, a pillow and some books, I went to the orange grove, and, gathering a pile of oranges, lay down to improve my mind by reading Carlyle and Macaulay. Alas! neither did I open. I lay quietly, occasionally catching a glimpse of the Mississippi and the steamboats through the trees, while the dashing of the waves against the levee made pleasant music. Once, having a partial view of a sail, I arose with an effort and mounted the fence, from whence I saw a steam-tug with five schooners in tow; abreast and with all sail set, they gave the idea of a fleet. These schooners come up to the plantations for sugar, and are mostly from Baltimore. They passed, and I returned to my pillow. After refreshing myself with half a dozen oranges, I dropped into a reverie. The perfume of the orange blossoms, the balmy air, the twitter of the birds above me and the "chanson" of "La Marchande" as she passed by were too much for me. I was aroused from this pleasant state by the return of my pupils, who had been visiting. We sat on the levee, and I enjoyed the lovely sunset while

listening to their gossip. Thus ended the day which I had begun with such good intentions.

April 10*th.* Last night when I retired, what was my surprise to find my bed full of—I knew not what! I arose and lighted a candle. On examination, I found about a peck of nectarines snugly stowed away in my couch. Greatly amused, I was about to call Miss Ferguson to see the novel sight, when I suddenly remembered that Devil Bob was the only person on the plantation who had a nectarine tree. I had heard his mistress ask him if the nectarines were not ripe, as she expected company to dinner on Sunday and wished to buy them. He muttered something in reply, and I thought at the moment that he evidently did not wish to sell them. And now here they were! I could readily understand how they got into my bed, but made no inquiries of Matilda, as it was best for her sake that she should not be involved in the matter in case any investigation should be made into the disappearance of Bob's fruit. But what was I to do with the nectarines, and when could I eat them? I began to solve the last question at once.

April 13*th.* Those nectarines! What a trouble they were to me! I locked them up in my trunk and they perfumed the entire room! I could not eat them rapidly enough, and, besides, what was I to do with the stones? If the children should find one, it would certainly cause an investigation, and it seemed as if I would never again have a walk on the levee alone.

But if I threw them into the river, they would not sink! The only way, therefore, to get rid of them was to bury them, and when could I get a chance to do that! I must, however, make the attempt. Declining to go to tea, I waited until the family were at table; then I stole out through the back-door, and, going into the wet grass, dug a hole with my scissors beneath the fig tree. With a guilty feeling, I put the stones in this cavity and replaced the sod. Had Edgar seen me stealing back to my room, he would have concluded at once that I had been "exciting the slaves!"

I felt rather embarrassed to-day, when Mrs. Ferguson said:

"It is time for Bob's nectarines to be ripe. Remind me to tell him that I want them for Sunday!"

She did tell him, and he replied, sullenly:

"I ain't got none!"

His mistress could get nothing further from him. She made inquiries of his neighbors, but, as usual, they professed not to know anything about them. The overseer was positive that the nectarine tree had bloomed. Mrs. Ferguson wished him to force Bob to tell what he had done with the fruit, but Mr. Ferguson said:

"Bob had a right to do what he pleased with his nectarines. He has been behaving much better of late."

"He knew I wanted them, and should be made to tell what he has done with them. He had no right to

sell them, when I had engaged them," replied Mrs. Ferguson.

"My dear, you can't make him tell. Besides, I don't believe he sold them!"

And, while I gazed steadily at the newspaper, I felt that Mr. Ferguson glanced at me!

"Then what has become of them?" persisted Mrs. Ferguson.

Now, suppose that Mr. Ferguson had asked me outright if I knew anything about Bob's nectarines, what do you think I ought to have replied? I will tell you that I would have answered "No!"

You perceive that I am not one bit like Jeanie Deans or George Washington!

May 18th. I have had another dreadful trouble, this time with peanuts! The nectarines taught me a lesson, and now I look in my bed, as well as under it, every night. Several nights ago, I discovered a bag of peanuts hidden in my couch. The bag was made of large cabbage leaves sewed together. It bursted on being removed, and you can imagine the result. The light shells of the peanuts scattered through the bed, and I had to take the greatest care that not a fragment should escape me. I put the peanuts in my trunk. Now, I am not fond of peanuts, and what to do with these I did not know; at last, I decided to make a strong bag, put them in it, with a big stone for a weight, and throw them into the river!

I went into the garden before breakfast to gather

flowers, hoping for a chance to get on the levee with my bag, which I had concealed under a rose bush, but, as ill-luck would have it, Miss Ferguson came to examine the banana tree. The breakfast-bell rang, and she went in. I loitered that I might take the bag from its hiding-place. Concealing it beneath my skirts, I took it to my room. I caused some remark by being late at breakfast.

May 20th. At last, I have got rid of the peanuts! Everybody went out to drive this afternoon, except myself. Thankful for the opportunity, as soon as the carriage was out of sight, I went to the levee and threw my bag into the river! Like Banquo's ghost, the peanuts "would not down," but came popping up in every direction! In my eagerness, I threw the bag with such force that it bursted! Fortunately, help came from an unexpected quarter. An alligator snapped the peanuts up right speedily. Thus, as I thought, I was out of my scrape, but, as I returned to the house, I met Edgar, who asked:

"What have you been on the levee for, at this time of day?"

It was somewhat earlier than I usually go there. Provoked and annoyed at his question, after all my sufferings, I answered, rudely:

"It is none of your business!"

He immediately went on the levee and looked about, but not even a perogue was in sight, and the alligator kept my secret, for which I shall always hold him

in respect. Edgar returned, looking puzzled, and, with the impudence of security, I could not help saying to him:

"Why did you not ask the alligator?"

Since then Edgar has eyed me suspiciously, and I feel that I am under strict surveillance. This amuses me, and I cannot meet his gaze without smiling. No doubt he thinks I am in possession of some important secret.

It is bed-time, and I am afraid to look in my bed. What if I should find there a pair of chickens, a bushel of potatoes, or a dozen eggs! Poor, dear, old Devil Bob!

Wednesday. The young men appear to have enrolled themselves as a corps of detectives. I believe Edgar is engrossed with the idea of discovering a conspiracy among the slaves! He is constantly on the watch. He comes in at ten o'clock in the evening and retires, but, an hour or two later, in a different costume from that he has worn during the day, he goes prowling around the quarters through back ways. Early in the evening, I sometimes meet him with his face blackened; he thinks I don't recognize him, but he is mistaken. It is a perpetual game of hide-and-seek. The slaves are always on the alert. They know they are watched. When they are in their cabins, one of the children, perhaps but three or four years of age, sits on the door-step to give notice of the approach of any white person, which is done by

merely throwing a pebble into the room or singing a line of a negro song. The child's first lesson is to deceive the whites.

I frequently walk through the quarters, and go into the cabins. No notice is taken of my movements by the negroes. I have often caught them putting down the floors, which they had raised to conceal something they had stolen or bought from a perogue. I shut my eyes, and ask no questions. Every night some of them go ten or twelve miles away to visit their friends, taking the back way through the swamp. They know all that is going on before it is known in the "house," and can tell if any negroes have been bought, if any have been married, or if any have died. There is a mounted patrol on duty every night. Edgar is a member of it. Often a row of cabins is searched while the negroes are in the field. The floors of the huts are removed and the gardens dug up.

May 25th. Edgar is kind and obliging; if it were not for his habits of intemperance, he might be a useful man.

Last evening, I was suffering with the toothache. I knew that I could be relieved only by having the tooth extracted, and mentioned the matter to Edgar. It was then dark. He said:

"Get ready and I will take you to the city; we can return before morning."

"But the dentist will not be up," I remarked.

"We will arouse him," he replied.

In a few moments we were behind two spirited horses, *en route* for the city. After proceeding for some distance at a rapid pace, a peculiar sound suddenly reached our ears. Was it thunder or the tramp of men? The horses scented danger; they pawed the earth and tossed their heads. The night was dark and a slight rain was in progress. The wind brought a shout to our ears.

"It is a crevasse!" cried Edgar.

"What shall we do?" I asked, anxiously.

"It's at Choutard's—evidently on the lower side of his plantation. I will lead the horses until we get to Choutard's gate. You must stop at his house while I go ahead and see what the chances are of our getting across."

Soon the road became very muddy; then the water arose above the horses' hoofs. We turned in at Choutard's gate, and, leaving me at the house, Edgar took a horse and rode to the crevasse, about a quarter of a mile below. He speedily returned and reported that Mr. Choutard would send us over. As Edgar said there would be no danger in crossing the crevasse, I decided to make the attempt. We were taken to the water's edge in a cart; then we took a large boat, with six stalwart negroes for oarsmen. Mr. Choutard tried to dissuade us from making the venture, but Edgar was confident of safety and with me pain banished fear.

The crevasse was as wide as the river. The current

had been diverted from the main stream; it had taken its course through this new outlet, and was so strong and rapid that our boat was obliged to keep out in the river for safety. I knew by the tone of his voice that Edgar felt anxious and somewhat alarmed. I could not see his face. The cry, which reached us faintly from the shore, "Keep out in the river," did not encourage us. With his lips to my ear, Edgar said:

"If we should capsize, seize me by the waist."

In silence we battled with the angry waters. I tried to think of all the directions I had read for keeping one's self afloat, and determined I would not lose my self-possession. We did not appear to be making any headway, and I was surprised when with a jar our boat touched the shore. Several lanterns were held up, and some one asked:

"What induced you to cross the crevasse at this time of night?"

"It is a matter of urgent necessity," said Edgar. "Can we get a carriage to take us to the city?"

There was an affirmative reply, and, in a few moments, the vehicle appeared. Meanwhile I was eyed suspiciously. I heard afterwards that we were taken for a runaway couple!

We reached the city at midnight. Our business at the dentist's was soon transacted, and we started homeward. Relieved of my intense pain, I was greatly excited, and, when we came to the crevasse and again took the boat, I had no thought of fear,

though the overseer said it was madness to attempt to cross. Edgar was in high spirits; success had made him bold.

Truly it was a wild scene. Hundreds of negroes were at work. Some of them were bringing wheelbarrows filled with earth from the adjoining field. There was hurrying to and fro, while the overseers hallooed at the top of their voices. The earth was dumped from a hundred wheelbarrows at once; it was instantly swept away by the current.

After another desperate struggle with the waters, we reached the opposite shore; I insisted upon taking a look about me, but the hundreds of torches only made "darkness visible" and rendered the scene additionally vague and indistinct. The waters seemed to swallow up the light. Above all was heard the roar of the mighty river, as if in scorn of man's efforts to stay him in his course to the Gulf, there to be lost in immensity!

We did not get back to "Magnolia" until three o'clock in the morning. I was glad to take off my wet garments and go to my rest. I had asked Edgar not to address me by name during our trip, and in the darkness and excitement it was not known who "Mademoiselle" was. We have been greatly amused at the different versions given of the affair!

Friday. Some weeks have passed since I last wrote. The waters have subsided, and hundreds of hands are at work on the new levee. The crevasse in

the old one was of such extent that it could not be repaired. The day after our adventurous expedition, a large condemned ship was brought from New Orleans and placed in the centre of the crevasse, as a point to work from, but it was swept away by the current and lodged between two live oak trees, where it remains, high and dry, reminding one of Noah's ark.

CHAPTER XXV.

HENRY AND MR. BRADSHAW.

MR. BRADSHAW was agreeably surprised to receive a visit from Henry Weston, to whom he extended a cordial welcome, saying, as he placed his hand upon his arm:

"Young man, I have known you by report these many years, and I am glad to meet you face to face. Come into the breakfast-room; it is chilly here."

In the breakfast-room they found Mrs. Bradshaw, whose reception of Henry was as warm as her husband's had been. Henry apologized for his early visit, saying:

"I do not know where Mr. Bradshaw's office is, but, as Emily gave me the street and number of your residence, I called at this unusual hour, hoping to find Mr. Bradshaw at home."

While Henry was speaking, Mrs. Bradshaw pushed back the table, and the trio gathered around the blazing fire in the open Franklin stove.

"Then you have seen Emily recently?" said Mr. Bradshaw.

"I have just arrived from New Orleans," replied Henry. Looking Mr. Bradshaw frankly in the face, he added: "I came here, with Emily's consent, to ask you to give her to me."

"If I should refuse to do so," said Mr. Bradshaw, smiling, "it would make no difference to Miss Emily! She has a way of managing her own affairs!"

"Indeed, it would make a difference to her!" replied Henry, with earnestness. "To secure the approval of Mrs. Bradshaw and yourself is her supreme desire!"

"I believe you; and Emily is as dear to us as either of our daughters. We hoped to have her bright face near us and to hear her merry laugh for a few years longer. Only last night, my wife and I were saying that she must return to us this spring. And now you have come to take her from us," said Mr. Bradshaw, sadly.

Mrs. Bradshaw came to Henry's relief.

"I think I know somebody, who, once upon a time, did a similar thing!" she said, archly.

"True, wife. Well, young man, you have my full consent. I don't know any one to whose keeping I would rather entrust Emily, and, let me tell you, she is a jewel!"

"I know that, Mr. Bradshaw; you shall never have cause to regret having given her to me!" replied Henry, with emotion.

"Emily possesses some rare qualities," said Mrs. Bradshaw, tenderly. "With her gayety and exuberant spirits are combined the thoughtfulness and judgment of a mature woman! When is she coming home?"

"She has promised to marry me in June," said Henry.

"I told you she could manage her own affairs," said Mr. Bradshaw. "She knows her own mind. What a witch she is—so firm, yet so gentle and loving! And she will return only to leave us again!"

"But, Mr. Bradshaw, there is no reason why we should wait any longer," said Henry, deprecatingly.

"Wait any longer!" said Mr. Bradshaw, much amused. "Pray, how long have you waited?"

"Well, Emily is over eighteen and I am twenty-three!"

"Just the ages we were, dear," said Mr. Bradshaw, placing his hand fondly on his wife's. "What have you to live upon?"

Henry informed him of his prospects and of their present financial resources, adding:

"And Emily thinks she can get a position to teach music and French in one of the Boston schools. For my part, I can teach a night-school until my salary is raised, as has been promised."

It was now time for Mr. Bradshaw to go to his office; as the gentlemen were about to depart, Mrs. Bradshaw said:

"Henry, you must stop with us. Send up your trunk."

"Of course," said Mr. Bradshaw.

Mr. Bradshaw and Henry conversed like old friends, as they went down town together.

The Bradshaws had heard much of Henry from Edward, as well as from Mrs. Lincoln. His purity, his knowledge of the world and his touch of the Puritan sternness of principle were very pleasing to Mr. Bradshaw, who had seen so much of the purposeless young men of society.

Edward was pleased at meeting his old acquaintance, who had the additional recommendation of being acquainted with his lady-love. As soon as they were alone, he told Henry that he and Martha were to be married in six weeks.

"We want you to be groomsman," said he, "and I wish Emily was here to stand up with you."

Mr. Bradshaw allowed the young men to talk over their prospects for a time; then he asked Edward to show Henry around the city, and, as it was drawing towards noon, concluded to go home to luncheon. This was his excuse for a chat with his wife.

Noon found him at home with his wife and the girls, enjoying stewed oysters and a cup of coffee.

"Wife, is this the luncheon you have every day?" he asked, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"No; only when I expect my husband," she replied. "I knew you would come home to-day to talk over our affairs."

"Yes, father; mother said she was certain you would be home, and I was certain of it, too. You are such a gossip!" said Louise, saucily.

"Your father a gossip! What a slander! Girls,

what will your mother and I do? Mary is as good as gone, and Emily is going!"

"Father, what do you think of Mr. Weston?" asked Mary.

"Think of Henry? Why, he is a man after my own heart. He is full of vim and energy, is afraid of nothing and is a genuine lover! Wife, I believe there *is* some love flying around in 'these degenerate days.' What do you think, Mary?"

Mary blushed and Louise asked:

"Why did not Emily come with him?"

"She thought she ought to remain at 'Magnolia' until the summer vacation."

"They have next to nothing to live upon," said Louise.

"You need not be troubled about them. Henry is sure to get along. He will make his mark yet. Who is going to Edward's wedding! I have received a letter from Mr. Perkins; he wants us all to come."

"You can go and take Louise," said Mrs. Bradshaw.

"I can't think of going without you, wife. And Mary must be present that she may learn how to behave when her turn comes! Henry will remain with us until Monday; then he and I are going to Washington."

"You will pay his expenses, husband?"

"Of course; he goes on my invitation. He intended going, and I am glad I invited him before he mentioned it. He is very independent."

After Mr. Bradshaw returned to the office, Mrs. Bradshaw left the girls discussing Emily's prospects, (which Louise considered "rather gloomy," and Mary regarded as "very bright"), and retired to her room to write Emily a letter full of warm affection and hearty congratulations, and urging her to come home as soon as possible. Nor did she omit expressing her own and her husband's high estimate of Henry.

Henry returned with Mr. Bradshaw and Edward to the five o'clock dinner. The girls observed him with much curiosity. They knew his history—that he had been a laboring boy of common origin—and were somewhat surprised at his thoroughly gentlemanlike air and manner. While Henry regarded them with interest, it was evident that his chief desire was to converse with Mr. Bradshaw on public affairs. After dinner, Henry and Mr. Bradshaw had an earnest discussion relative to some measures pending before Congress, in which they differed materially. The modest, yet firm manner in which Henry maintained his opinion delighted Mrs. Bradshaw, who despised a "namby-pamby" man. He evinced great interest in the slavery question, and spoke with enthusiasm of Mr. Sumner's speech on the Nebraska Bill. Mr. Bradshaw was struck with his knowledge of affairs, both at home and abroad.

Jenny's announcement that Mr. Huntington was in the parlor brought the conversation to a close. The young people immediately joined him. Mr. Bradshaw

accompanied them and introduced Henry to the visitor. The party were soon engrossed with music, and Mr. Bradshaw slipped out and rejoined his wife. She drew a low chair close to his side, as, placing his feet on the fender, his arm dropped around her neck, while she laid her hand on his knee. With his other hand he smoothed her hair, in which gray was beginning to predominate.

"Wife, we will soon be where we started," said he.

"Yes, dear. It is the law of Nature; we would not have it otherwise."

"I know; yet how like a dream it all appears. It was but a short time ago that our young folks were children, and we were all in the other house."

"Do you not see, husband, that the change in our circumstances was the best thing that could have happened for them? Mary and Louise have learned to depend upon their own resources, and have fitted themselves to earn their own living, and I doubt if they would have done this without the spur of necessity; while, but for the change, Edward would have been merely a fashionable young man about town, if nothing worse."

"You know, dear, that he is ready to redeem the silver when Mr. Fox returns, and with his own earnings, too."

"Why not make it his wedding present?"

"A good idea, wife; we will adopt it."

"What do you think of their living with us?"

"I do not approve of it. I believe in a young couple being by themselves. The first year of married life is the most trying. They will learn to assimilate and to bear with each other better, if alone."

"Mr. Perkins is rich; he will, no doubt, start them in housekeeping. Edward says he intends to support his own wife, and that whatever his father-in-law may decide to give them he can settle upon Martha."

"That is the only course consistent with self-respect," said Mrs. Bradshaw, well pleased.

"Now, let me tell you of my plans for the summer," said Mr. Bradshaw. "Mowbray dropped in to see me to-day; he is going to Europe, and I have taken his cottage at Newport. It is large and well-furnished, and we will have all the young people with us—Edward and Martha, Mary and Paul, Emily and Henry. Wont we have a jolly time? And I have engaged Miss Fisher to keep house, while you and I take a trip; it is time you had a holiday."

"That will be delightful! But what will we do with this house? Our lease expires in July."

"We will give it up and store the furniture. I am about trading the Market street property for that pretty house you admire on Charles street. Then, wife, we will be able to keep a snug little carriage, and that, I know, is the desire of your heart."

"Oh! husband, how can I thank you! That is, indeed, the desire of my heart!"

"And Yellow Joe shall be our coachman. I prom-

ised him, if ever I kept a carriage again, he should have the care of it."

Mrs. Bradshaw then went into the parlor. The music was drawing to a close, and the little party soon gathered around the father and mother. Mr. Bradshaw gently pushed his wife into a large arm-chair, and drew another beside her into which he sank. This family circle was a beautiful sight to Henry, who had seen but little of home life. He did not wonder that in the past Emily had grieved for "Uncle Bradshaw's." Mary and Mr. Huntington did not find it necessary to retire to one of the bay-windows for privacy, or to make a pretence of some errand out-of-doors.

Mrs. Bradshaw looked unusually well. The soft folds of her black merino dress fell gracefully around her fine form, now quite stately in its matronly dignity, and the small lace cap, which she now frequently wore, formed a becoming background for her delicate complexion, regular features and refined and noble countenance on which time had not made too deep an imprint.

Mary's dress of steel gray was open at the throat; around the neck, and reaching to the waist, was a fall of old-fashioned lace, fastened together at the throat by a pearl brooch. Her rich brown hair, which she had endeavored to bring into more trimness and order than curls usually allow, was caught up with a comb at the back of her head, from which it fell in a rippling shower to her neck and shoulders.

Louise appeared to advantage in one of her Paris dresses, a lovely "Marie Louise" blue. It fitted closely to her figure, and was finished at the throat with a plaited ruffle of linen cambric edged with lace; the sleeves, which came just below the elbow, were finished in like manner. Her hair "that never would curl" was wound in many braids around her head; its soft yet glowing tint was in beautiful contrast to her fair, delicate complexion. Her *tout ensemble* was striking and picturesque.

The conversation flowed smoothly and without restraint. Mr. Huntington gave an account of some of his experiences while on the circuit out west, and Henry contributed some amusing incidents of his trip on the Mississippi. Mr. Bradshaw led Henry to talk of his first acquaintance with Emily, and he related with much humor his meeting with her on the day of the picnic, telling about the lunch, the paling fence, etc., and imitating her demure, elder sister's manner to perfection. Mr. Bradshaw laughed heartily, exclaiming, "The witch! the darling! I wish she were here!"

The appearance of Jenny with the tea-tray caused a lull in the conversation. The tray was placed on the side-table and Jenny set the tea-poys around. That easy, social way of taking tea is peculiar to Baltimore. Mary poured out the tea and Mr. Huntington passed the cups to the company; he was evidently accustomed to that service. At this moment, the door opened and

Mr. Jacobs entered. Henry saw at once by the cordiality of the greetings that this foreign-looking gentleman was a frequent and familiar visitor.

"Mary, remember, two lumps of sugar for me," said Mr. Jacobs, as he took a seat by Mr. Bradshaw, with: "What is the news, Clinton?"

"More trouble, David! This young man (introducing Henry) has come to carry off our Emily!"

"Indeed! Is she here?"

"No. She is coming in June; only, however, to leave us again."

"Truly, I congratulate you, young man," said Mr. Jacobs. "A wife like Emily is to be valued above rubies!"

"Believe me, sir, I value her above all price!" replied Henry, in a tone expressive of deep feeling.

After a time, the little company divided into two parties. Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. Jacobs and Henry clustered together, while the others formed a group around the piano. Mr. Bradshaw wished to bring Henry out, and, with that end in view, managed to excite an animated discussion between him and Mr. Jacobs on foreign affairs, into which Mr. Jacobs' extensive correspondence gave him a much clearer insight than was to be obtained from the public journals. But Mr. Jacobs would not lose his music, and, taking a scroll from his pocket, he said:

"Louise, you must play this; it requires your brilliant touch. Come, Mary."

It was a song from the opera of "Deborah." The sisters and Mr. Jacobs rendered it finely. Edward quitted the sofa and tried the air successfully on his flute. Henry was delighted. The song was encored several times. When the performers had finished and the appreciative audience had recovered their usual tone, Mr. Bradshaw remarked:

"I think the Jewish music possesses a power of expression beyond that of any other people."

"Because it is the living, breathing expression of a people," said Mr. Jacobs, with enthusiasm, and he proceeded to give a deeply interesting history of Jewish music from the time of the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

Henry was struck by the warm friendship existing between Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Bradshaw. It pleased him to witness the admiration which they had for each other.

It was eleven o'clock when the little party broke up. Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Huntington departed together.

"What do you think of Mr. Weston?" asked Mr. Jacobs.

"I never met one who impressed me more favorably. His life has a purpose; how soon one sees that! He is of the Puritan type, enlarged by wider views and softened by a more loving Christianity."

Henry retired to his room, and passed an hour in writing to Emily.

On Monday Henry bade the family adieu, with the

prospect of meeting them at Edward's wedding, and he and Mr. Bradshaw went to Washington.

Henry was much disappointed in the appearance of the capital. His interest centered in Congress. He was anxious to see the Massachusetts senators, Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson. He was most in sympathy with the latter, between whose early life and his own there were many points of resemblance.

Mr. Bradshaw and Henry left Washington on the adjournment of Congress. They started together for their different destinations, and parted at the Baltimore depot. Henry proceeded to Boston and gave an account of his stewardship to Mr. Perkins, who was greatly pleased with the manner in which he had managed his affairs. As they separated, Mr. Perkins said:

"Shall I tell Martha that you will call this evening?"

"Yes. I have a package for her," replied Henry.

After a brief rest, Henry took his way to the residence of the rich Boston merchant. Martha welcomed him warmly, and listened with earnest attention to his account of his trip. With ready sympathy, he dwelt upon Edward's improvement and standing in society, and the happy Bradshaw home, saying all he knew she wished to hear, yet would not ask about. To all he said Mr. Perkins was an interested listener; he smiled in approval when Henry repeated Edward's words to the effect that he intended to support his wife himself, and that if Mr. Perkins chose to give them anything. it must be secured to Martha.

"I hear that you too have caught the matrimonial fever," said Mr. Perkins, good humoredly. "I noticed the symptoms some time ago. Pray, what are you and your wife going to live upon?"

"You ask that question as if you thought we were about doing a very foolish thing!" said Henry, with a smile, and he gave Mr. Perkins an outline of the plans he and Emily had discussed.

"Very good," said Mr. Perkins, "but I want you to write Emily to return home immediately, and, after seeing the family, in Baltimore, to come directly here. Martha wants her, and I have a plan to suggest that must be decided upon before Martha is married."

Henry joyfully promised to write as requested.

"I am in advance of you both; I wrote to Emily last week," said Martha.

The evening passed in pleasant chat. Mr. Perkins accompanied his young friend to the door, thus giving Henry a chance to tell him about the silver.

"Edward has redeemed it, has he? I am glad of that. It is exceedingly kind in Mr. Bradshaw to give it to them. It is well you told me about it. What shall I give them?"

"A house in Baltimore," said Henry, quickly.

"What a practical fellow you are," said Mr. Perkins, smiling. "And you and Emily are, doubtless, as happy as if you were millionaires!"

"Why should we not be happy?" said Henry, with a bright glow on his cheek. "We have youth and health, and——"

"You love each other! Don't be ashamed to say it!"

Mr. Perkins spoke sadly. Report said that love was an element wanting in his marriage, and this was, perhaps, why he had been lenient towards Edward, knowing his daughter's attachment to him.

Henry wrote a long letter to Emily before he retired. His epistles to her had been very hurriedly written since he left New Orleans, and much had remained unsaid that he knew would interest her. He gave her Mr. Perkins' message, enjoining her with all his eloquence to comply with his wish.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOME AGAIN.

EMILY immediately replied as follows to her Aunt Bradshaw's affectionate letter:

"DEAR AUNT: Your loving, sympathizing letter reached me to-day. So you have seen Henry! Of course, you and uncle could not fail to appreciate him. Oh! I wish I could get on the telegraph wires and come to you with lightning speed! The days lag, now that the period for my departure is fixed, but I bide my time with a joyous heart. Henry's visit was so unexpected; and the nearness of the change in my career took me by surprise! I am just beginning to realize it!

"One fine morning last week, I was in the garden. Jim was watering the plants; as I passed him, he said, in a low tone:

"'I wants to ax you sumpin, missus.'

"I paused and examined a rose tree; he continued:

"'I was tellin' Massa Merriville bout my money under de fig tree dat I was gwyne to pay missus for mysef, an' Massa Merriville sed dat my ole massa sed I was to be free, and dat my missus knowd it! Sure nuf, missus, ole massa did say so, an' he said he was

gwyne to gin me my free papers, but he went off suddin' like. Wen will be de bes' time to talk to missus?'

"'When she finishes the morning lesson, which she reads on Sunday,' I replied.

"'Missus, will yo le'me know when she am dun? Wone you jes put a bit of your hanksher out de winow? Den I 'll know.'

"Accordingly, on Sunday morning about eleven o'clock, I 'put a bit of my hanksher out de winow.' A few moments later, I heard Jim come up. Then followed the sound of earnest voices in his mistress' room — the thin treble of Mrs. Ferguson in evident excitement and the deep guttural tones of Jim in expostulation. It was some days before I had a chance of asking Jim the result of this interview. I dare not be seen talking with him, as they would have thought I had 'put him up' to what he had done! We were invited to a dinner-party yesterday, but I preferred remaining at home. Jim soon found me. He said:

"'Missus wus very angry. She sed, "What do you want your freedom fur? Your wife and children is har." I sed, "Missus, ole massa sed I should be free, and I hab worked fur you dis thirty year. Wen I is free, I kin git money to buy Judy and Matildy." Den she get very mad, an' she sed, "You shall never hab dem!" An' I sed, "Sometimes de Lord help dem dat fear him!" I dun mean only dat. But missus, she mistook me, an' she sed, "You tink I may die, do

you? But I'll see dat you don't git Judy and Matildy! Git out of my sight!" And den I cum away. An' missus call me, an' she sed, "You ain't got no free papers, an' it ain't in your massa's will! I'll neber do it! Now, go!" I dunno what I'll do, onless I gits Massa Merriville to talk to her. He talks big, an' she mind him more dan anybody!'

"'He is a just man and will do what is right,' said I.

"This was the nearest approach to advice that I dare give. Jim understood.

"What a long letter I have written! But I shall not write many more! I am glad that you preserve my letters, as I may want them. Henry says that when we are married I must write a book about my southern life, and, I think, he wished me to keep a diary with that idea. Should slavery be abolished during my life, I may write my experiences on a plantation.

"Give uncle a dozen kisses for me. I am overjoyed to learn that he likes my 'sturdy American!'

"Good-night and pleasant dreams.

"EMILY."

Emily had just mailed her letter when she received those from Martha and Henry. The former protested that she would hold her to her promise to be her bridesmaid. Henry, as already stated, gave Mr. Perkins' message, and, in the most ardent language, pressed her to comply with the wishes of all her friends.

There was no resisting such appeals.

In explanation of her change of plan, Emily handed Martha's letter to Mrs. Ferguson. That lady was surprised to find that Emily's friend, Miss Perkins, was the daughter of the Boston millionaire. There was nothing for the Fergusons to say but to express their regret at losing her, which was genuine, for Emily had succeeded admirably with the children and had won their love and respect, as well as those of the older members of the family. Miss Ferguson's feelings, however, were not altogether unselfish. Emily had been an agreeable and improving companion; and, since she had become interested in Mr. Bethune, Miss Ferguson had been better able to appreciate the principles that guided Emily. But Mr. Bethune was to visit "Magnolia" early in April, and it would be exceedingly pleasant to have him all to herself! Emily knew of his intended visit, and that was another reason for hastening her departure. Miss Ferguson did not know that Mr. Bethune had discovered Emily's secret, and that, in consequence, she had nothing to fear from her.

With a joyous heart, Emily wrote to her uncle to make arrangements for her to return by sea. Mr. Bradshaw consulted with Mr. Jacobs, and it was decided that Emily should return in the latter's vessel, the Sylph, which was just leaving for New Orleans. As the captain's wife was to make the round trip for the benefit of her health, Emily would, at least, have

the benefit of her company, should there be no other lady passengers.

As the close of her residence among the negroes drew near, Emily went the rounds of the quarters, giving farewell presents to those slaves with whom she was on the most familiar terms, and to each some hopeful, cheering word. China was failing fast; she knew her end was approaching.

"Tank de Lord I dun lebe no chilen," she said to Emily when she made her farewell visit, "but dar is tree little ones up yonder a waitin' fur me. Is dey white now, missus, an' will I be white wen I gits to glory?"

"I can't tell, China," said Emily, "but we know the Lord will do what is right. Can I do anything for you before I go?"

"Ef you jes will gin me a death-gown, I wud tank you very much, missus!"

"A death-gown? I don't know what you mean!"

"One like you uses at night, missus."

"Oh! Yes; you shall have it."

"Missus, will you put it under my head? Den nobody wone steal it!"

"I will give it to Miss Gertrude, and get her to promise me that you shall be buried in it. Won't that be the best?"

"I 'spects so. May I ax you sumthin', missus?"

"Certainly; what is it?"

"I jes wants to know, fur de lub of you, if you is gwyne to get married."

"Yes; but I have not told any one here."

"I hope you'll get a good husband, missus."

"He is a great deal better than I am, China."

"I dun b'lieve dat! I'se glad you didn't marry Massa Labrot; he's dredful wicked. He's gwyne to marry dat French Mam'selle, an' she's jes as bad as he is! She make her little Fanchette kneel by her an' sew; an' ef she jes shut her eyes wid sleep (she only five year old, you know), Miss Clotilde she hit her on de head wid her thimble. De chile's har's all dun gone off de middle ob her head, whar her missus hit her all de time!"

"What will become of Aline?"

"He sell her, sure. Ef he do, she is gwyne to kill hersef and de chilen! Missus, you wone tell, will you?"

"No, China. Now, I must say good-bye," said Emily, taking the slave's hand in hers.

"De good Lord take you safe to him dat lub you, missus. I tanks Him for a sendin' ob you to dis yere place!"

Leaving the quarters, Emily went to the levee; there she met Dick.

"You'se gwyne away, missus, an' I wone see you no more!"

"But you must always think of me as a friend. Won't you try to do right and help others?"

"How kin I help anybody, missus?"

"By trying to be better yourself, and trying to help others to be better."

"But, missus, I dunno nuffin; how kin I teach 'em?"

"By being honest and truthful, and doing little things for those who are sick; you fed the sheep for Muddy Jim, yesterday. Did you not feel happy afterwards?"

"I sees what you'se arter now, missus. Ole Mud had de chill. Do de Lord take 'count ob such tings?"

"He tells us the hairs of our heads are all numbered."

"Den, sure, He dun kar nuffin 'bout niggers, fur dey's got wool! I knowd he didn't!"

Dick said this in a decided tone, evidently considering the matter settled.

Emily endeavored to explain, but it was useless.

After a thoughtful pause, Dick said:

"Missus, it ain't no stealin' to take de sugar, is it? I help make it. Massa only ride 'bout on his hoss!"

Here came in the question of capital and labor, which Emily did not feel competent to explain.

Time was passing, and, as she turned to leave Dick, he said:

"I'se gwyne to keep up de fire fur you this evenin', missus, fur de boat."

"Then I will see you again. The Ohio will be here before ten o'clock."

"Is dat de name, missus? I dun tink it wus."

"Yes; I go to New Orleans on the Ohio. She is now coming from Cincinnati. She will stop and take

me to New Orleans, and there I go on board the Sylph, which will take me home."

The Ohio was punctual. The ringing of her bell as she turned in at the landing summoned Emily. The last good-byes to the Fergusons were said. While her baggage was being carried on board, she bade farewell to her colored friends, who had assembled in force to see her off, at the risk of punishment, as it was the rule that all the lights should be out by nine o'clock at night. As Emily shook hands with the overseer, she asked:

"Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, Miss Rutledge."

"Then, don't let any of these people be punished for being here to see me off."

"They shall not be punished," he replied.

The consciousness on each side that they would never meet again rendered the parting very solemn. Devil Bob and Dick were sitting by the fire. Emily gave a hand to each, saying:

"I want you two to be good friends. You must make a better boy of him, Bob."

"I'll try, missus. We oughter be better both on us fur habin sich a good frien' as you! We'll neber forget you, missus!"

"I neber tought to cry fur anybody agin, arter my mammy died!" Dick sobbed.

Emily and Edgar were soon on board the Ohio. The former hastened to the guard and waved her

handkerchief, with tearful eyes, until the fire no longer emitted a spark and the group about it was lost in the surrounding darkness.

The passengers thought it was the mistress who was leaving the plantation.

The Ohio reached New Orleans at eleven o'clock, and Edgar accompanied Emily to the Sylph. The captain recognized her as the young girl who was with Mr. Bradshaw when he came after that "runaway young thing!" Emily was gratified to find the captain's wife a pleasant and agreeable lady. She could not forbear saying a few words to Edgar in regard to his habits. He made no reply, but wrung her hand in silence as they parted. He was the last link that bound her to her southern life, and, feeling inexpressibly sad, she retired to her state-room, where she remained until the next morning, when Mrs. Williams, the captain's wife, summoned her to come and see the harbor, as the Sylph was leaving New Orleans.

Emily enjoyed the voyage. At Charleston, she went on shore to see the house in which she was born. She knew she had no near relatives. Her grandparents died soon after the death of her parents, leaving the estate heavily encumbered with a mortgage, which the sale barely met. Mr. Bradshaw, at the time, engaged a lawyer to look after her interests, and such was his report.

Emily was most pleased with Savannah, that city in

a forest. Her longing to reach home, however, greatly interfered with her enjoyment. Every hour seemed lost that did not bring her nearer to those she so dearly loved!

It was a bright afternoon when the Sylph arrived at Baltimore. No sooner was the vessel at the wharf than Mr. Bradshaw and Louise came on board. What a loving welcome they gave Emily! Mr. Jacobs was waiting in the carriage, where they soon joined him, and, in a few moments, Emily was again in her dear home, encircled by the arms of her aunt and receiving Mary's quiet congratulations. Henry had not spoken of Emily's personal appearance, and the family were surprised at her improvement. Habited in a closely-fitting dress of dark blue, with a linen collar and a bow of crimson at the throat, her rounded figure showed to great advantage, while her gypsy hat, tied down with ribbon to match her dress, gave piquancy to her bright, expressive face.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JUSTICE AT LAST.

EMILY passed several weeks in Baltimore before she went east. Her perfect ease and freedom from restraint there, after having been "on her dignity" for so long, as she said, was a great relief. She was the embodiment of joyousness. She twirled Aunt Chloie around, until the good creature was in danger of losing her turban and dropped panting into a chair. "Dat chile am de image ob her mudder," she said to Jenny.

Nor did Emily treat her aunt and uncle with any greater respect; she followed the former about, as in her childhood, and robbed her of her cap and apron, insisting upon performing her duties. Taking her old place on her uncle's knee, she claimed his attention to the exclusion of the newspaper. She teased Edward and Mary, and, when they attempted to retaliate, assumed such a sentimental air that they were convulsed with laughter.

Nor did Mr. Huntington and Mr. Jacobs escape her. One morning the former entered while Louise was playing a brilliant waltz. Emily caught him by the arms and whirled him around until his head was dizzy, when she deposited him on the sofa, declaring that he could not keep step! She then insisted that Mr.

Jacobs should be her partner; he readily consented, and they waltzed around the room to the admiration and surprise of the happy family group. Mr. Jacobs gave Louise a private signal to continue; she entered heartily into the spirit of the moment, and played waltz after waltz until Emily was obliged to surrender and acknowledge her first defeat.

"How did you learn to waltz?" asked her uncle.

"It came to me by nature," replied Emily.

When Mr. Bradshaw left home in the morning, he charged Emily not to tell any of her "yarns" until he came home to lunch, which he did now every day. Many were the interesting discussions about the weddings in which all the family participated, Mr. Bradshaw declaring to Mr. Jacobs, in a mock-heroic tone, that he had to stand up for the rights of the male sex!

Mrs. Meredith came and went, evidently troubled in spirit. She advised Mrs. Bradshaw to give Mary a good, serviceable outfit suited to a poor Methodist minister's wife!

"You are right, Mrs. Meredith," said Mr. Bradshaw, with a lugubrious expression of countenance. "Half a dozen linsey gowns and as many pairs of brogans, with a woollen dress for Sundays, will be the proper thing!"

Emily's merry laugh gave a point to her uncle's words that Mrs. Meredith would not otherwise have discovered. She departed in high dudgeon, and did not reappear for several days.

Emily said that she intended to see Mary and Edward launched on the "sea of uncertainties," before she ventured to tempt the ocean in her frail bark, but Mrs. Bradshaw knew that she had postponed her marriage that the others might have the benefit of her ready hands and the comfort of her earnest sympathy.

Emily expressed her intention to visit her Aunt Lincoln on her way to Boston.

"There is a matter I wish to talk over with her," she said to her Uncle Bradshaw, in a way that puzzled him.

He replied:

"I am glad you are going to Worcester; your aunt wrote me that she wished to see what kind of a woman you had become."

Emily started on her journey one bright spring morning. Henry met her at the depot at Worcester. The lovers' meeting was undemonstrative, but each knew the gladness that dwelt in the heart of the other, and, as they walked to Mr. Lincoln's, their conversation was fully as interesting as the occasion demanded. Henry had come from Boston to meet Emily, and was to return the next morning.

Emily was shocked by the change in her aunt. Mrs. Lincoln's eyes were shaded from the light, and her stately form was somewhat bent. To see her groping her way about the room, guided by the bed-posts and chairs, brought the tears to Emily's eyes. She knew the proud, unbending nature of her aunt, and with

what reluctance she received assistance from any one. Mrs. Lincoln was anxious to get as good a view of Emily as possible, and, placing her by the window, she removed her shade and scrutinized her carefully.

"Now, walk across the room," said she. "You have a graceful carriage and have grown like your mother."

"You know I was always homely!" said Emily, smiling.

"You are not homely now; you know that," replied her aunt.

"No; I am not homely now. I am glad I am good-looking!" rejoined Emily, composedly.

Mrs. Lincoln smiled.

"You are the same Emily Rutledge," she said.

Mr. Lincoln was very complimentary, and took Emily everywhere, except to the Woman's Rights Convention, then in session at Worcester, which she greatly desired to attend. This was the first opportunity she had had for acquiring a knowledge of the movement, which had not penetrated to her plantation home, and she wished to see and hear for herself. She surprised her aunt and uncle, the next morning, by going to the Convention.

Mrs. Davis was president. What a noble picture she presented! She had a dignified presence, soft gray hair, a youthful complexion and a voice that would have persuaded the most prejudiced to listen. With a gentle tap of her gold pencil, she called the meeting to order. Emily was an attentive listener, and left the

hall a thorough convert. Her account of the proceedings greatly interested her aunt and uncle, though the latter denounced the movement as undermining the very foundations of society. Mrs. Lincoln said but little; she was evidently debating the subject in her mind.

At the evening meeting of the Convention, Emily was charmed by the eloquence of Wendell Phillips, and wished her uncle could hear him. Involuntarily she turned, and, to her surprise, saw Mr. Lincoln standing near the door of the hall. At the close of the meeting, he slipped out quickly and reached home before Emily and her escort. As it was then late for that quiet household, her aunt had service as soon as Emily came in. This consisted of the reading of a portion of Scripture, a prayer and a hymn. Since Emily had been with the Lincolns, she had sung the hymn, which gave Mrs. Lincoln much pleasure. After service, they had a chat before the family separated for the night. Emily waited for Mr. Lincoln to speak of the Convention, but, as he did not, she asked, rather quizzically:

"Uncle, how did you like Mr. Phillips?"

"Mr. Lincoln, you have not been to the Convention, have you?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, in astonishment.

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Lincoln, deliberately. "I thought I would like to hear what they had to say for themselves, and I must admit that they make out a pretty fair case. I, however, liked Mrs. Davis better

than Phillips. She is more practical. What a refined, handsome woman she is! I had no idea that such women were in the Convention!"

Mrs. Grattan was housekeeper, and took care of Mrs. Lincoln. She was neatness itself.

Many friends called to see Emily, and she had a severe trial with the parlor. Every chair was directly against the wall, and every book in its place. The dried grasses in the vases would not have dared to lean to one side!

One morning, Emily expected visitors! It was baking day, and she hoped that Mrs. Grattan would not have time to "put the parlor to rights." She arranged the furniture after her own taste, or as much so as the nature of the articles would allow. When she was summoned to receive her friends, what was her surprise to find everything in its accustomed place. Her merry laugh reached her aunt's ear; when her visitors had departed, Mrs. Lincoln inquired the cause of it; on being told, she said, nervously:

"Don't interfere with Mrs. Grattan, my dear!"

Of course, Emily made no further attempt at reform.

On one occasion, Emily had been passing the day with a friend, and returned quite late. The evening services were over, and the family were awaiting her appearance in Mrs. Lincoln's room. Emily was in a state of pleasant excitement, and said, with much animation:

"At last, I have caught up with it! The Greek

Slave is on exhibition, and I am going to see it to-morrow morning immediately after breakfast."

Mrs. Grattan was horrified.

"I've hearn tell of the thing!" said she. "Emily oughter be ashamed of herself for a wanting to see it!"

"Why, Mrs. Grattan!" cried Emily, "Uncle Bradshaw knows the artist, Mr. Powers, and he told me I must see it, if I had an opportunity to do so!"

"The more shame for your uncle; that's all I've got to say!" rejoined Mrs. Grattan, vigorously.

"Clinton has some very strange ideas," said Mrs. Lincoln, gravely; "I hope you won't go to see it, Emily, if it is improper for you to do so."

"Of course, she will not," said Mr. Lincoln, with dignity.

The following morning, fortunately for Emily, a friend called to take her to see the much abused statue. As this friend was a young lady whom Mrs. Lincoln held in high esteem, although not exactly satisfied, she allowed her niece to go. Emily was so delighted with the statue that she bought a season ticket. On returning to her aunt's, she found awaiting her a letter from Mr. Perkins in which that gentleman informed her that, if the weather should be fair, he would come for her the next day; if not, he would see her on Monday.

After the evening service, Mrs. Grattan was ready for a chat. As Emily did not broach the subject of the Greek Slave, that worthy lady could not restrain her curiosity, and said, contemptuously:

"So you went to see the thing! What is it like?"

"It is beautiful!" replied Emily. "Mrs. Grattan, you must see it!"

"Me go to see it!—me, a member of the church! I hope I know my duty better!" replied Mrs. Grattan, in an extremely indignant tone.

"Why, ministers go to see it! Mr. Hale was there to-day!"

"What! Edward Everett Hale?" exclaimed Mrs. Grattan, throwing up her arms, and rolling her eyes as if she thought: "Now, the deluge!"

"Then it cannot be objectionable," said Mrs. Lincoln, with decision.

"I think I will have to see it," said Mr. Lincoln, timidly.

"You should, by all means, uncle; you are such an admirer of beauty!" said Emily, with difficulty controlling her merriment.

"Your uncle's taste is very pure, and I doubt if he would like this statue," said Mrs. Lincoln, reprovingly.

"Mrs. Grattan," said Emily, turning to the housekeeper, whose face wore a thoughtful expression, "as I expect to leave to-morrow, I will give you my ticket!"

She rose as she spoke and placed the card beneath the mat, on which stood the old-fashioned silver candlestick.

"You hadn't oughter give it to me, but to one of your newfangled preachers, who go for to encourage all sorts of wickedness!" cried Mrs. Grattan, as, with

her cap awry and the strings flying, she indignantly left the room.

Saturday proved to be stormy, and Mr. Perkins did not come. The weather cleared in the afternoon, and Emily went up town on an errand for her aunt. As she passed the hall in which the Greek Slave was on exhibition, she paused; the doorkeeper recognized her and asked if she would not go in. The first person she noticed on entering was Mrs. Grattan, who was lost in astonishment and admiration. Emily took a position close behind her, just as she was saying to a friend: "Aren't it natteral! How could he have made it!"

During the usual evening chat, Mrs. Grattan was very quiet until Emily demurely asked:

"How did you like the Greek Slave?"

"Emily," said Mrs. Lincoln, severely, "you do not treat Mrs. Grattan with proper respect!"

"Excuse me, aunt, but, really, I do not see any disrespect in asking that question. When I saw Mrs. Grattan in the hall, she seemed to be admiring the statue very much."

"I did go," said the housekeeper, "just to see what it was like! Mrs. Lincoln, it is beautiful, and just as natteral as life! Ask Mr. Lincoln about it; he was there!"

Mrs. Lincoln was thunderstruck. For an instant she was speechless; then she said:

"I shall never place any confidence in Mr. Lincoln

or Mrs. Grattan again! They have no steadiness of principle! To think of Mr. Lincoln going to the Woman's Rights Convention and to see the Greek Slave! And Mrs. Grattan, too, after all her protestations, went to look at that statue! I am ashamed of them both!"

Emily could no longer restrain her mirth; she laughed until the tears came.

Before leaving her aunt, Emily was determined to have a conversation with her in regard to Hannah. She was resolved that Mrs. Lincoln should acknowledge she had told the truth.

Emily was writing to her Aunt Bradshaw; absorbed in her letter, she did not speak. She had just finished it when Mrs. Lincoln asked:

"To whom have you been writing, Emily?"

"To Aunt Bradshaw.

"I would like you to read your letter to me."

"But I have written my impressions of everything here—of yourself, Uncle Lincoln and Mrs. Grattan!" said Emily, astonished at this request.

"I know what kind of letters you write, and I wish to hear this one," rejoined Mrs. Lincoln, with quiet decision.

Emily knew she could refuse to read her letter, and that her aunt would say nothing further; but, provoked and annoyed, she instantly resolved that Mrs. Lincoln should hear every word of it. She, therefore, read as follows:

"My Dear Aunt: I had a very pleasant journey. The weather was delightful, and, with happy thoughts for company, the trip did not appear long. Henry met me at the depot, and the sight of him was rather agreeable.

"I was startled at the marked change in Aunt Lincoln's appearance. She has not lost much flesh, but is obliged to wear a shade over her eyes, and her fine form is somewhat bent. It is painful to see one of her proud and domineering disposition dependent upon others for assistance. I know she must feel her situation keenly, though her pride will not allow her to complain. She keeps up her interest in the poor, and is as unselfish as ever. I hear her spoken of as a 'perfect Christian,' but I do not think she is one, for she lacks the crowning grace, humility, and is wanting in a proper sense of justice. I believe she would go to the stake rather than abandon her convictions; in fact, I am sure she would prefer going there to acknowledging herself in the wrong, which, to my mind, shows great weakness. Not to admit that we have misjudged a person, when it is proved to us that we have done so, is a terrible moral wrong!

"Uncle has changed but little. He does not strike me as in any way a superior man; he has neither the intellectual force nor the strength of character belonging to Aunt Lincoln. Their life in Worcester is a great improvement on their life at F——. Aunt hears more of the stir of the great Babel, and that takes her

thoughts from her own condition. Uncle is very conservative, yet he has not been able to escape entirely from the spirit of the age. The house they now occupy is much the same as I remember their home in F——, only the furniture looks more antiquated, if possible.

"Mrs. Grattan is the factotum of the establishment, and governs aunt even more than Hannah used to in the past, but now aunt is so helpless that this is not surprising.

"The storm that has prevailed for several days has prevented me from going to Boston. I have received several letters from Martha, chiding me for my delay; but I have waited for Mr. Perkins, who wants to see Uncle and Aunt Lincoln.

"Was there ever a home like yours, dear aunt? How often does it rise before me! Dear, darling uncle, so full of fun and loving kindness, and the girls, Edward, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Jacobs! Oh! how delightful were those three weeks spent there! They will always linger in my memory in company with the happiest days of my life!

"EMILY."

Emily read this letter in a clear, calm voice, and, when she had finished, waited for her aunt to speak. Mrs. Lincoln was struggling to suppress her emotion. At length, she said, calmly:

"You are unjust to your uncle; he is a man of more than ordinary ability."

"I have merely given my impressions," replied Emily, coldly. Now was her opportunity to speak of Hannah.

"Do you not think you are severe upon me?" said Mrs. Lincoln, evidently much moved.

"No," replied Emily, firmly; "you know, and have known for years, that I did not tell you a falsehood in regard to Hannah, yet you have not had the courage to say so either to Henry Weston or to me!"

"What do you mean by speaking to me in that manner?—you, a mere girl! Your uncle would not allow you to remain in this house an hour, if he heard you!" said Mrs. Lincoln, trembling with excitement.

"I can leave the house in half an hour; the train starts in fifty minutes," rejoined Emily, calmly, glancing at the clock. "I am ready to repeat what I have said before uncle and to abide by the consequences! Your conduct in this matter has not been that of a Christian! I am no longer a child, but a woman who stands upon the same plane as yourself!"

"How dare you talk so to me!" cried Mrs. Lincoln, in a broken, agitated voice, falling back on her pillow and turning deathly pale. "In my state of health, do you realize what may be the result? You are cruel!"

"Not so cruel as you have been to me these many years!" said Emily, walking up to the bed, and standing before her aunt like the incarnation of retributive justice. With erect form, clear, distinct utterance, and an unflinching eye, she continued: "I demand of

you that you acknowledge that I did not tell you a falsehood! If you were dying, I should demand this of you, for it is my right!"

Mrs. Lincoln was astounded; she felt that Greek had met Greek, and yielded. In a tone which she strove to make calm, she said:

"I know, Emily Rutledge, that you told the truth when you said Hannah drank, and I ask your forgiveness for not making this acknowledgment sooner!"

Mrs. Lincoln was not one to do things by halves.

"Oh! why did you not say this long ago and let me love you? I do forgive you, with all my heart!" cried Emily, as, bending over her aunt, she kissed her many times.

Mrs. Lincoln clasped her arms around Emily's neck; they wept together, and amid their tears was born a love such as only strong natures can feel, a love that was the joy and solace of Mrs. Lincoln's declining years! The stern woman was completely subdued; in a voice broken by sobs, she said:

"You never did love me, Emily!"

"No; I could not, while stung by a sense of wrong. Now, however, we will be the best and truest friends in the world!" said Emily, with inexpressible tenderness.

"I have thought, since my blindness, a great deal concerning you during your residence with me, and I have seen my mistakes. Yet I strove most earnestly to do my duty by you. Do me that justice!" said Mrs. Lincoln, earnestly and proudly.

"I do, aunt dear, and I always did. Besides, I do not regret any of my trials, and they were grievous trials to me at the time. As Mr. Burbank told me, my life with you was a preparation for my future. And, just think," she continued, with her heart in her eyes, "I should not have known Henry, had I not come to you!"

For a short time Mrs. Lincoln lay quiet. Emily sat beside her, with her hand in hers; suddenly Mrs. Lincoln spoke. She said:

"My eyes feel easier. Those tears seem to have relieved them of the burning sensation I have so long experienced. My child," she continued, placing her hand on Emily's shoulder, "it is a rare thing for me to weep!" Her voice was tender and loving. She added: "I see a sheet of paper on the table; date it and bring it to me."

Emily complied with the request, bringing the pen and ink also, and placing them on the table near Mrs. Lincoln.

In a few moments, the latter handed her niece the paper on which she had written, with a trembling hand, the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND, HENRY WESTON: I know the entire trust and confidence you place in Emily Rutledge. Well does she deserve them. I deem it my duty to say to you that I know, from Hannah's confession, that Emily spoke the truth in her statement

concerning that misguided girl. I regret I did not make this acknowledgment earlier.

"REBECCA LINCOLN."

"Oh! thank you, aunt!" said Emily, joyously, after having read the note. "It is a satisfaction for me to have this, though, I know, Henry never doubted me. I am glad, too, for another reason: it will remove the only blemish you have had in his eyes!"

"There is no one whose opinion I value more than his," replied Mrs Lincoln, with an effort.

This trying scene had nearly exhausted her aunt, and Emily did not like to leave her alone. Hence it was a relief to them both when Mrs. Grattan entered with the tea-tray. She informed Emily that her uncle was waiting for her.

As Emily left the room, she tore up her letter to Mrs. Bradshaw and threw the fragments into the fire. The next morning she accompanied her uncle to church and passed the remainder of the day quietly with her aunt. Mrs. Lincoln, who was usually very chatty and cheerful, was sad and thoughtful. With the new feeling of nearness, Emily said:

"What are you thinking about, aunt dear?"

"My child, your letter showed a knowledge of my character that surprised me. You were right in regard to Mrs. Grattan," said Mrs. Lincoln.

"I know that, aunt, and I would get rid of her as quickly as possible, if I were you. I am sure I

could find some person in Boston who would be more agreeable to you than Mrs. Grattan," replied Emily, with affectionate interest.

"Well, dear, you have good judgment and know what kind of a person I want. I will trust you to select some one for me."

"Thank you, aunt," replied Emily, delighted with the permission given her.

Mr. Perkins presented himself the next day, and, after a pleasant visit, set out with Emily for Boston.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EDWARD'S WEDDING.

EMILY received a hearty welcome from Martha. It was their first meeting, although they had been friends and correspondents for several years. When Martha's marriage was fixed upon, her first thought was to send for Emily, who had been the depositary of all her troubles, hopes and fears concerning Edward.

The young ladies surveyed each other with eager curiosity and affectionate interest. Emily said to Martha:

"You look exactly like my idea of you."

Martha on her side exclaimed, in pleased surprise:

"You don't look one bit like I thought you would! Henry certainly failed in his description of you!"

Mr. Perkins was much pleased with Henry's choice and his daughter's friend, and Emily took her place in the household as though she had been a frequent guest. His acquaintance with Emily confirmed Mr. Perkins in a purpose which he had been debating in his mind for some time.

Mrs. Perkins had died a year before; Martha had keenly felt the loss of her mother, and, while in her father's affection she found comfort and support, she yet longed for a companion of her own sex.

Henry called in the evening, accompanied by Mr. Burbank. Emily recounted the particulars of her visit to her Aunt Lincoln's, and they laughed heartily over her description of Mrs. Grattan and the latter's horror of the Greek Slave.

Mr. Burbank and Emily renewed their acquaintance, and the former amused the company by his account of Emily's dignified demeanor and her dexterity in dodging his kiss; the last-named episode brought a beaming smile to Henry's face.

Before Henry took his departure, Mr. Perkins kindly sent him and Emily into the library to find a book for him, when the latter gave her companion Mrs. Lincoln's letter, which he read with great surprise.

"How did she come to write this, darling?" asked Henry.

Emily related to him, word for word, her interview with her aunt, to which he listened with intense interest. As she finished, he asked:

"When did Hannah confess?"

"I don't know. I did not ask any questions. I was satisfied with the result. Henry, I believe it was a relief to aunt that she had made the *amende honorable*. I have no doubt that the matter weighed upon her conscience."

"Of course, it did; she is just the woman to be troubled by such a thing. Now, darling, you must be the very best of friends."

"We are so now. I seemed drawn to her irresistibly as soon as she admitted the wrong she had done me."

"What a will she has! It must have cost her a terrible struggle to do as she has done! Who would have thought," he continued, "that my darling possessed so much force of character!"

"You think I did right, do you, Henry?" asked Emily, somewhat anxiously.

"Perfectly right," he replied, with emphasis.

An hour passed quickly, and it was not until the State House clock struck eleven that they remembered the book; as they could not then recall its name, they returned to the drawing-room without it.

Martha was to be married on the 14th of April. Being an only child, Mr. Perkins wished all the family friends and acquaintances to be present at the wedding. The preparations were accordingly made upon a large scale.

Martha and Emily visited the picture-galleries and all the points of interest in and around Boston in company with Mr. Perkins, who was a connoisseur in works of art and had a small, but choice collection of his own. Henry was with them only in the evening.

A fortnight had passed since Emily's arrival, and the wedding was to come off in a week. The family were sitting around the fire, still needed in that cold climate, where winter lingers until driven away by summer, when Mr. Perkins said to Emily:

"Young lady, when do you intend to make an end of your single blessedness?"

"About the middle of June. I am to be the last.

I want to see how the others start off, so that, if their experience should not be encouraging, I can withdraw from my engagement!" answered she, glancing archly at Henry, who did not appear to be at all afraid of such a catastrophe.

"You will pass the summer at Newport, with your uncle's family, Henry tells me," said Mr. Perkins to Emily. "Now, I have a proposition to make: it is that you and Henry sacrifice yourselves and cheer my home by your presence the coming winter. Think how lonely I will be without Martha!"

He ceased suddenly, much agitated.

"Oh! do, Emily," pleaded Martha.

This was, indeed, a startling proposal. Emily thought: "Must I give up the snug little home we were to have at such a small outlay?" She knew, however, that they could give but one answer, for Mr. Perkins had been a true friend. It was through his influence that Henry had been transferred to Boston.

Interpreting aright Emily's glance, Henry cordially and gratefully accepted Mr. Perkins' invitation.

"But is Emily satisfied?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"Indeed, I am," replied Emily; "and I will do my very best to make you forget Martha," she added, merrily.

This arrangement removed the only cloud from Martha's sky. Now, she would be free from anxiety concerning her father.

On their way to Boston, the Bradshaw family passed

a few days in Worcester. Their visit gave great pleasure to Mrs. Lincoln, who had not seen Mrs. Bradshaw for many years. She regretted that her defective vision did not permit her to see the girls clearly, but Mr. Lincoln's description of them satisfied her.

Mr. Perkins insisted that the whole party should stop at his house, but Emily voted that Edward should go to the hotel, as he "was always in the way." The time of the ladies was occupied in superintending the decorations, for which Mr. Perkins gave them a carte blanche. Truly, these decorations were exquisite. Flowers were everywhere. As the party made the tour of the rooms, when all was finished, Mrs. Bradshaw expressed the general opinion by saying that it "looked like fairyland!"

Yes, fairyland of which the fair young bride was queen! Her beauty consisted of large soft gray eyes, a fair complexion and a slight, delicate form; beside Edward, she reminded one of the violet sheltered by the oak, for he had developed into a stalwart man.

The girls had decided that they would be married in white muslin dresses, handsomely trimmed with lace, all the dresses to be made alike.

Surrounded by her friends, with solemn joy Martha gave her hand to Edward, without a doubt to dim her love and trust; and Edward, feeling deeply the responsibility of taking his young bride from the home in which she had been loved and cherished, resolved that never should she regret the exchange.

The young couple remained at Mr. Perkins', receiving visits, until Edward was called to Baltimore by business. According to arrangements previously made, they then went to Edward's home, to remain there until they went to Newport for the summer. It the autumn they were to begin housekeeping.

The silver was given to Martha by Mrs. Bradshaw. Edward told her its story.

"Then it has a double value," she said, with fond pride, "for it is a memento of your courage and resolution!"

Mary's approaching marriage soon engrossed the attention of all parties. Emily said that a wedding would be such a common affair, when her turn came, that she and Henry would not be of the least consequence! She was taken by surprise when Mr. Bradshaw asked if they could not have a double wedding. This proposition was rather startling to Emily, but she readily yielded to her uncle's wish.

Rev. Mr. Bascom, an eminent Methodist minister and a friend of Mr. Huntington, was to be in Baltimore in June, and it was decided that the double wedding should take place then.

The brides-elect talked the matter over, and concluded that they would be married at home, with only their friends present. To this Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw consented, and it was resolved that they should give a wedding reception two weeks later.

In pleasant excitement, Martha and Louise, under

Mrs. Bradshaw's direction, devoted themselves to the needful preparations, though Mr. Bradshaw declared that they were a "lazy set!"

He came in one day to lunch, and, closing the door, stood, with his back against it, surveying the assembled group. Mary and Mr. Huntington were sitting beside the table, on which rested a volume of Shakspeare from which the minister was reading aloud. Mary was sewing lace on a collar.

Emily was seated at Martha's feet, holding a skein of worsted, which the latter was winding. The girls were in their pretty wrappers; to hers Mrs. Edward Bradshaw had added a becoming head-dress which she called a "cap."

Emily put her finger to her lips to enforce silence until Mr. Huntington had finished reading Hamlet's soliloquy.

"This is the way you get ready to be married, is it?" said Mr. Bradshaw, as the reading ceased, pulling Emily's ear as he spoke. "Why, you girls should be sewing your fingers off, and running after dresses and dress-makers, and scolding that this dress don't fit and that the other won't be finished when promised!"

"Oh! uncle, we are having such a nice time!" replied Emily.

"Father dear, wont you give us 'Hamlet' this evening? Mother says that you recite Shakspeare beautifully!" said Martha, who had dropped at once into the position of daughter.

"No, indeed! I shall not encourage any such idleness! Here are two of you going to be married in two weeks, and you are wasting your precious time on Shakspeare; Huntington is encouraging you, too! I wish Henry was here; he is a practical young man!"

"I wish so, too," replied Martha; "it takes all Emily's time to write to him, and all Mary's and mine to entertain you gentlemen!"

"By the way, here is something for you, puss," said Mr. Bradshaw, throwing Emily a pamphlet and a letter.

She opened the letter eagerly, and Mr. Bradshaw looked over the Review. The party were suddenly startled by an exclamation from Mr. Bradshaw, who read aloud:

"'The Relation of Capital to Labor, by Henry Weston.' Here follows a notice of the article: 'This article is written with rare ability. Its author is a young man connected with the Boston Railroad office. His views are broad and independent, and he presents them in a terse and vigorous way!'"

Emily had dropped her letter to listen; as her uncle ceased, she remarked, quietly, with a bright glow on her cheek:

"Aunt Lincoln said that Henry would be a writer!"

Thus time wore on, varied by music and pleasant walks. Mr. Bradshaw at last became really uneasy, and said to his wife:

"My dear, I don't see how Emily will ever get ready!"

"Do you suppose the girls will wait until they are married to procure all the wardrobe they need?" asked Mrs. Bradshaw, smiling in her amusement at her husband's earnestness.

"No," replied the latter, somewhat puzzled; "but, when girls get married, they need so many things!"

"Do they? What things? Mary and Emily have bought more than is necessary, and have decided not to make up more than half their dresses. Husband, have you really been troubled about the girls' wardrobe?"

"Well, dear, it seemed strange that they had so little to do! I heard you all talking about Miss Meredith and Miss Mowbray being so hurried when they were getting ready to be married; and Emily was taken by surprise. But, if you say it is all right, why it is," said Mr. Bradshaw, evidently relieved.

Suppressing her inclination to laugh, Mrs. Bradshaw joined the young people in the library.

Soon Mr. Bradshaw's attention was attracted thither by sounds of merriment, and he went in to enjoy the fun, when he found that he was the cause of it.

"You dear, darling uncle!" cried Emily, throwing her arms around him. "You need not fear that I will disgrace you! I intend to eclipse the whole of them, when I join you at Newport with the very latest Boston fashions!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

THE following day, the family, with the addition of Mr. Jacobs, had just left the lunch-table, when Joe entered and said to Emily:

"A colored man wants to see you, missy; he sez he cum from down souf."

"Who can he be?" asked Emily.

"Bring him in here," said Mr. Bradshaw.

Joe disappeared and returned with Jim Burton.

"Why, James!" cried Emily, surprised and pleased, and unconsciously addressing the negro with more respect than formerly.

After introducing her visitor to those present, Emily drew a chair towards him, saying:

"Take a seat." Jim sat down. "Jim, you are free!" she exclaimed, for she knew he would not sit in her presence were he a slave.

"Yes, missus, bres de Lord, I is!" replied Jim, devoutly.

"How did it happen? Tell me all about it," said Emily, eagerly.

"Arter you cum away, missus, Massa Merriville he talk to missus; and fust she wus very angry, but, arter awhile, she sed I mite buy mysef fur five hunder

dolar. You know'd I hab tree hunder under de fig tree. Massa Merriville he gin me anudder, an' dem English gemmen in New Orleans dey gin me anudder. I tooked it to missus, an' she talk an' she talk. She sed I wus ungrateful, an' dat I mus neber cum on dat plantation agin. Den I sed: 'Missus, I'se a rite to cum an' see my wife an' chilen, an' you too! I ain't dun nuffin onrespectable, an' I wants to cum open; I ain't no runaway nigger!' Massa Ferguson he sed: 'Yes, let Jim cum; he hab been a faithful servant, an' I hope he'll hab good luck!' Den missus she stamp her foot, an' she sed: 'Git out ob my sight!' I seed de flash in her eyes, an' I went quick!"

"Now, tell me about the family."

"Young missus be gwyne to marry Mr. Bethune. Dey is mighty pleased wid de match. Massa Labrot dun got married to dat French Mam'selle."

"What has become of Aline?" asked Emily, anxiously.

"Dat is de wust ob all, missus!" said Jim, with a sad shake of the head. "Massa Labrot dun sell her an' her chilen to a rich planter from Cuby. He gin tree tousand dolar fur dem. You 'member, missus, dey wus bootiful chilen! He took dem to de city an' put dem on de ship to go to Cuby. Aline wus so quiet like he dun tink she wud do nuffin, an' he went to his supper. Jes as de ship wus to start frum de levee at New Orleans, he cum back; dar wus no Aline, no chilen, an' de winow wus open. Dey sed she must hab

throwd de chilen out fust, den jumped into de water hersef. De bodies wus found way down by de B'lise. De planter he try to git his money back, but Massa Labrot wone gin it to him, cause he tole him Aline wud do sum mischef."

"Poor Aline! It was the best thing she could do!" said Emily, sorrowfully.

"I knowd dat, missus, ef de good Lord dun take count ob it agin her!"

"We can trust the Lord," said Mary, solemnly.

"Dat's de truf, missus," replied Jim.

The little party had listened with much interest to the conversation.

Mr. Bradshaw now asked:

"You are on the Sylph, are you not?"

"Yes, massa. Dey wus short ob hans. I wus on de levee, an' de captain he hern a good character on me, an' tooked me. Massa Ferguson gin me dis paper."

Jim handed the sheet to Mr. Bradshaw, who read aloud:

"MAGNOLIA, LA., MAY 15TH. This is to certify that the bearer, James Burton, is free. He is truthful, honest and perfectly reliable. I cheerfully recommend him to any one who wants a good, faithful servant.

"PHILIP H. FERGUSON."

Mr. Bradshaw returned the paper, and Jim put it away carefully in an old stocking, which he placed in his pocket.

"Will you be able to buy Judy and Matilda?" asked Emily.

"Arter a long while, missy. I gits good wages, an' I save ebery bit. I wants to buy Matildy fust; den she kin help buy her mudder."

"What must you pay for them?" asked Mr. Jacobs.

"Fust missus sed she wudn't sell 'em fur nuffin. Den Massa Ferguson he talk to her, an' he sed: 'Let Jim buy 'em.' Den missus sed: 'You mus' gin me two tousand dolar.' But massa sed: 'No; sixteen hunder is enuf. De market is ober stock now, an' I kin buy two as young as Matildy fur sixteen hunder, an' Judy is ole.' 'An' I'll hab all de trouble ob teachin' 'em my ways,' sed missus, angry like. Arter long talkin', missus 'greed to de sixteen hunder. An' I'se got twenty dolar now."

With much pride, Jim exhibited his treasure.

"The negro arose to leave; Mrs. Bradshaw went to the kitchen with him, and introduced him there. After commending him to the hospitality of Yellow Joe, she returned to the dining-room, and was struck with the silence that prevailed there. All present appeared to be engrossed with their own thoughts. Mr. Jacobs was the first to speak. He said:

"We must help this colored man, Clinton!"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bradshaw, quickly.

"I will give him a hundred dollars!" said Emily.

"So will I!" came simultaneously from Mary and Louise.

Mr. Jacobs smiled benignantly, as he replied:

"No, my dears. Jim is engaged on the Sylph, and I will write to Mr. Ferguson, enclosing a check for the sixteen hundred dollars! Judy, Matilda and Jim can work it out on the boat. They shall have good wages. Don't you think that is the best plan, Clinton?"

"Decidedly; I don't believe in making it a free gift. They should feel that freedom is worth working for!"

"I will settle it with Captain Williams to-morrow," rejoined Mr. Jacobs. After a pause, he said: "This slavery is a dreadful thing!"

"It is a curse!" replied Mr. Bradshaw, with emphasis.

"Mr. Jacobs, will you send Jim to see me? I have not yet heard about my friends in the 'quarters,'" said Emily.

"I will, my dear." Then he resumed the conversation, which Jim's entrance had interrupted: "What were you saying about Perkins, Clinton?"

"He will visit friends in Washington after the weddings; on his return, Emily and Henry will join him and accompany him to Boston. You know the arrangement, do you not?"

"Yes; it is a delightful one all around. They will give Perkins what money cannot buy—a cheerful home. I wish I could make the same arrangement with Mary and Huntington, and have them to cheer that big barn of mine!"

"She and Huntington will make a visit to the

latter's parents in Baltimore county. This winter, Huntington will be stationed in Washington."

Mrs. Bradshaw was about leaving the room, when her husband detained her, saying:

"Wife, now is the time to ask David for a solution of the enigma that has puzzled you for so long!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Jacobs.

"I want to know why you were disguised as a dealer in old clothes, in your shop in Howard street, when I first saw you," replied Mrs. Bradshaw, resuming her seat.

"Did Clinton never tell you?"

"No. I wanted my wife to hear it from your own lips," said Mr. Bradshaw.

"Then, my dear lady, you shall," said Mr. Jacobs, drawing his chair to her side, and speaking in a grave, earnest tone. "There is not a calling followed by the humblest of my people that I have not taken up for a time. I was born to wealth. My father and my grandfather were both rich men. I was an only child. I was surrounded by every luxury, and all my wishes were gratified; at the same time, like all Hebrew children, I was carefully instructed in the history of my people, which includes their religion also.

"As I traced the Hebrews through various countries, and amid varied conditions, I became absorbed in their life. I learned to appreciate their quiet courage, but, most of all, their spirit of independence, which led them to be self-supporting and to regard no employ-

ment as degrading that gave them an honest living. 'Anything but begging' has been the motto to which they have faithfully adhered. That I might get a clearer insight into the life of a large portion of my race, I went to New York and associated with the poorest of them, sharing their poverty and living as they lived. I have dealt in old pictures; have been a pawnbroker, a pedlar, a dealer in old clothes, a rag-picker, a boot-black and even a crossing-sweeper!

"Once I came very near being detected. I fainted in the street for want of food, and was taken to the station-house. I had not given up the comfort of fine linen, and, when my person was searched for some trace of my identity—for I was supposed to be dead—this fact would have been noticed had not a Jewess, who was there to identify some clothing, with the quickness of her sex, comprehended the situation at a glance. Throwing her shawl over my chest, she insisted that I should not be exposed to the cold air, as there were signs of life in me. Attention was thus diverted to my resuscitation.

"Ah! my dear lady, my experiences in the characters I assumed would make a chapter in Jewish history such as has never yet been written! What sufferings, what privations, what self-sacrifice and what displays of strong domestic affection did I witness among those who were daily stigmatized as scoundrelly Jews!"

Mr. Jacobs spoke with a bitter intensity of feeling.

Mrs. Bradshaw had listened with the utmost interest; she now asked:

"Pray, tell me, in such a life what most impressed you?"

"The fidelity, honor and purity of the Jewish women!" he replied, quickly.

"Indeed! I am glad to hear that!" rejoined Mrs. Bradshaw, with feeling.

"Yes," continued Mr. Jacobs, with solemn earnestness. "Sorely are they tried and tempted, endowed as many of them are with the fatal gift of beauty, yet how rarely do they fall!"

A few evenings later, when the family were assembled together, Emily suddenly asked:

"Mary, what has become of your old beau, Mr. Howard?"

"Indeed, I don't know; I have not heard anything about him for a long time."

"Did I not tell you that I met him in Paris?" asked Edward.

"No; you did not," replied Mary.

"I was in one of the pavilions in the Champs Elysées, at an evening concert. The place was crowded, and I took a seat beside a gentleman who was enjoying his wine. I called for beer, for, you know, one must call for something. In a few moments, my neighbor turned to me, saying, 'Monsieur, you do not drink your beer. Will you not join me in a glass of wine!' Then he exclaimed, 'Edward Bradshaw!' It was Eugene Howard. He was much

agitated, and, after emptying his bottle, said, 'Let us get away from here.' We went out and took chairs. I asked about his health, where he had been, and where he was living.

"'Not so fast, old fellow,' interrupted he. 'My history is soon told. When your sister refused me, I came over to Paris. For a time, I gave up my evil habits, but, unfortunately, I soon met a set of fellows just from New York. I got in with them, and that was the end of my good resolutions. In that railroad accident three years ago, near St. Cloud, I was severely injured, and was carried to a farm-house, where I was kindly nursed by the family. I passed myself off as a man of very limited means. The farmer's only daughter, a sweet girl of seventeen and as innocent and guileless a specimen of girlhood as you can imagine, fell in love with me. It was rather pleasant to be loved for one's self alone, and I could not shake her faith in me, though I told her what a sad scamp I was. Her parents were more credulous; they believed me and refused to consent to our union. The girl had a lover, a rich old farmer, whom they wished her to wed. The upshot of the affair was that I ran off with her, and we were married. I bought a pretty place, a little way out of Paris, where we live. We have a son, a darling little fellow, but frail and delicate. His mother's life is spent in nursing him and me. Since my mother's death, I have given up all idea of returning to the United States. I thought of calling on your

father when he was here, but I knew it would only grieve him to see me the wreck I am!'

"He paused, and I asked, 'Why don't you control yourself, and stop drinking?' He replied, 'I cannot. The doctors say that I might have stopped it years ago, but that now it has become a disease!'"

"The doctors again!" interrupted Mrs. Bradshaw, indignantly. "They are responsible for half the drunkards! Go on."

"Howard invited me to go to his rooms and take some brandy, for he keeps a suite of rooms in Paris. I declined, and informed him that I did not touch stimulants of any kind. 'Is it possible!' he exclaimed. 'You must be the American about whom I heard some Frenchmen talking. They spoke of a fellow who would not touch even wine, because he had once drunk to excess. I wondered who the man could be.'

"I told Howard that the only way to do was to tell the truth, and then one is inclined to keep his word, if but to prove that he can be firm!"

"What did he reply to that?" asked Mr. Bradshaw.

"'I believe you!' he answered, thoughtfully, 'for, when they were speaking of you, an old Frenchman said that you displayed true courage. But, you see, it is impossible for me to reform. In my case, drinking has become a disease!' 'A disease, and you are but twenty-nine! You won't exert your will-power; that is all the disease there is about it!' We had some further conversation, but I don't think my words had any effect upon him."

Mr. Perkins, Henry Weston and Mr. Burbank arrived the day previous to the double wedding. Martha presided at Emily's toilet, while Louise gave Mary's her attention. Mrs. Bradshaw's feelings were severely tried.

The gentlemen were in the library. As Mrs. Bradshaw passed in and out, her husband caught her hand and released it after a warm pressure. She knew what his thoughts were. Mr. Perkins read the evening paper. Mr. Jacobs paced the floor, occasionally pausing to say a word to Mr. Bradshaw, who lay upon the sofa, idly gazing at the ceiling and repeating scraps of poetry. At length Mr. Jacobs asked:

"Clinton, what was your reason for having a double wedding?"

"I saw that separate weddings would be too great a strain on my wife. Emily is as dear to her as Mary."

"I thought I understood you; you were right."

Mr. Jacobs resumed his walk.

Henry Weston came early. Taking Mrs. Bradshaw aside, he asked, anxiously:

"May I see Emily just for one moment?"

Against all rules Mrs. Bradshaw took him up the back-stairs, where Emily stole to meet him in her dressing-gown.

"What is it, Henry?" she asked, in a subdued and anxious tone, putting her arms around his neck, as he stood on the step below her.

Encircling her with his arms, he pressed her to his

heart, as he replied, in a voice of the deepest tenderness:

"Nothing, darling; only it seemed as if it could not be real, and I felt that I must see you for a moment!"

She had no merry words with which to reply, but said solemnly:

"It is real, dear, and 'forever and ever!'"

With a warm embrace, they parted, and Emily returned to finish her toilet.

Mr. Bascom and Mr. Huntington had arrived, and Mary and Emily presented themselves in the library for inspection. "Beautiful! Lovely!" passed from lip to lip.

Truly, it was a beautiful sight, one upon which the angels might look down in joy and gladness, as the rich, deep voice of Mr. Bascom read the simple service of the Methodist church, uniting those who had chosen each other from all the world.

While they participated in the happiness of those so dear to them, Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw could not but feel keenly that they were giving into others' keeping those over whom they had watched in infancy and guarded, with loving care, through childhood and youth. Their home would no longer be "home" to them. To another's dwelling would be given that all-embracing name. Other love had come to fill the hearts which their love had once satisfied!

Yet nothing was lost; only Nature, in the process of growth, had developed the germ that lies hidden in

every human soul—the desire for union entire and complete! How rare is such a union! Occasionally it is vouchsafed to humanity, while to many life is a struggle for mere existence, a denial of all the divine rights of their being. If to such there come not compensation in a future state, then is this earth, the work of the Almighty, a greater failure than man ever made!

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